



Carl R. Bull  
N.Y. '08.

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Rayton Chin.











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# FRONTISPIECE





# The Adytum

Volume XV.



BY  
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN NINE  
DENISON UNIVERSITY



"To be a man is a bigger thing than to be a scientist."

# Dedication

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TO HIM  
WHOSE ENERGIES HAVE BEEN POTENT  
IN  
ACHIEVING THE LARGER DEVELOPMENT  
OF  
DENISON UNIVERSITY;  
WHOSE PURPOSEFULNESS AND INTEGRITY OF LIFE  
HAVE BEEN AT ONCE  
AN IDEAL AND AN INSPIRATION;  
TO  
DR. C. JUDSON HERRICK,  
NOW PROFESSOR OF NEUROLOGY  
IN THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO,  
WE  
DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

“And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are.”



# Apologia

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THE earth has once more swung around its orbit. Another *Adytum* is here. In some respects this year has been unique in the history of Denison. Every man here, as he contemplates the Denison of Preparatory and Freshmen years, feels that, somehow, a change has come. He misses the grip of older influences; but he feels the throb of new impulses. If there is less of that surface enthusiasm so peculiar to college life, yet we believe that the deeper currents of loyalty to our institution are strong and steady. If there is less of shouting, there is more of thought. College spirit may express itself in places other than the athletic field.

These things will probably be reflected in the *Adytum* of '08. They ought to be. Our aim is to give a faithful presentation of our college life. As the following pages come beneath the scrutiny of student, professor, alumnus, each will be variously impressed. In life, we look at the same thing, and we see different things. For instance, herein the student's mirth may be the professor's chagrin, and the alumnus' disgust. Again, different phases of our college life appeal to different minds; so that the best we can hope, is that each will find some little corner of interest in this book. College life is a mosaic for variety. Its presentation, therefore, must be various.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,  
We would your kind indulgence then bespeak."

The pearl that glitters on the golden bracelet is the product of pain; and into the silken fabric is woven a myriad lives. Yet the jewelled bracelet glitters on the lady's arm, and her flowing silks shimmer with rainbow colors without any suggestion to her of the agony represented. We would not designate our book "a pearl"; nor hyperbolically affirm that into its texture the lives of this staff are woven. Yet we do remind our readers that it represents additional toil amid the unrelenting strain and stress of college life.

As a class, this *Adytum* is our memorial in Denison University. Next year you find our pictures on the Senior pages; then—separation, and the world. The Class of '09 is one which has done things in this college; and among its various members is the strongest of fraternal feeling. When the other visible symbols of our activity have crumbled, may this volume continue to remind each member of his fellow classmates of the long ago; and to recall to strangers that the Class of 1909 was no mean factor in the progressive life of Denison University.

THE EDITOR.

## **“The Faculty”**

EMORY W. HUNT, D.D. LL. D., A  $\Delta$   $\Phi$ ,  $\Phi$  B K, President and Maria Theresa Barney Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. A. B., University of Rochester, 1884; D. D., Denison University, 1900; LL. D., University of Rochester, 1902; Crozer Seminary, 1884-1887; Pastor of Ashland Avenue Baptist Church, Toledo, O., 1887-1900; Pastor Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, 1900-1901; President of Denison University, 1901-.



JOHN L. GILPATRICK, A. M., Ph. D., Benjamin Barney Professor of Mathematics. A. B. Kalamazoo College, 1867; A. M. Kalamazoo, 1871; Ph. D., University of W. Va., 1890; Teacher in Public Schools, 1867-1873; Instructor in Mathematics, University of Michigan, 1873-1874; Professor of Mathematics, Denison University, 1874-.



RICHARD S. COLWELL, D.D.  $\Delta$  K E,  $\Phi$  B K, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature. A. B., Brown University, 1871; D.D., Brown University, 1891; Newton Theological Seminary, 1872-1875; Royal University, Berlin, 1875-1876; Pastor of Roger Williams Baptist Church, North Providence, R. I., 1876-1877; Professor of Greek Language and Literature, Denison University, 1877-.



GEORGE F. MCKIBBEN, A. M., Ph. D.,  $\Delta$   $\Psi$ , Franklin, Professor of Romance Languages. A. B., Denison, 1875; A. M. Denison, 1876; Ph. D., U. of Chicago, 1905; Instructor in Greek and Latin, Denison, 1876-1879; Morgan Park Seminary, 1879-1881; University of Leipzig, 1881-1882; Professor of Modern Languages, Denison, 1882-1901; Professor of Romance Languages, Denison, 1901-.



CHARLES L. WILLIAMS, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. A. B., Princeton, 1878; A. M., Princeton, 1881; Professor of Rhetoric and English, Pennington Seminary, N. J., 1878-1883; Crozer Theological Seminary, 1883-1884; Pastor of the Baptist Church, Upland, Pa., 1884-1893; Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, Denison University, 1893-.



WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, A. M., Calliope, Eliam E. Barney Professor of the Latin Languages and Literature. A. B., Denison, 1885; A. M., Denison, 1888; Instructor in the Baptist Indian University, Muscogee, I. T., 1885-1886; Instructor in Latin and Greek, Granville Academy, 1886-1893; Graduate Student, Johns-Hopkins University, 1893-1894; Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, Denison, 1894-.

## "The Faculty"

H. RHODES HUNDLEY, Sc. D., K  $\Sigma$ , Dean of Doane Academy. A. B., Richmond, Va., College, 1888; Sc. D., Bucknell University, 1900; Instructor in Languages, Johnston Male and Female Institute, 1888-1892; Principal of Batesburg Baptist Academy, 1889-1892; Student, Crozer Theological Seminary, 1892-1895; Instructor in Modern Languages; Peddie Institute, 1895-1900; Vice-Principal, Peddie Institute, 1898-1900; Dean of Doan Academy, 1900.



CLARK W. CHAMBERLIN, A. B.,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ , Calliope, Henry Chisholm Professor of Physics. A. B., Denison, 1894; Instructor in Western Reserve Academy, 1894-1897; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1897-1899; Fellow, in Physics, University of Chicago, 1899-1900; Professor of Physics and Astronomy Colby College, 1900-1991; Professor of Physics, Denison, 1901-.



WILLIS A. CHAMBERLIN, A. M.,  $\Sigma X$ , Franklin, Professor of the German Language and Literature. A. B. Denison, 1890; A. B., Harvard, 1891; A. M. Denison, 1894; Instructor in Modern Languages, Denison, 1891-1892; Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, Denison, 1892-1901; Student at Berlin, Leipzig and Paris, 1896-1897; Professor of the German Language and Literature, Denison, 1901-.



CHARLES E. GOODELL, A. M.,  $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ , Professor of History and Political Science. A. B., Franklin College, 1888; A. M. Franklin, 1890; Graduate Student, Franklin, 1888-1889; Instructor in Modern Languages, Franklin, 1889-1890; Graduate Student, Cornell; 1890-1892; Principal of High School, Mankato, Minn., 1892-1894; Professor of History and Political Science, Franklin, 1894-1900; Professor of History, Kansas State Agricultural College, 1900-1903; Professor of History and Political Science, Denison, 1903-.



FRANK CARNEY, A. B., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy. A. B., Cornell, 1895; Principal, Starkey Seminary, 1894-1895; Professor in Kenka College, 1895-1901; Vice-Principal, Ithaca High School, 1901-1904; Graduate Student, Cornell, 1901-1904; Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, Denison, 1904-.



BIRNEY E. TRASK, C. E., B  $\Theta$  II, Professor of Civil Engineering. B. C. E., University of Minnesota, 1890; C. E. Minnesota, 1894; Engineering Work, Minneapolis, 1890-1891; Instructor in Mathematics and Civil Engineering, Clinton Liberal Institute, New York, 1891-1893; Graduate Student and Instructor in Drawing, Minnesota, 1893-1894; Instructor in Mathematics and Engineering, Northwestern Military Institute, 1894-1901; Assistant Engineer, C., M. & St. P. R. R., 1901-1903; Professor of Civil Engineering, Denison University, 1903-.

## **“The Faculty”**

MALCOLM E. STICKNEY, A. N., Assistant Professor of Botany. A. B., Bates College, 1898; A. B., Harvard, 1899; A. M., Harvard, 1900; Assistant in Botany, Harvard and Radcliffe, 1900-1903; Instructor in Science, Denison, 1903-1904; Assistant Professor of Botany, Denison, 1904-. Fellow in Wisconsin University, 1907-1908.



BUNYAN SPENCER, A. M., B. D., Calliope, Associate in Philosophy and Instructor in Greek. A. B., Denison, 1879; A. M., Denison, 1882; B. D., Morgan Park Theological Seminary, 1885; Instructor in Latin and Greek, Granville Academy, 1879-1882; Student, Morgan Park Seminary, 1882-1885; Baptist Pastor, California, 1885-1890; Vice-President and Professor of Greek, California College, 1890-1894; Pastor of Alexandria, O., Baptist Church, 1894-1902; Associate in Philosophy and Instructor in Greek, Denison, 1902-.



HARRIET MARIA BARKER, A. M., Instructor in History of Art. A. B., Young Ladies' Institute, 1884; A. M., Shepardson College, 1901; Teacher, Mt. Auburn Institute, 1889-1891; Teacher Shepardson College, 1891-. Dean of Shepardson, 1899-.



ANNA BROWN PECKHAM, A. M., Instructor in Mathematics. A. B. Wellesley, 1893; A. M. Denison University, 1901; Teacher Kingston Public Schools, 1893-1894; Teacher, Rhode Island State College, 1894-1897; Student, University of Chicago, summer of 1896; Student, Leland Stanford University, 1897-1898; Student, Gottingen University, 1898-1899; Instructor, Denison, 1900-.



FANNIE JUDSON FARRAR, Head of Piano Department. Pupil of Constantin Stemberg, Philadelphia; Bertrand Roth, Dresden; J. Emil Ecker, Toledo; Mrs. Mary Gregory Murray, Philadelphia; Mrs. Fannie Church Parsons, Chicago; Student in Vienna in 1894; Denison, 1904-.



NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY, A. B., Instructor in English Literature and History. A. B., University of Cincinnati, 1901; Instructor, Denison, 1902-.



CLARA ANNE DAVIES, M. S., Instructor in Science. B. S. Denison, 1903; Instructor, Denison, 1900-.



ELIZABETH M. BENEDICT, Organ and Piano. Pupil of Harrison Wild, Chicago, Ill., in Piano and Organ; Denison, 1903-.



## **"The Faculty"**

ARTHUR MARION BRUMBACK, A. M., A. B. Denison University 1892; Principal of Grace Seminary, Centralia, Washington, 1894-1896; Professor of Physics and Chemistry, McMinnville College, Oregon, 1896-1903; President of same 1903-1905; Professor of Chemistry in Denison University 1905-. A. M. University of California, 1903.



GEORGE ELLETT COGHILL, Ph. D., A. B. Brown University 1896; M. S. University of New Mexico 1899; Ph. D., Brown University 1902; Assistant Professor of Biology, University of New Mexico 1899-1900; Professor of Biology Pacific University 1902-1906; Williamette University 1906-1907; Professor of Zoology, Denison University, 1907-.



WARREN HUDDLESTON ROBERTS, A. B., Denison University 1903; Superintendent of Public Schools, West Carrollton, 1902-1905; Graduate student University of Chicago 1905; Instructor in Latin, Denison University 1906-1907; Assistant Professor of English, Denison University 1907-.



WILLIAM GEAR SPENCER, A. B., Denison University 1907; Instructor of Latin Granville High School, 1907; Instructor of Latin Doane Academy 1907-.



AUGUSTE ODEBRECHT, A. M., Ph. B. Denison University 1906; A. M., Denison University 1907; Instructor in Modern Languages, Denison University 1906-.



C. D. COONS, Superintendent of Granville Public School; Instructor of Mathematics, Doane Academy 1905-1906, Instructor in Physics, Denison University 1906-.



W. E. WOODARD, A. B., Richmond College 1907; Instructor of Mathematics Doane Academy 1907-.



E. L. LAUER, A. B., University of Michigan 1906; Instructor in German, University of Michigan 1906-1907; Acting Professor of German, Denison University, 1907-1908.



CARL PAIGE WOOD, A. M., A. B. Harvard University 1906; A. M. Harvard University 1907; Instructor in Theory, Conservatory of Music Denison University 1906-.

## **“The Faculty”**

KATE SHEPARD HINES, H. M., Y. L. I. 1872; Taught in Granville Public Schools 1872-1879; A. M. Shepardson College 1900; Instructor in Pennsylvania College for Women, 1901-1902; Librarian, Denison University, 1903-.



ELIZABETH THOMPSON WILSON, Pupil of Herman Schirner and Harry Brown Turpin, Columbus, Ohio, George Magrath, J. S. Bierck, A. Buzzi-Peccia, New York.



HOWARD WARING MARSH, Purdue University, 1907; Assistant in Voice, Denison University, 1907-.



ARTHUR L. JUDSON, Professor of Violin. Private pupil in violin of Le Roy McMacken, Cincinnati Conservatory, and Max Bendis, New York; Pupil in Theory of Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, New York; Professor of Violin, Denison 1900, Dean of Conservatory 1906; On leave of absence 1907-1908.



DORTHY KIBLER, Teacher of Piano. Graduate of National Conservatory of Music under Rafael Joseffy and Max Vogrich; Teacher of Piano, Denison 1906-.



REGINALD L. HIDDEN, Instructor of Violin. Student in Leipzig Conservatory under Sitl and Berker; Royal High School of Music Berlin under Holir; Private pupil of Sencik in Prague; Instructor of Violin, Denison 1807-.



FRANCES E. JONES, A. B., Physical Culture, Oberlin 1906; Instructor in Physical Culture, Shepardson 1907-.



FANNIE F. ADAMS, B. L., Instructor in Algebra, Denison 1902; Teaching in Miami Commercial College; Assistant Librarian in Public Library, Dayton, Ohio; Instructor in Algebra 1907.



JACOB W. ROHRER, D. D. S., Director of Athletics. Graduate of Ohio Dental College of University of Cincinnati; Practicing Dentist in Dayton, Ohio; Coach of Steele High School, Dayton, Ohio; Director of Athletics, Denison 1907-.



It is with sincere regret that we omit a portrait of Prof. Roberts, but it is absolutely impossible to reduce his head to a size which would permit us to place it on this page. Were it not for the fact that his feet might be mistaken for VanAllen's, one would have substituted them for his countenance.



## The Faculty

IT is a fact the world in general knows that the *raison d'etre* of Denison Profs is twofold: to be smeared, and to get their names in THE ADYTUM. Inasmuch as they always spurn our assistance in the accomplishment of the former of the altruistic designs for which they have been created, we take special pleasure in effectuating the latter. Hence this treatise.

If our blithsome and sprightly Prof Kibby were to have his hair trimmed at the tonsorial parlors, the artist would probably begin at the bottom and work up. How the analogy between Dr. McKibben's back hair and any treatise explaining a picture of the Denison Faculty is so marked that we shall in the present case begin at the bottom and work up.

The pose which Prof Kibby has taken in the accompanying cut is very characteristic of him. It is generally believed that he assumes it not only to kill serpents but also to scare away sober and serious thoughts and that this accounts for his accustomed levity and glee.

An eminent critic has remarked that the accompanying portrait of Professor Williams resembles a cross between Don Quixote and the Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. It is easily understood why he is charging with a pen if we consider that he believes "the pen is mightier than the sword." Otherwise he would have armed himself with a sword when he was locked down cellar. But he knew a sword would be powerless to release him from such a uxorial prison.

Gill and Dick are here shown at their best. In Dr. Colwell's case, however, there must be some mistake, for "Uncle Dick" is surely always at his best and he spends too much time exercising both his merry sides and his healthy vocal cords to be able to buffet the buoyant globule all the time. But that Professor Gilpatrick is at his best when playing ball is a foregone conclusion. Truly, we are sore afraid lest in the dim and distant future instead of seeing the name "Gilpatrick" engraved among the heavenly constellations, we shall find it rather heading a list of baseball stars on the sporting page of the Chicago American. Now we humbly suggest that, in view of his superiority at the bat, he substitute baseball for archery in making out his grades, and knock up flies at his target. We believe it would be an improvement over the old system.

As a polo-player Prof. Johnny is unexcelled. (This follows because he is unexcelled at everything else he undertakes.) And he is not without illustrious precedent in riding a pony, for such great men as Theo. Roosevelt and Warren Roberts have ridden ponies in their day.

Coons, the Treasurer of the Triumvirate of Topspinners, is commonly suspected of being in love. This is sufficient to warrant us in passing him by.

What a noble character is hidden behind the classic countenance of Herr Spiegelberger! Did ever a more inspiring specimen of manhood (except Pinkey Marsh) set foot on our sacred campus? Of what a different stripe is Woodward! For actually, just before entering Denison, at the enlightened age of nine, our handsome young hopeful descended so far towards the depths of degradation as to smoke one whole corn-silk cigarette! But he may improve with age.

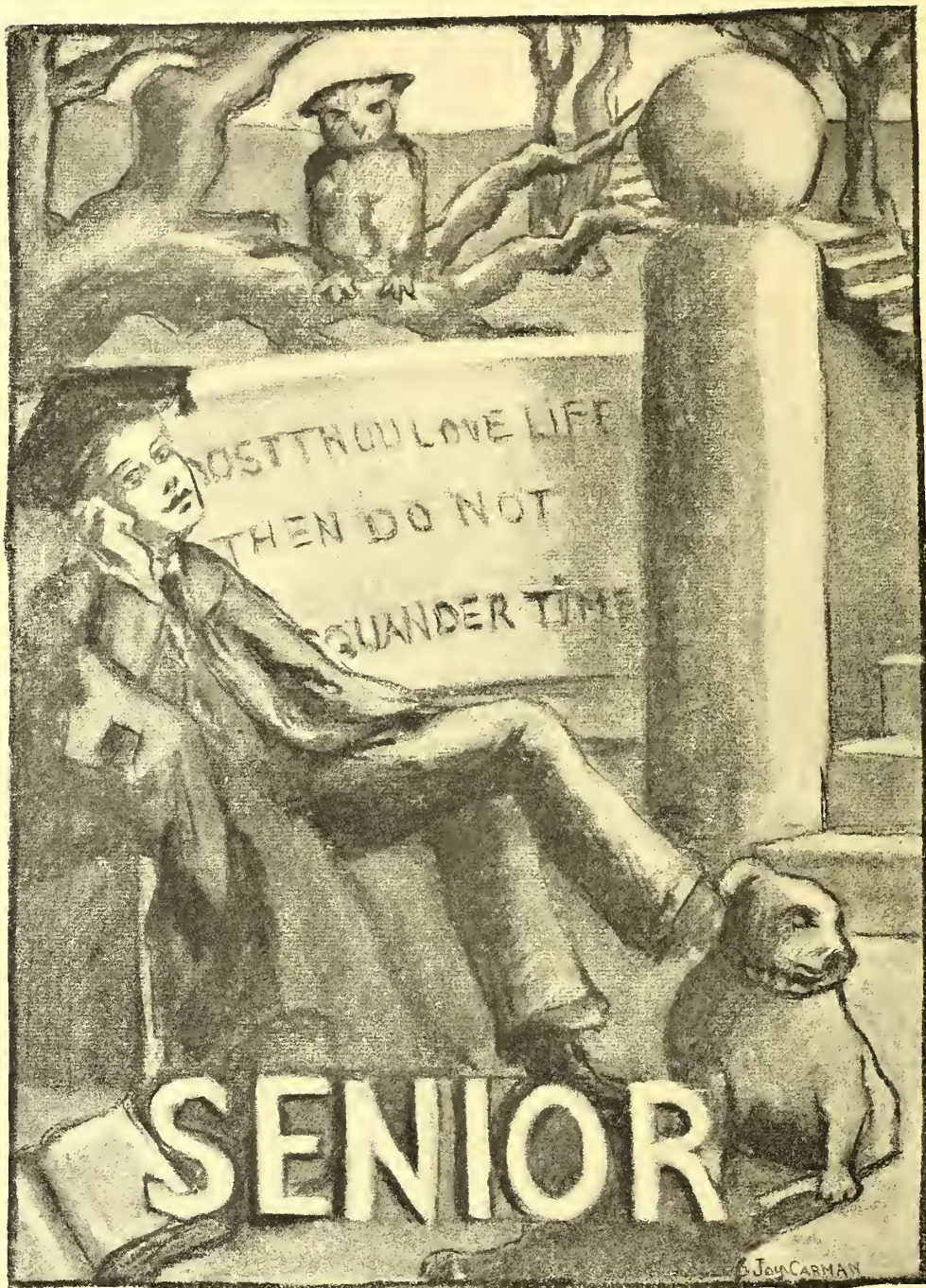
Those odd-looking Belgian Hares are perfectly docile and will not bite. This is because they have been fed so many jokes about rabbits that they have indigestion.

Prexy comes last but far from least. His dressmaker positively refuses to publish his linear dimensions. But since he is valued at \$8.75 and the market price per lb. is  $3\frac{1}{2}c.$ , he must weigh about 250 lbs.

Amen.



# College Institutions



## The Finished Product

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UNBLUSHINGLY we present them: Denison's contribution to the world's progress. Some, you will find, have borrowed a little from both ends of the night, and thus come out with a year to their credit; others entering amid the war-whoops of the Freshman year, have remained with the ranks throughout; still others have plodded laboriously from the lowest seats in the realms of "prepdom" upward to the lofty sphere of tasseled cap and gown. And here they are.

That tender associations have been formed each will admit. The old books with their thumb-worn pages, the table with its promiscuous litter of scribbled tablet paper, the desperate pictures, and all the humdrum of dormitory life, wear now the charm of poetry. Yes, there is poetry everywhere--in the classrooms with their whittled chairs, and creons compact with inert possibilities of revelation; poetry in the Seminary, poetry in the woods and winding walks--poetry everywhere. But college days are over. The more earnest curriculum of life commences. Henceforth contribution of the human best to the Human Whole--Service.

The old ideas of life are changing. The days when pampered princes and drunken lords were taken as ideals have passed. The day when greatness or status will be measured by such appendages as wealth is passing--indeed to the highest type of college man it has already passed. Greatness is inherent. Wealth, riches are to him not material dross but the treasures of the mind. He bows to no Baal. He goes forth to the sordid world not to join the hoards. He lives out his life on a higher plane. His horizon is cosmic in its circumference.

Yet is this all? No; such were polished selfishness. We venture to honor our brethren, the Seniors, by designating them as "Servants." Today they are with us; tomorrow they are severally swallowed up in the whirl of humanity. But henceforth each becomes a factor in achieving the ideal human life. We present them--Denison's contribution to the world's progress.

## The Seniors

DOROTHY HELEN BUDDÉ, A. B., Philomathean, Vice-President of Philomathean Literary Society 1907-1908, Class Poet 1906, Denisonian Staff 1907-1908.

“Nay her Foot(e) speaks.”

GERTRUDE LOUISE PHILLIPS, A. B., Philomathean, Σ, Vice-President of Class 1904-1905, Denisonian Staff 1905-1906, Secretary of Philomathean 1906.

“With eyes that looked into the very soul.”

AMORICE MONTGOMERY WILSON, A. B., B A Δ, Calliope, Varsity Foot-ball 1905, 1906, 1907, Member Board of Control 1907, Member Talbot Debating Team 1908.

“Of all the garden flowers  
The fairest is the rose.”



9







## The Seniors

CHIN YIN LIU, B. S., Graduate of Liang Hu College, Hupeh, China, 1902, Prepared for Denison at Ithaca (N. Y.) High School and Elmira (N. Y.) Free Academy, Member of Franklin Literary Society. To take up Mining Engineering as a profession.

"Most of the eminent men in history have been diminutive in stature."

RUTH SPIGER, B. Ph., Euterpean Literary Society. Critic of Euterpe 1907, Senior Girls' Play 1908.

"By a tranquil mind I mean nothing else than a mind well ordered."

OLIVE MARIE RUSLER, B. S., Granville High School, Euterpean Literary Society, Finance Committee of Y. W. C. A., Vice-President of the C. L. Herrick Geological Society of Denison University, Senior Girls' Play.

"The smith a mighty man is he  
With large and sinewy hands."

## The Seniors

JOHN CRISWELL SWARTZ, A. B.,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ , Class Foot Ball Team; Class Base Ball Team; Varsity Foot Ball, '06-'07; Vigilance Committee, '07-'08.

"It would talk;  
Lord how it talked."

ADDIE MAY SLACK, B. Ph., Philomathean, Graduate Granville High School 1904, Recording Secretary Philo, Art Committee of 1907 Adytum, Senior Girls Play.

"Could I love less I would be happier."

FRANK ASHMORE, B. S., Swatow, China, Morgan Park Academy '04, Franklin. Tennis Championship '07, Class Basket Ball Team; Track Team '05-'06. President Denison Camera Club '07-'08.

"Care will kill a cat."







## The Seniors

MARY EDNA MCNEIL, B. Ph., Philomathean.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

CLEARBON CLYDE HOLLOWAY, B. S., Calliope, Class Treasurer Sophomore year, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet Junior and Senior years, Business Committee 1907 Adytum, Manager Tennis Association, Manager Book Exchange Junior and Senior years, Vice-President of Calliope.

"But by the Lord, lads, I'm glad you have the money."

ULA MAE JOHNSON, B. Ph., Euterpe, Y. W. C. A. cabinet, Senior Girl's Play.

"Speak gently! 'tis but a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well."

## The Seniors

ELEANOR H. CHAFFEE, B. Ph., Philomathean, K Φ, Secretary to Dean 1906-1908, College Chaperon, Adytum Board 1907, Vice-President Philo 1903-1904, President of Student Government 1903-1904, Senior Girls' Play.

"Self reverence, self knowledge, self control—  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

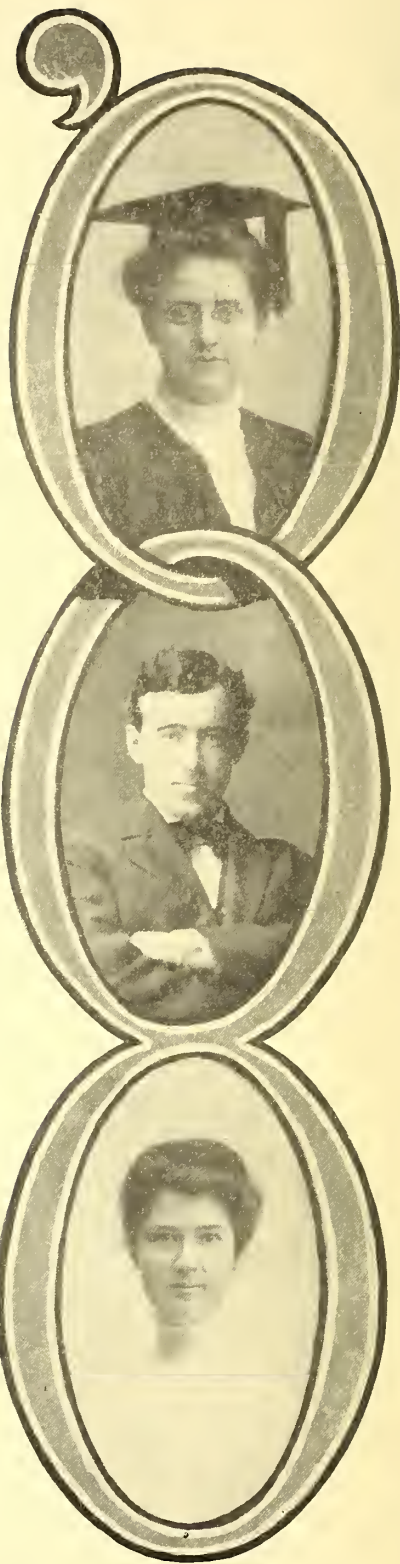
ROBERT FOSS HAMILTON, B. S., Φ Γ Δ, Prepared at Dresden High School,  
Will take up rail road work.

"Too low they build who build beneath the stars."

MARGUERITE MARY JONES, B. Ph., Euterpean Literary Society, X Ψ Δ, Vice-President of Senior Academy class 1904, Secretary of Euterpe 1904, Critic of Euterpe 1907, Stunt Committee of class 1906, Adytum Board 1907, President of Euterpe 1908.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."





## The Seniors

BERTHA ANNA FETZER, B. Ph., Philomathean, Vice-President of 1909 class in 1905, Chaplain and Treasurer of Philo, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1906-1908, Vice-President of Student Volunteer Band 1907-1908, Senior Girls' Play.

"Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

EARL RANKIN BULL, A. B., Member of Franklin, Graduate of Doane Academy, Sherwin Prize 1905, Freshman President of the class of 1909, Lewis Prize debator 1906, Debating Team 1907, Captain of Debating Team 1908, President of Volunteer Band President of Franklin 1908, Member Adytum Board 1909, Student for the Ministry.

"I have found you an argument  
I'm not obliged to find you an understanding."

RUTH PICKERING, B. S., Euterpe, Vice-President class of 1909 in 1906, Vice-President Student Government 1907, Vice-President Y. W. C. A.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."



## The Seniors

RAYMOND SPENCER CARMEN, B. S.; Calliope; Manager Conservatory Music Store 1905-1907; Chairman Calendar Committee 1907 Adytum; Member Senior Memorial Committee; Business Manager Denisonian 1907-1908; Captain Marsh Intercollegiate Debating Team; Chairman Denison Interscholastic Debating Committee.

"If I chance to talk a little while forgive me; I had it from my father."

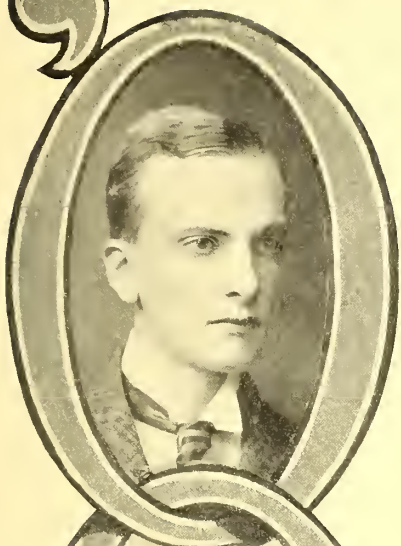
ADA MAY DINKLEMAN, B. Ph., University of Cincinnati 1906-1907, Member of the Blue Hydra, Philo.

"Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace."

MARION LAMB, B. Ph., Secretary and Vice-President of Class, Social and Devotional Committee of Y. W. C. A., Secretary of Student Government and member of Board of Control, President of Euterpe, Senior Play.

"Those only are happy who have their minds fixed on some  
object other than their own happiness."

9





## The Seniors

CHARLES HOLLAND KESLER, B. S.,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ , prepared at Urbana High school.

“Above the vulgar flight of common souls”

IVY ORDILLA McNEIL, B. Ph., Philomathean, Treasurer of Philo 1906-1907.

“Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.”

MILLIARD F. MEADORS, A. B., Calliope. At Williamsburg Institute Williamsburg Kentucky until Junior year; Instructor in Mathematics in Doane Academy during Junior year; out of college second semester of Senior year teaching at Williamsburg Institute.

“Manners make the man.”

## The Seniors

CLYDE WAREHAM IRWIN, B. S., Graduate Newark High School; President of Engineering Society Senior Year; majority of work done in Engineering department; expects to attend some technical school after graduation.

"I had rather excel others in knowledge than power."

BERTHA HEACOCK, A. B., Philomathean, Corresponding Secretary of Philo, Vice-President Philo 1907, Senior Girls' Play.

"An essential of the true woman is common sense."

WILLIAM B. STORM, B. Ph., Graduate from the Joliet Township High School 1903, President of the Class of 1909 during Sophomore year, Vice-President of Oratorical Association 1906-1907, Vice-President Athletic Association 1906-1907, Chairman Handbook Committee 1907, Chairman Fall Campaign Committee 1907, Member of Calliope, Member of Debating Team 1908, Member Adytum Board 1908, President Calliope 1908, Will do Educational Work.

His mind, his kingdom, and his will his law."







## The Seniors

ELSOR HEATER, B. Ph. B A Δ. Graduate of St. Paris H. S. 1903. Entered Denison as a member of the Senior Preparatory Class. Prominent in Academy literary work; member of Cicero. Captain of the Inter-collegiate Debating Team, 1907-1908; successful in two debates. President of Franklin Literary Society, first semester, 1907. President of the class of '08 in its Senior year. Will enter the profession of law.

"What every skeptic could enquire for;  
For every why he had a wherefore."

FRED. R. MCARTHUR, A. B., Classical graduate of the State Normal and Training School, Oneota, N. Y., Assistant in Geology, Member of Calliope, Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. 1907-1908, Second honors, State Oratorical Contest 1907, First prize oration Lewis Prize Contest 1907, First prize Mahony Contest 1907, Second prize Adytum poem 1907, Studying for the Ministry.

"Keep cool and you command everybody"

ANNE SORENSEN, A. B., Philomathean, Chairman Philo Extra Committee 1906, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1906-1907, Denisonian Staff 1906-1908, Adytum Board 1906, President Student Government 1908, Association 1907, Manager Senior Girls' Play 1907, Chairman Philo Extra Committee 1908, President and Critic of Philo 1908.

"Ambition has no rest."

## The Seniors

BLANCHE AUDREY BLACK, B. Ph., Philomathean Literary Society, Y. W. C. A. Finance and Devotional Committees, Corresponding Secretary of Philo 1906, First Prize History Thesis 1907. Senior Girls' Play.

"Have I caught my heavenly jewels?"

RAYMOND CLYDE DITTO, B. S., Calliope Trustee; Recording and Corresponding Secretary Calliope; Class foot-Ball, Base-Ball and Basket-Ball teams; Captain class Basket-Ball teams Junior and Senior years.

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."

JAMES HAROLD THOMAS, B. Ph., Prepared at Steel High School, Dayton; Member Mandolin Club, Class Treasurer 1906-1907, Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A. 1907-1908, Member Washington Banquet Committee, Leader Granville Methodist Choir 1906-1908.

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, strategems, and spoils."

9







## The Seniors

LOTTIE CLARIBEL GRANDSTAFF, B. S., Granville High School, Philomathean Literary Society, Chairman Y. W. C. A. Hand-book Committee 1905, Adytum Board 1907, President of Philo Senior Year, Senior Girls' Play. Represented Philo in Debate 1907-1908.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

JOHN HOWARD MALONEY, B. Ph.; Calliope; Graduate of Township High School, Savanna Ill.; Treasurer, Vice-President, and President of Calliope; Member 1907 Adytum board; Treasurer Herrick Geological Society; Class Treasurer during Senior year; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A. 1907-1908.

"A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

LOTTIE S. GRAHAM, Class Historian 1907, Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1906, Member Board of Control 1907, President Philomathean, President Y. W. C. A. 1908, Senior Girls' Play; Philomathean.

"As frank as rain  
On cherry blossoms."

## The Seniors

JOSEPH HOWELL LLOYD, A. B. B A Δ. Graduate of Doane Academy. Prominent in all the literary contests of the Academy Societies. In 1903, represented Denison in the State Oratorical Association; Also, Denison's orator at the State Oratorical Contest in 1906; Won the following prizes: 1906 and 1907, the Declamation in the Lewis Prize Contest; 1907, Samson Talbot Bible Reading Contest; 1907, Moss Prize for Ministerial Students; Member of Glee Club; President of Baptist Young Peoples' Union, 1907-1908.

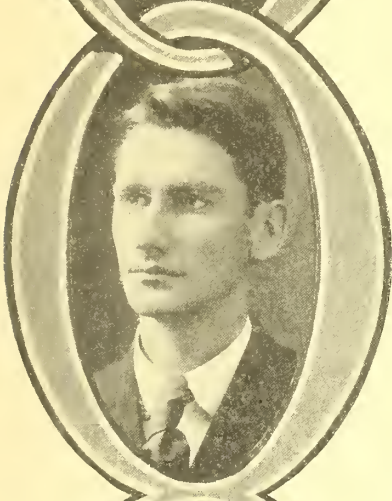
"Love understands love; it needs no talk."

MILLARD L. LOWERY, A. B., Calliope; Recording Secretary and President of Calliope; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet Sophomore and Junior years; President of Oratorical Association 1906-1907; President Athletic Association 1906-1907; Editor 1907 Adytum; Editor of Denisonian 1907-1908.

"It is not wealth or birth or state;  
It's 'git up and git' that makes men great."

LELA BURNELLE MONTGOMERY, B. Ph., Euterpe, Σ, Vice-President of Euterpe 1907, Vice-President of class 1906, Board of Control 1907, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1907, President of Euterpe 1907.

"Anything but history for history must be false."







## The Seniors

ARTHUR B. CHAFFEE, JR., B. S., BΘ II, Vigilance Committee, Member Glee Club 1904-1906, Manager Glee Club 1907-1908, Denisonian Staff 1906, Manager Denisonian 1907, President Class 1907, Adytum Board 1907, Secretary Oratorical Association 1907, Manager Basket Ball Team 1908, Franklin.

"When I am dead let fire destroy the world;  
It matters not to me for I am safe."

BEULAH RECTOR, A. B., Euterpe, XΨΔ, Class historian 1905, Adytum Board 1907, Secretary class 1906, Vice-President of Euterpe 1907. Adytum prize story 1905-1906-1908. Second prize story 1907. Winner of story Philo-Euterpe Contest 1907-1908.

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."

THEOPHILUS REES WILLIAMS, B. S., BΘ II, Vigilance Committee, Member Glee Club 1904-1906, Manager Glee Club 1907-1908, Denisonian Staff 1906, Manager Denisonian 1907, President Class 1907, Adytum Board 1907, Secretary Oratorical Association 1907, Manager Basket Ball Team 1908, Franklin.

"It is soon that I am done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for."

## The Seniors

THEODORE SEDGWICK JOHNSON, B. S., Calliopean Literary Society,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ , Junior Banquet Committee, Chairman of Washington Banquet Committee, Chairman Fall Campaign Committee Y. M. C. A. 1905, Double Champion in Tennis 1907, Assistant in Physics Department 1907-1908.

"Let me have audience for a word or two."

IRENE CONLEY, B. Ph., Euterpe,  $X \Psi \Delta$ , Vice-President Euterpe 1906, Denisonian Staff 1907 and 1908, Adytum Board 1907, President of Senior Girls 1907-1908 Senior Play, Chairman of Euterpe Extra Committee 1908.

"See where she comes,  
Appareled like the spring."

ALEXANDER HEGLER BALLARD, B. S.,  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ , Manager '07 Adytum, Manager Varsity Foot Ball Team 1907, Field Day Committee 1906 and 1907, Toaster, Junior Banquet.

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast,  
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd."





## The Seniors

FRED. G. MCCOLLUM, B. S., Σ X, Franklin, Class Base-Ball Team; Class Basket-Ball Team; Captain Class Foot-Ball Team; Varsity Foot-Ball Team, '07; Vigilance Committee, '07-'08.

“And in short measures life may perfect be.”

HORACE M. HUFFMAN, B. S. Σ X, Member of Second Foot-ball Team, '04; member of Varsity Track Team, 1905-1906; Manager of Track Team, 1906-1907, 1907-1908; Manager of the Inter-Scholastic Association, 1906-1907, 1907-1908. Vice-President of Franklin Literary Society, 1907. Graduate of Steel High School, 1905.

“The soul of this man is his clothes.”





## Officers of the Junior Class



W. ROBERT TAYLOR

*President, W. ROBERT TAYLOR*  
*Vice President, IRENE CHAMBERS*  
*Secretary, ALVA R. EDWARDS*

*Treasurer, CHARLES A. CARMAN*  
*Historian, LINN W. HATTERSLEY*

*Colors: Gold and Dark Blue.*

*Flower: Blue Violet.*

*Yells:*

Rickety Rack! Rack! Clickety Clack! Clack!  
Gold and Blue! Blue and Gold! Wet or Dry!  
Hot or Cold!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Sis Rah Boom!  
Naughty Niners! Give Us Room!

Kero! Kero! Kero Kine!  
Denison! Denison! Nineteen Nine!

## Class of 1909.

I HAD just finished preparing my last lesson. Tired, I leaned back in my easy chair and soon sank into a deep sleep. Presently I heard my name called. With a shudder I turned and saw a ghost. As no harm seemed to be intended I asked falteringly who he might be, and what he might want. The rattling and creaking of his jaws, as he answered, chilled me, but in spite of my trembling I managed to comprehend that I was receiving a visit from the shade of Solomon, and that he wanted me to follow him. As we took up our journey together Solomon confidentially whispered to me, "Note carefully all you see, for I shall entrust to you truths which the world must know or forever rest in the shades of ignorance."

At length we came to our destination and I saw a noble sight. A powerful Eagle stood before me on a nest. One of its wings was blue and the other gold, and on its breast glowed the numerals '09 in lines of fire. In the nest were three eggs. Standing about the nest I beheld three creatures which repeatedly prostrated themselves before the Eagle, and which, from their actions, I took to be the Eagle's thralls. Their names, Solomon told me, were, in order of importance, Green-& White, Red-& Grey and Black & White.

While I was looking toward the nest a marvelous thing happened! A lamb was hatched out of one of the eggs! It looked into my face and bleated three times; and then, seeing that I could not understand the thoughts it wished to convey, it turned and looked entreatingly at Solomon. Solomon caught the suggestion and interpreted the message for me. The lamb had said, "The class of '09 is mighty in the spiritual realm. Her religious influence permeates the institution of which she is a member, and from her ranks shall go out spiritual forces, not only to all sections of the 'Land of Liberty,' but also 'unto the uttermost parts of the earth.'"

When Solomon had finished his interpretation my wonder was increased by the new scene that greeted my eyes. A second egg had hatched, and out of it had come an immense owl! It held in one of its talons a lighted lamp, and it rolled its eyes in its wise old way. Presently the owl hooted and in answer to the summons a dignified gentleman of middle age, whose shoulders and brow are broad and whose "power" lies in "repose," took form before me. Resting his arm lightly on a stump he nodded his head gently and looked me squarely in the eye. I felt that something worth hearing was about to be spoken and I was not disappointed. He said, "The Keros are a mighty class in the intellectual realm. For originality in doing stunts I have never seen their equal. Whenever we want a man to represent our college in debate or in oratory we draw from their ranks. When we need men of business discretion as managers of our teams, and men of fairness and honesty for our Athletic Board we call upon the Blue-& Gold for help." Then taking the lamp from the owl's talon, he continued, "I predict for this class a brilliant future in the intellectual world. The dark and unexplored corners of science, politics, business and religion shall be illumined by members of this class." My mind had no time for questioning for immediately the third egg hatched with a pop and out rushed a powerful lion which Solomon said represented the strength of the Blue-& Gold. At the sight of the lion one of the thralls, Black-& White, fell in a dead



swoon without making the slightest effort to defend itself. Then ensued a struggle between the lion and the Red-& Grey. The poor thrall struggled courageously, but what could it do but flee before the lion which had been hatched out by the marvelous Eagle? The lion seemed to recognize in Green-& White a faithful and valiant friend and so offered it no violence. I was puzzled by this third apparition, and was trying to think what it could mean when my surroundings seemed to change very rapidly three times. I was on Beaver Field. Our college football team was rushing the opposing team off the field, and I noticed that nearly all of the men representing Denison were Keros. My questions died on my lips, for now I seemed in a trice to be in the gym. watching a game of basketball. I said to myself, "This must be a class game;" but soon I noticed that one of the players was not a Kero and then I realized that a varsity game was in progress. A third time the scene changed and I was on Beaver field again. A baseball game was being played, and again I thought a class game was in progress until I noticed that two of the least important positions on the field were occupied by men who were not Keros, and then I realized that Denison University was playing another college. I asked Solomon what all this could mean, and he said, "The class of '09 has furnished more athletes for Denison's teams than all the other classes together."

During all the time that these scenes had been shifting, Black-& White had lain prostrate from the terrible shock it had received at the first sight of the lion. Now the Eagle, in pity, bends over the prostrate form and opens one of its own veins and injects into the cold body of Black-& White some of its own life-blood. Solomon saw my perplexity over the significance of this act and he volunteered, "The class of '09 has yielded both of the presidents and vice-presidents who presided over the first two years of her life, and others of her most powerful members, to the class of '08." But even this self-sacrificing act of the Eagle did not seem to revive the corpse—for that, alas, it had now become. And then I seemed to see the body placed in a casket and carried off to its final resting place, and to hear the strains dying away in the distance:

"Naughty-eight's body lies smouldering in the grave,  
While the Blue & Gold goes on."

L. W. H. '09

## **Juniors**

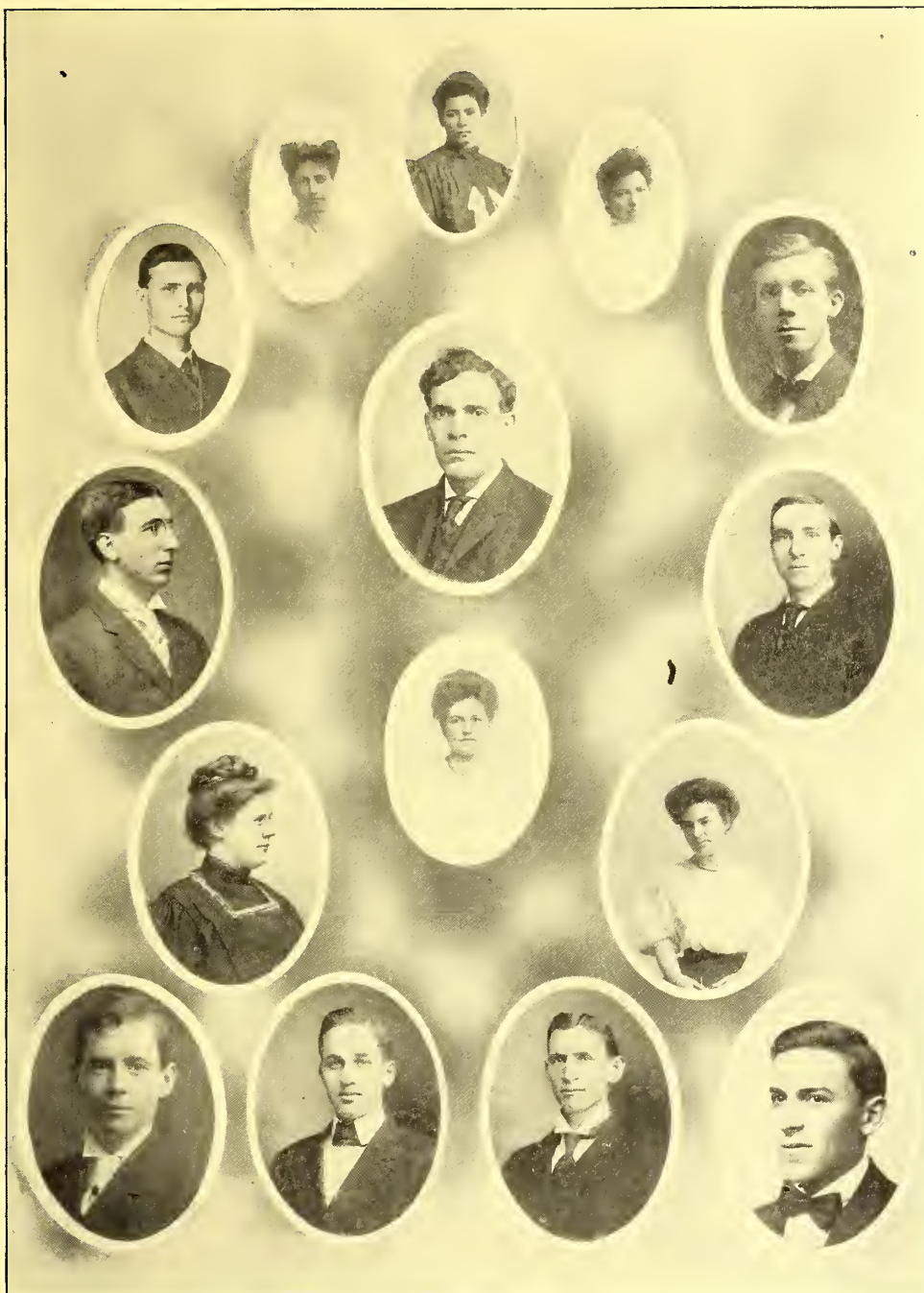
### Group I

W. A. ASHBROOK  
ADA ALEXANDER  
ADA CHRYSLER  
GRACE DUBOC  
A. C. EARLEY  
R. C. JACOBS  
J. L. JONES

L. E. MOORE  
LEONTINE OWEN  
G. W. PHILLIPS  
SUSIE QUICK  
CARL ROCKWOOD  
MINNIE SHAFFER  
H. J. WALKER

W. S. WILLIS





## **Juniors**

### **Group II**

P. W. ALEXANDER  
RUTH CARLIN  
E. H. CHITTENDEN  
T. G. ERLER  
PAUL FOX  
H. H. GIBSON  
L. W. HATTERSLEY

G. L. HERSHBERGER  
MILDRED HUNT  
P. R. JONES  
K. F. MATHER  
SHIRLEY SLACK  
H. D. SWYGERT  
ADDIE TUDOR

BLONDA WATT



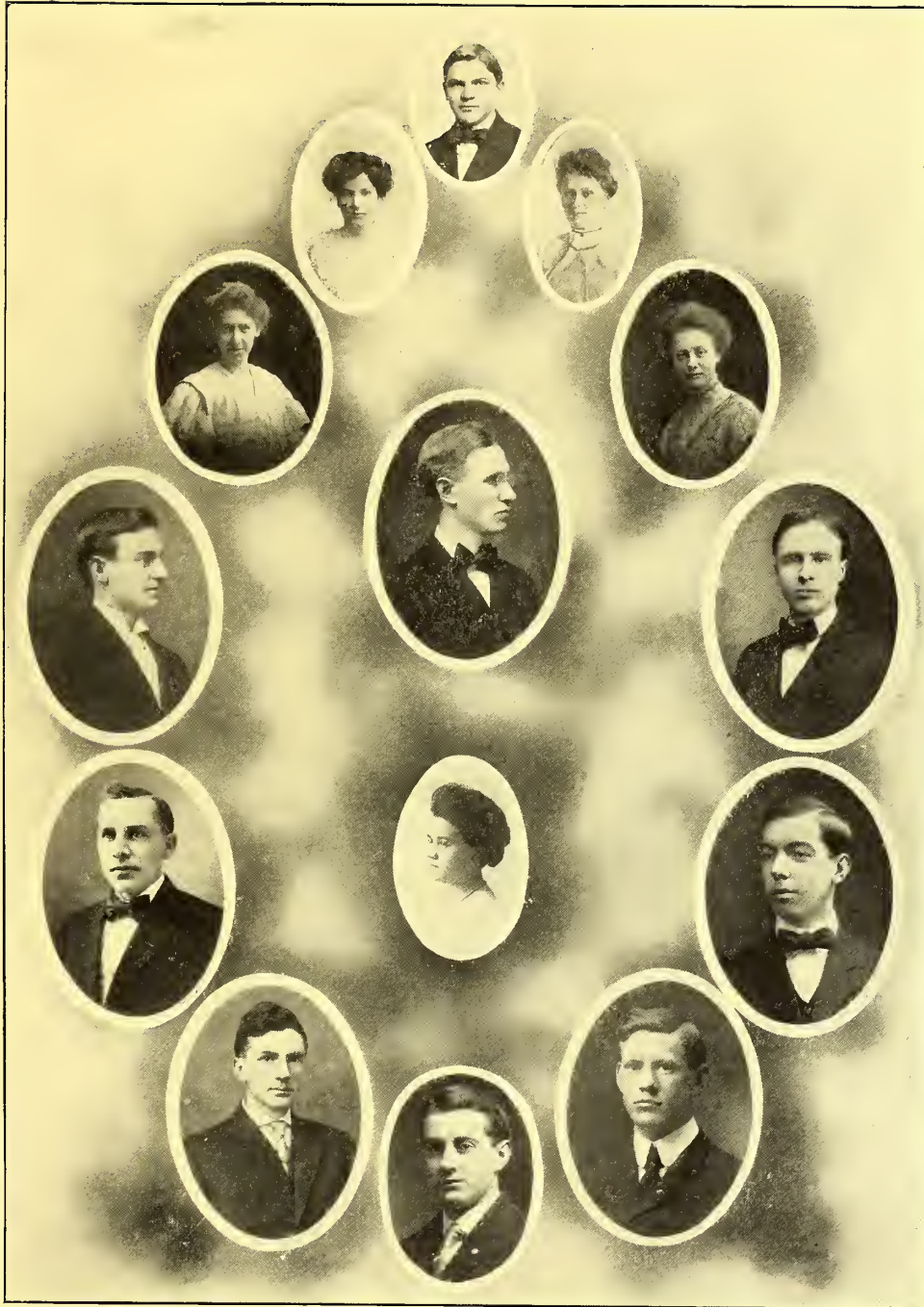
## **Juniors**

### **Group III**

HILDRED BLAKE  
W. C. BOLIN  
E. O. BRADSHAW  
IRENE CHAMBERS  
ALVA R. EDWARDS  
CELIA EDWARDS  
J. H. FORSYTHE

K. L. JEWETT  
C. W. KEMPER  
CLARENCE KEYSER  
J. D. McLAUGHLIN  
C. W. THOMAS  
KATHERINE TRIMMER  
R. O. ZIMMERMAN







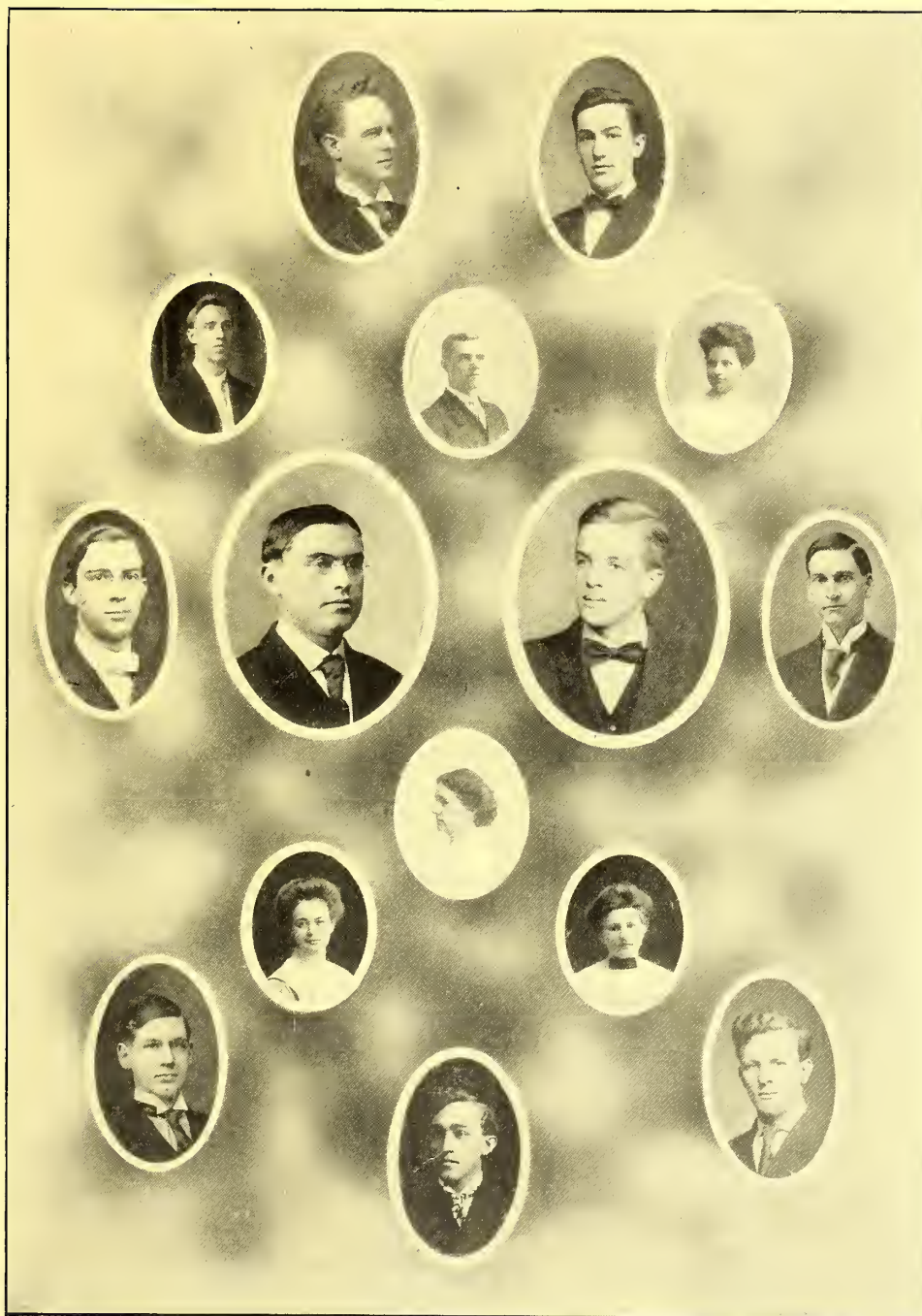
## **Juniors**

### **Group IV**

J. D. ADAIR  
T. D. ALLEN  
S. G. BRIDGES  
C. A. CARMAN  
I. B. CRANDALL  
G. H. CROWL  
E. H. FOOTE

BERTHA FULTON  
W. J. LIVINGSTONE  
H. L. PINE  
H. E. RODGERS  
ELLA ROBERTS  
L. D. SARGENT  
ELSIE STUDOR

GERTRUDE WRIGHT





HELEN SNOW

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. — *Campbell*.

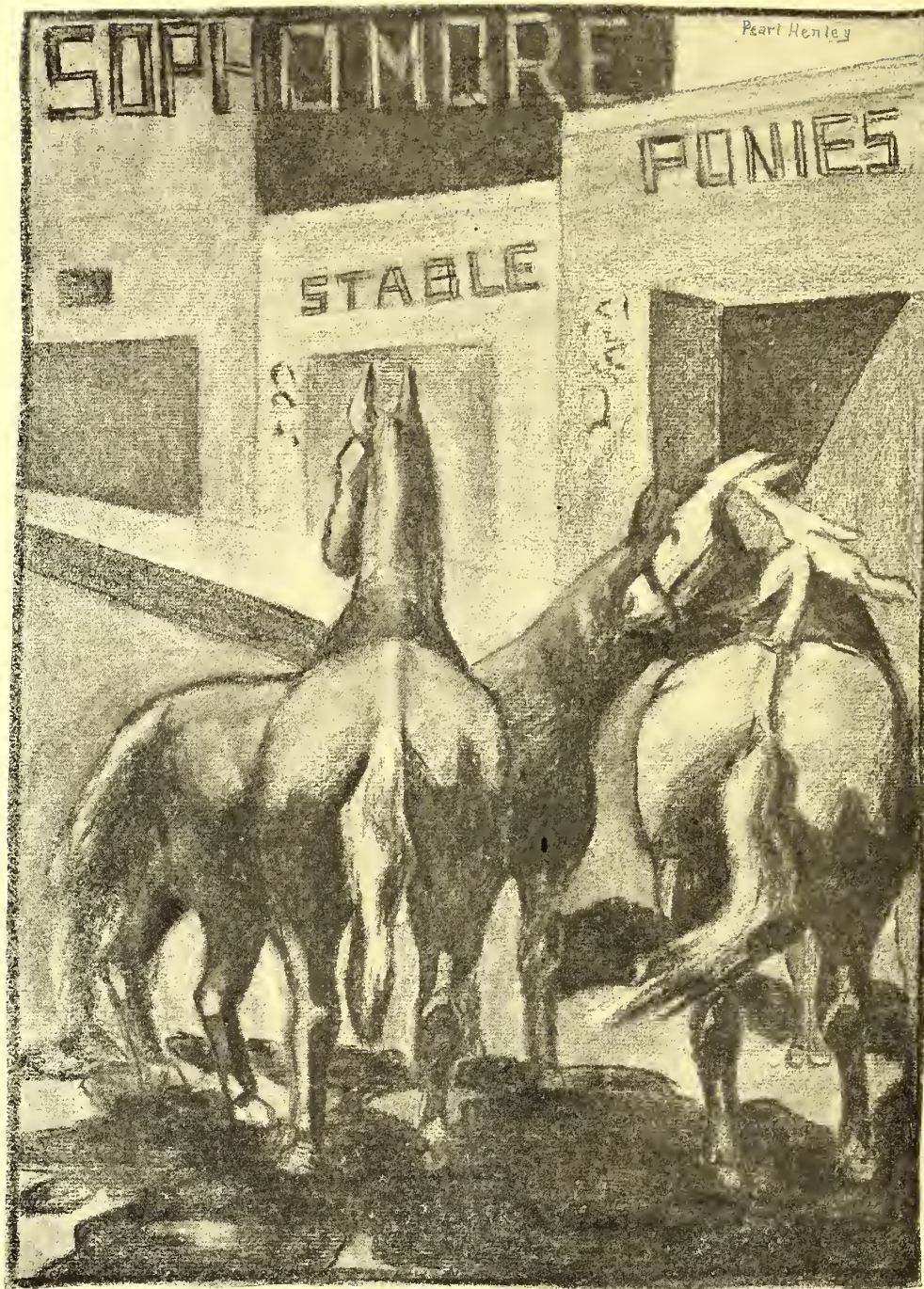
## **In Memoriam**

On August twelfth, nineteen hundred and six, from her home in Erie, Pennsylvania, the gentle spirit of Helen Snow went to its eternal rest.

Helen was a member of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine for one year, and during that time won the confidence and affection of all who knew her. Her gentle and unassuming disposition was an inspiration to many. The influence of her Christian character still lives among us.

Thy form now nestles 'neath our common sod,  
Thy memory lives with us, thy soul with God.







## Officers of the Sophomores



CARL DUERR

*President, CARL DUERR*

*Vice President, ELVA BRAKEMAN*

*Secretary, ANNA ROCKWOOD*

*Treasurer, VICTOR H. HOPPE*

*Assistant Treasurer, ELIZABETH FORD*

*Historian, MARY DICKERSON*

*Colors: Red and Grey.*

*Flower: Red Carnation.*

*Yell:*

Chic-a-poo! Wal-o-poo!

Chica-la-ca-len!

Denison! Denison!

1910!

## History of the Sophomore Class

LET us first look back over those giddy Freshman days and see what 1910 did to gain a reputation. The result of the cane rush, of the girls' basket ball game, of the first party has already been recorded. Nothing, however, has ever been said concerning the last event of the Freshman year—the class picnic.

The date finally set for this was May 9th, and the social committee quaked and trembled for fear the rain would pour down in torrents. Strange as it may seem it turned out to be a beautiful day.

Prof. "Willie," out of the goodness of his heart, let out the English classes for the afternoon, and promptly at three-thirty, three hay wagons drew up in front of King Hall—girls, boys and picnic baskets were piled on, and off we started. It was first intended that the destination should be Cat Run, but there was time to go no further than Bunkers Woods. Here, after the supper was enjoyed to the full extent, many harmless sports were indulged in, the Virginia Reel "without gloves" being voted quite a success.

This was the last class stunt of the season, but a word should be said concerning the school work. The Professors of various departments have found this class to contain some especially brilliant minds and fertile brains. With such a basis to start upon the success of the next year was ensured.

The class of 1910 returning to Denison after the summer vacation,—spent by some in peddling books, selling soap dishes; by others in taking a few lessons in domestic science, etc.,—elected officers for the ensuing year and proceeded to business.

Their first thought was to barricade themselves from the furious onslaught of the bloody-minded "Freshies." All was in vain, however, for one dark night the honored president was captured and forced to spend a few quiet moments in the lonely hours viewing the casement windows of Stone Hall. We often wonder whether his reflections at that time, if not revengeful, weren't at least improving to his vocabulary.

Instead of the usual cane rush, a remnant of barbarism, this illustrious class decided to erect a flag-emblem of liberty for protection against the savages who had just entered College. Accordingly one fall evening at the stroke of twelve, six of the mightiest crept cautiously down to Beaver Field and hoisted the flag on the well greased pole. All night they guarded, the numbers increasing toward daybreak. But, alas, when the Freshmen got on to it! For leading their ranks were a few "hayseeds" whose only knowledge of the world was gained at country fairs, in obscure villages, where they had already become experts in climbing greased poles and chasing greased pigs. What wonder is there that the Sophomore flag came down?

The first class party of the year was given by the girls and was the event of the season. The elegant costumes rivaled and surpassed the splendors of the recent Vanderbilt wedding or any other society function of the royalty. The spirits of all assembled ran high, and after the elaborate menu of pumpkin

## **History of the Sophomore Class**

pie, etc., the jollification ended. In every way it was a complete success, for the attempts of the mischievous Freshmen to render the festal hall a gloomy abode were forestalled.

The class basket ball games have begun, but it is not known yet what the final record of the Sophomores will be. Two members of the class, Flack and Little, were on the Varsity team this year, while "Bellevue" Brown and Green were "subs."

On the football team we were represented by Stilwell, Hill, Hart, Possons and Walker.

The Sophomore women on Washington's Birthday were entertained at an informal tea given by the Sophomore women of Burton Hall. All brought their workbags and thimbles, altho neither were used, so strenuously or constantly as the tongues and vocal chords of the guests. It was quite apparent, too, that not one giggling appartus was out of order, and the little grey and red hatchets given as souvenirs will always be the symbols of one jolly good time.

Admirable as has been the record of the Sophomores up to the present time, there still lingers in the hearts of the loyal, the hope of a more brilliant future. All the readers of this are asked to stop! look!! and listen!!! for the time when we shall distinguish ourselves and Denison University by some act of strength, valor or wit. Then in the meanwhile as we are waiting for that time to come, let each give a few rousing cheers for the class of 1910.

M. D. '10.

## **Sophomore Class**

WALTER WELSH FRAZIER  
ROBERT CLINE GILL  
WILLIAM OLIVER GREENE  
ROSCO DEAN HART  
PEARLY HENLEY  
CHARLES EDGAR HILL  
VICTOR HUGO HOPPE  
FLORENCE PEARL HORNER  
LAURA ELIZABETH HOSICK  
WILBUR ALDEN HUNT  
HELEN KENDRICK HUNT  
CLAUDE JACQUART  
BETTY ALBERTINA JONES  
CLARENCE RICHARD JONES  
HAROLD AUGUSTUS KESLER

EDWIN ROBERT LITTLE  
EMILY FRANCES MALONEY  
ASHER KING MATHER  
PEARL BICKER MERCER  
LLOYD VESPER MINEAR  
JOHN MITCHELL  
WARREN LELAND MORRIS  
JULIA IRENE MCCLURE  
CLARENCE JUNIOS MCGEE  
RAY CLEVELAND MCMILLAN  
ROY NEFF  
JUDITH GIFFORD NICHOLS  
ESTER CHRISTINE NIXON  
GRACE ELIZABETH NORTH  
THOMAS MARSTON NORTON





## Sophomore Class

RUTH AKERS  
BESSIE MARIE BILLMAN  
CHARLES BAGNALL BEBB  
NINA BINGNER  
ELVA BRAKEMAN  
HARRIET NEWELL BRITTAN  
CLARENCE EDWARD BROWN  
    (B.)  
CLARENCE EDWARD BROWN  
    (R.)  
HUGH SAMUEL CAMPBELL  
FLOYD D. CARLOCK  
HARRY ENZOR CHILCOTE  
H. P. CONNABLE  
F. R. CLEVELAND

BERTHA CRILLY  
ESTER JOSEPHINE CROOKS  
WALTER EMERY DAVIES  
EVANGELINE DAVIES  
ALBERT WATSON DAVISON  
ALBERT MILTON DIXON  
MARY ELLEN DICKINSON  
CARL FREDERICK DUERR  
ROBERT CONANT DUNN  
ELEANOR M. DYE  
FRANCES REEVE EDMONSON  
IDA LOUISE FERGUSON  
ROBERT WILLIAM FLACK  
ELIZABETH FORD



## Sophomore Class

HARRY ELDON ORR  
ROBERT DWIGHT OWEN  
E. PATTENGILL  
ALMA BURNETT POLK  
MARIE PORTER  
MILTON HOWLET POSSONS  
ANNA QUICK  
ANNA ROCKWOOD  
AUSTIN PARKER READ  
HARRY THURMAN REEVES  
FRED JUDSON RUPE  
DEE FERGUSON SHUMAN  
BETTY SPENCER  
FRED GUY SMITH

CORNELIA SPENCER  
HAZEL SPENCER  
J. STEWART  
CHARLES JAMES STILWELL  
SUSIE THEOBALD  
DEE THORNTON  
BIRNEY RAY WALKER  
A. WALSH  
FAE MARY WEBBER  
THOMAS HOWARD WICK-  
ENDEN  
CHESTER CALDWELL WIN-  
TER







Two hours more of mental pain,  
Before I dare to sleep;  
Why should I tax my burdened brain,  
When horses are so cheap?  
  
I'll ease this psychologic stress,  
I'll cast myself astride,  
Eureka! now to sleep and bless  
Hinds Noble for the ride.





## Officers of the Freshmen



ROBERT B. WHYTE

*President*, ROBERT B. WHYTE

*Vice President*, MARJORIE WITTER

*Vice Pres. Resigned*, GRACE MCCLELLAND

*Historian*, R. M. ARNOLD

*Treasurer*, HORACE H. HUNT

*Secretary*, EUDORA SPENCER

*Class Poet*, MAUD M. MILLER

*Colors*: Green and White.

*Flower*: Yellow Daffodil.

*Yell*:

Rickety, Rackety, Zip, Za, Zee

1911, don't you see?

We're the class without a flaw

1911! Rah! Rah! Rah!



## History of the Freshman Class

SO many events have been crowded into the few months' existence of the Freshmen Class, that it would be impossible to enumerate them all. However, a few of the principal ones should be mentioned. The story of the first victory over the Sophomores at Beaver Field is too well-known to be more than recounted. It is sufficient to say that they were completely overwhelmed.

This victory was only a forerunner of many others; in the class room, and in the social world, as well as in athletics. The first event in order of time was the stunt held at Doane Gymnasium in the latter part of October. None of those present will ever forget this first social meeting of the Freshman Class. Everyone enjoyed himself thoroughly in playing games and getting acquainted with the rest. It was indeed a fitting opening of the social life of 1911.

On the gridiron the Freshmen continued their success. The football team worked faithfully during the entire season, and were able to give the 'Varsity hard practice. In their one game, that with the Preps, they won a comparatively easy victory. The usual game with the Sophs was not played owing to the inability of the teams to agree upon a date for it. The Freshmen, however, felt very confident as to the outcome.

Then came the basket-ball season. In this line 1911 proved to be just as strong as in others. They commenced with a rush and they ended with a rush. The first game with the Seniors was forfeited owing to the non-appearance of their team. The next game was with the Sophomores. This proved an easy victory for the Freshmen. At no time did there seem to be any danger of defeat. The game ended with a score of 40 to 16 in favor of '11.

Next came the game with the Preps. This was not such an easy one. The first half ended with the Preps "way ahead," but the Freshmen started in the second half with their old-time vim and soon passed their opponents, outplaying them at every point. The final score was 17 to 13, in favor of the Freshmen.

The last game was not such a successful one from the standpoint of '11. Playing against the Juniors, composed of four Varsity players and one Varsity substitute, the Freshmen could hardly expect to win. However, their team showed great form throughout, and succeeded in holding the Juniors down to 28 to 18. The season was a very successful one for '11 and it brought out some good material for the 'Varsity for next year.

But it is not only in athletics that the Freshmen have been so successful. In the class-room many have shown marked ability. In Latin and Greek they have won honors. In all departments of the University they have come to the front. Even Freshman A, the Waterloo of most first-year students, has proved no great obstacle to the progress of 1911. In the literary societies the Freshmen have taken an active part, displaying their ability in all phases of literary work. In every walk of college life, they have been up and doing all the time.

With such a class beginning its career, is there any need for Denison to worry about its future? Ought she fear that her standards will not be upheld? No! She can always look to the class of 1911 to do its utmost to keep her to the front.

O. M. A., '11.

## Freshman Class

T. R. ALLBRIGHT  
A. E. BALDWIN  
R. F. BENFIELD  
C. A. BLAKE  
B. E. BRUCE  
J. E. CARVER  
GLADYS CLAY  
G. COCHRAN  
T. COSLEY  
A. G. ADAMS  
H. D. ANDERSON  
O. M. ARNOLD

T. J. BAGGS  
R. E. BAUGHER  
H. N. BEATTIE  
D. N. A. BLACET  
J. R. BOARD  
Z. D. BROWN  
R. D. BINGETT  
N. H. CARMAN  
H. W. CHAMBERLIN  
P. W. CLEVELAND  
J. B. CLISSOLD  
J. CRITCHFIELD





## **Freshman Class**

W. C. COE  
A. B. CONLEY  
R. D. DEAN  
H. H. DIEBEL  
SADIE DAVIS  
A. A. DICK  
H. M. DICKERSON  
R. J. ELVIN  
W. E. FINDLAY  
C. D. FIFIELD  
P. D. FLEMING  
S. FRAZIER

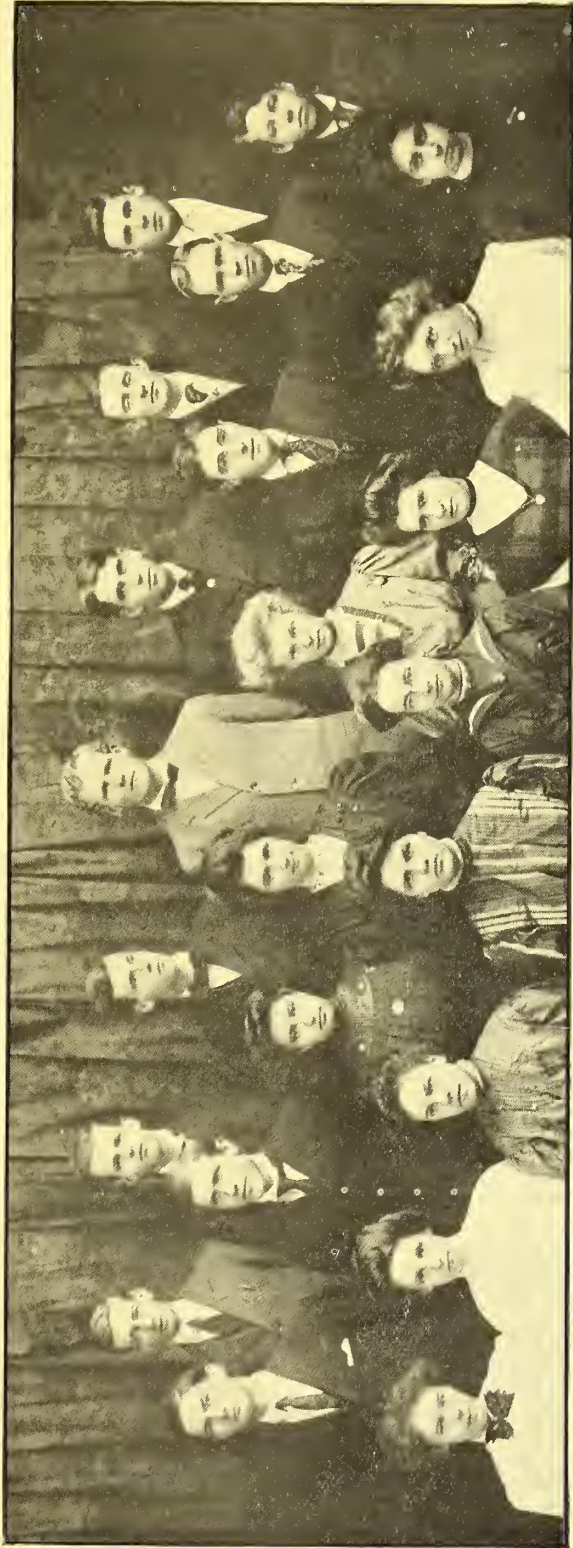
T. B. FRIZELLE  
W. D. FULTON  
M. A. GANTZ  
M. K. GEACH  
H. Z. GOODHART  
I. HARRISON  
T. A. HATFIELD  
R. M. INGLER  
O. A. JENKINS  
A. E. JONES  
M. M. JONES  
R. B. JONES



## Freshman Class

C. C. GIBSON  
C. F. GIBSON  
H. C. GILLESPIE  
F. B. HOLDEN  
H. D. HOLLER  
R. B. HOOPER  
J. C. HOSKINSON  
H. H. HUNT  
K. JONES  
C. F. KEMPER  
C. H. KING  
M. A. KLANFORTH

A. M. LAMB  
HELEN LAMSON  
D. L. LEIDIGLE  
H. McCLELLAND  
M. M. MILLER  
F. F. MONTGOMERY  
L. F. MOORE  
T. E. MACÉWAN  
LEILA PORTER  
H. I. PIGG  
M. POWELL  
L. R. WILSON



## **Freshman Class**

M. H. RANK  
H. M. REDMOND  
A. M. RICHARDS  
L. A. RUGG  
I. M. SARGENT  
L. B. SEFTON  
J. C. MUNN  
H. A. NIXON  
N. B. NORPEL  
H. E. NOTTINGHAM  
A. C. NEYMAN  
J. W. PARKER

W. J. PEETS  
E. J. PHILLIPS  
W. A. PFEIFFER  
W. W. PLUMMER  
R. B. PRIEST  
C. F. QUEISSER  
W. E. RANKIN  
H. D. ROSS  
H. D. SCOTT  
H. D. SIMKINS  
F. S. SPERRY  
A. Z. STONER





## **Freshman Class**

F. A. TENNANT  
H. E. THURSTON  
G. D. UPSON  
C. B. VANCE  
H. VAN ALLEN  
W. E. WALKER  
C. J. WARD  
A. A. WHITELY  
G. B. WILLIAMS  
M. M. WINTERSTEIN

R. B. WHYTE  
A. M. ZELL  
M. C. SETTLE  
H. E. SMITH  
B. H. SOMMERS  
E. SPENCER  
E. G. STEWART  
JOY TRACY  
M. E. WITTER  
M. K. MCKIBBEN



# Literary Societies







## **Roll—Calliopean Literary Society**

J. D. ADAIR  
P. W. ALEXANDER  
T. D. ALLEN \*  
O. M. ARNOLD  
S. G. BRIDGES  
C. E. BROWN (B.)  
C. E. BROWN (R.)  
H. S. CAMPBELL  
R. E. CARMAN  
I. B. CRANDALL  
A. A. DICK  
R. C. DITTO

R. C. DUNN  
A. C. EARLEY  
R. W. FLACK  
E. H. FOOTE  
T. B. FRIZELLE  
R. D. HART  
L. W. HATTERSLEY  
C. C. HOLLOWAY  
V. H. HOPPE  
K. L. JEWETT  
T. S. JOHNSON  
C. W. KEMPER

C. F. KEMPER



## **Roll—Calliopean Literary Society**

H. A. KESLER  
C. KEYSER  
J. H. LLOYD  
M. L. LOWERY  
F. R. MCARTHUR  
R. C. McMILLAN  
J. H. MALONEY  
M. F. MEADORS  
L. V. MEINEAR  
H. A. NIXON  
M. NORPELL  
F. F. PATRICK

G. W. PHILLIPS  
W. E. RANKIN  
T. D. REES  
L. D. SARGENT  
H. D. SCOTT  
C. J. STILWELL  
W. B. STORM  
J. H. THOMAS  
C. W. THOMAS  
H. J. WALKER  
A. M. WILSON  
L. R. WILSON

C. C. WINTER



## **Franklin Literary Society**

List of Members, March 20, 1908.

A. G. ADAMS	F. G. SMITH
E. O. BRADSHAW	L. F. THOMAS
C. A. CARMAN	R. B. WHYTE
C. F. DUERR	W. S. WILLIS
C. C. GIBSON	F. ASHMORE
J. C. HOSKINSON	Z. D. BROWNE
W. A. HUNT	W. E. DAVIES
K. F. MATHER	R. ELVIN
J. D. McLAUGHLIN	H. H. GIBSON
C. A. NEYMAN	H. M. HUFFMAN
J. W. PARKER	C. G. JACQUART
H. T. REEVES	A. K. MATHER





## Franklin Literary Society

List of Members, March 20, 1908.

J. MITCHELL	T. G. ERLER
H. E. ORR	E. HEATER
R. B. PRIEST	H. H. HUNT
H. D. ROSS	C. Y. LIU
A. Z. STONER	C. J. MCGEE
H. THURSTON	W. L. MORRIS
T. H. WICKENDEN	R. D. OWEN
R. O. ZIMMERMAN	W. A. PFEIFFER
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E. R. BULL	W. R. TAYLOR
A. M. DAVISON	C. B. VANCE
	T. R. WILLIAMS





EARL R. BULL, Captain.



AMORICE M. WILSON.



GEORGE W. PHILLIPS.

H. A. KESSLER, Alternate.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, That the government of the United States should aid in the building up of the American merchant marine by granting subsidies to ships sailing under the American flag and engaged in foreign commerce.

Debate at Tiffin, O., March 17, 1908.

Heidelberg University, affirmative; Denison University, negative.

Negative won.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, That all corporations engaged in interstate commerce should be compelled to take out a Federal charter on such terms as Congress may by law prescribe. Constitutionality conceded.

Debate at Granville, O., April 24, 1908.

Washington and Jefferson, negative; Denison University, affirmative.





RAYMOND S. CARMAN,  
Captain.



WILLIAM B. STORM.



SAMUEL G. BRIDGES.

HEBER H. GIBSON, Alternate.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, That the government of the United States should aid in the building up of the American merchant marine by granting subsidies to ships sailing under the American flag and engaged in foreign commerce.

Debate at Hiram, O. March 6, 1908.

Hiram, negative; Denison University, affirmative.

Negative won.

Debate at Granville, O., March 17, 1908 (same question).

Otterbein, negative; Denison University, affirmative.

Negative won.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, That all corporations engaged in interstate commerce should be compelled to take out a Federal charter on such terms as Congress may by law prescribe. Constitutionality conceded.

Debate at Meadville, Pa., April 24, 1908.

Allegheny College, affirmative; Denison University, negative.



## Philomathean Officers

First Semester, 1907-1908.

President.....	LOTTIE GRANDSTAFF
Vice President.....	DORTHY BUDDE
Recording Secretary .....	GRACE NORTH
Corresponding Secretary .....	ANNA ROCKWOOD
Treasurer.....	BERTHA FETZER
Critic.....	ANNE SORENSEN
Prosecuting Attorney.....	LEORA NORRIS

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Second Semester, 1908.

President.....	ANNE SORENSON
Vice-President .....	GRACE NORTH
Recording Secretary.....	ELIZABETH FORD
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Treasurer.....	MARIE PORTER
Prosecuting Attorney.....	EMILY MALONEY
Critic.....	IRENE CHAMBERS



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*Treasurer*, ELEANOR DYE

*Critic*, RUTH SPIGER

*Chaplain*, RUTH PICKERING

*Prosecuting Attorney*, FRANCES EDMONSON.

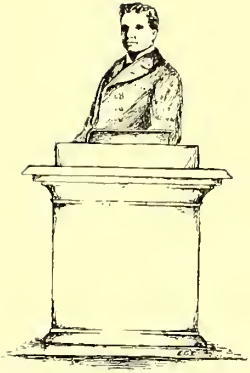












## With Our “Prexie” in Chapel

A sense of delicacy can be possessed by the strong as well as the weak.

Let us have our wits about us when they are needed.

We should teach others to be controlled by the dominion of love.

I'll advise you all to go and conduct yourselves so you can go again.

Let each fellow stand up where he sits.

We ought to get into the main currents of life.

Love for the truth is a characteristic of the best character. If the conditions are faulty we must not be surprised that the experiment does not work out. To be clever and educated without being true makes us a dangerous element in society. The normal thing is for us to grow truer and more reverent as we go.

Our fundamental heresy is over-confidence in sheer ability—genius. Genius is the capacity for concentrated labor.

Too often we let our minds go wool gathering. The college is to help us get possession of ourselves. What a fool a fellow is who fools himself!

College young men are apt to be below par when there is a body of them together. I believe in college young men for they are of higher standard and purpose than ordinary fellows.

Mistakes come from going too far in one direction. Don't be pompous because you have been away from home. Don't give the home folk an extreme illustration of college slang. Your people will be wondering what has happened to you. Higher education is on trial every time a student goes home and your actions will help them make the decision. Make the people at home happy.

We can't mix our principles. Part of the time we are following the star, and part of the time we are following our own lower, selfish principles. Hence our difficulties.

### A PRAYER.

God, make us larger than our work!

O, Master, I have labored all the night,  
And, as the watches dragged their lonely flight,  
Wearied with toil, I plied the watery main,  
I labored, failed, and failing toiled again.  
And now, behold for all the labor fraught,  
An empty boat: lo, I have toiled for naught !

## **The Toiler and The Christ**

By  
G. W. P.

And dost Thou bid me launch upon the deep?—  
Me on whose feverish eye the touch of sleep  
Now gently presses?—Me whose calloused hands  
Appeal a respite brief from toil's demands?—  
Me on whose soul is fixed the cruel curse  
Of disappointment? Must I now rehearse  
The fruitless toils of midnight? Such as me  
Bid'st Thou, again launch out upon the sea?

Thou sayest. Enough. These lips shall wake no more  
Discordant murmers on the peaceful shore.  
Thy will unerring all I ask to know;  
Back to the task abandoned, Lord, I go.  
Let failure freeze my heart; let toil benumb  
These lagging members; let the blood-drops come  
Slow oozing from these blistered palms, I brave  
Them all. Again my craft shall seek the wave.  
The oars, the nets, the toil, the pain are mine,  
The pity, comfort, strength, O Christ, be Thine.

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*Vice President*, FRED R. McARTHUR

*Corresponding Secretary*, W. B. STORM

*Recording Secretary*, J. H. THOMAS

*Treasurer*, J. H. MALONEY

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## **The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet**

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*Social*, MARION LAMB

*Hand Book*, ANNA ROCKWOOD

*Fall Campaign*, LELA MONTGOMERY

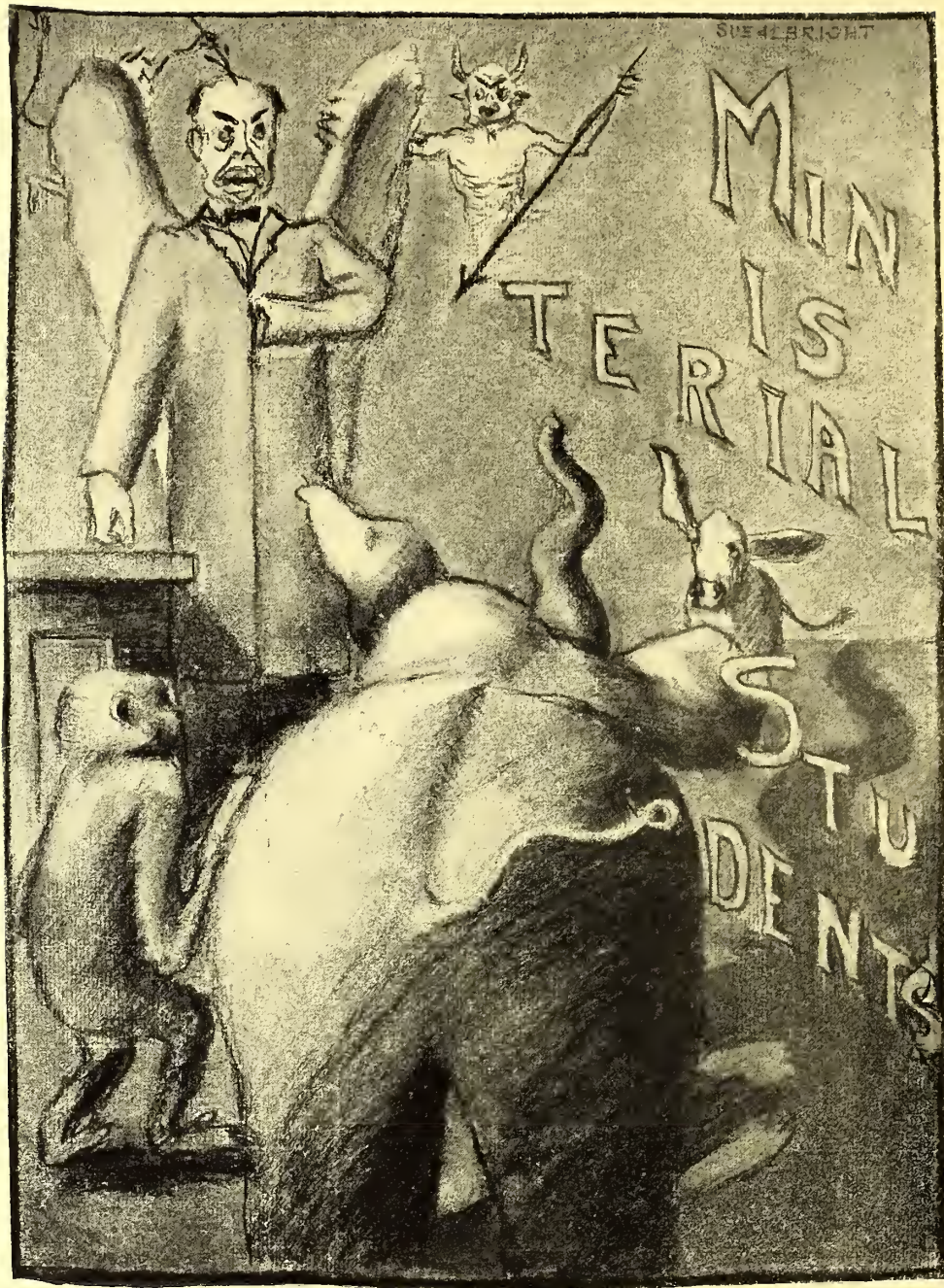
*Treasurer*, ALVA EDWARDS

*Secretary*, ULA JOHNSON

*Calendar*, IRENE CONLEY







## Sky Pilots in the Making

THE Ministerial Student! Poor ministerial student! He who goeth about in the same shiny garments from year to year and who cheweth his mustache to get the requisite nourishment; he who burneth the midnight natural gas and electricity in a panic-stricken endeavor to keep the mental temperature up to 80 and thus warm the heart of the O. B. E. S. He it is who furnisheth the theme for this classic dissertation.

Some men deliberately choose hard lives, directed along lines of greatest resistance; others don't. To the former class belongs the ministerial student, the boy who goes to school (for his purpose is almost always fixed when he enters) to prepare for one of the most dangerous, discouraging, and richly profitable occupations of life. If he falls into the latter class, out with him entirely; he will never make it. But we will say he is genuine. That granted, you have before you one of the most interesting varieties of the "king of beasts"—one whose ideal it is to stamp out everything that's beastly and replace it with all that is kingly.

We've all heard of, possibly we have entertained the idea of the preacher as a man of leisure. "How nice it must be to rest six days in the week, and labor but one." It's a vile insinuation, a lie on the face of it. The busy hive of men has no room in it for drones, not for pious drones anyhow. All such get stung. Speed the day when the public at large will understand the minister as one who labors incessantly six days in the week, and then on the seventh when he needs rest, is compelled to pour out of his own soul the sweet unction of spiritual comfort and sustenance upon the souls of others, at a tremendous expenditure of nervous energy and precious vitality. No, no boy who has cut his wisdom teeth ever went into the ministry with a selfish motive in his heart. Better aim at the presidency of some combine, my dear sir.

But we are speaking now of the ministerial student, of him who is just getting his first sniff of the battle powder of tribulation. He has weighed Self and the World in the balance and found the woes of the latter the heavier. So off he packs to Denison (why elsewhere?) and takes up the briefly novel round of college life. He finds the "welcome" of the Y. M. C. A. replaced by the "Del. Com." of the faculty. Being ambitious, he desires to do something,—and he **gets** exactly what he wants. If his acquaintances size him up as a capable chap, be they friends or merely teachers, he'll get all that's a-comin' to him, and a little bit more. So the days roll merrily on.

But winter brings a panic. Oh, it may resemble a cyclone in shape, big at the top with the point concentrated upon the immediate region in which he resides, but it gets him just the same. He begins to realize that his fussedness about getting rid of his hands and feet at the general jam is as nothing to the throes of financial embarrassment. He pinches his wallet and gulps hard. Then it occurs to him that the very thing he has been thinking about will furnish the solution of the problem, and he sets about it to adopt the motor method. No, no, I didn't say anything about his purchasing an auto. Just wait a minute.

Now, this is the point at which the ministerial student will be most likely



to congratulate himself — that while he is absorbing day by day, the opportunity is offered him to provide an outlet for the overflow of learning. There's your motor method — exercising and strengthening the sinews of body, mind and spirit while they are growing into maturity. So he takes his first preaching trip, one of the epochs of his life. Funny, isn't it? But people will sit and take 'most everything he says — and never smile.

There are four great professions, the law, education, medicine, and the ministry. Imagine if you can a young chap in college pleading a case before the bar. Simply nothing to it. Does a young man who aims to teach get an opportunity to combine any of that work with his college course? Rarely. And then think — oh, think of a young would-be doctor going out to administer pellets or cut up according to his professional predilections. Horrors!!! But the young aspirant for pulpit honors goes abroad and pounds the desk in the church at Jacktown, or Prospectville, or Swallow Hollow, while the audience sits in open-mouthed wonder and admiration. No time for quaking knees — head up, chest out is the command. That fellow is getting steel in his backbone; the stern but wise teacher called "Experience" is implanting her lessons deeply. The future mover of men's souls is being developed. Monday morning sees him returning wilted and worn. The loafers on the platform at Newark, observing how numerous he is, may laugh about "the string of empties being returned to the college at Granville." Lesson hours may see him snatching a few sweet winks in the arms of Morpheus. Recitations may go smash pretty badly that Monday. But all is lost sight of and full recompense is made when he contemplates a duty done, a step taken in advance, an increment of strength added to his slender store.

That is the ministerial student. No finer or more powerful microscope should be used in examining him than in observing his fellow students. But watch him if you will. See him on the athletic field once in a while, don't you? Catch him at the Sem, about as often as the rest of 'em, methinks. Literary societies and contests chuck full of him, it seems. College annual and weekly get to him once in a while or more. And in the class room he takes nobody's dust. The short of it is that out of the 14% of the men of the school who go to make up the ministerial association, you will find about as many all around good fellows as in any other class of men in Denison. And manly men are at a premium everywhere.

M. L. L., '08.

**T**HE most vital integrating band in the Christian Student movement of world, is the volunteer movement for foreign missions.

Not yet twenty-five years old, it has spread from its beginning at a convention of delegates from eighty colleges at Mt. Herman, Conn., through the United States and Canada, through Great Britain, Europe, Africa, and even the countries of the Orient.

Largely this is the influence of this world movement, today no class of men and women believes in missions and gives to missions as do students.

Its purpose is four fold. First. To lead students to a thorough consideration of the claims of foreign missions upon them as a life work. Second. To foster the purpose of all students who decide to become foreign missionaries, by helping to stimulate them and guide them in mission study and work for missions until they pass under the immediate direction of some board. Third. To unite all volunteers in an organized aggressive movement. Fourth. To create and maintain an intelligent, active and sympathetic interest in foreign missions among students who are to remain at home in order that they may back up this great enterprise by their prayers, their gifts, their efforts.

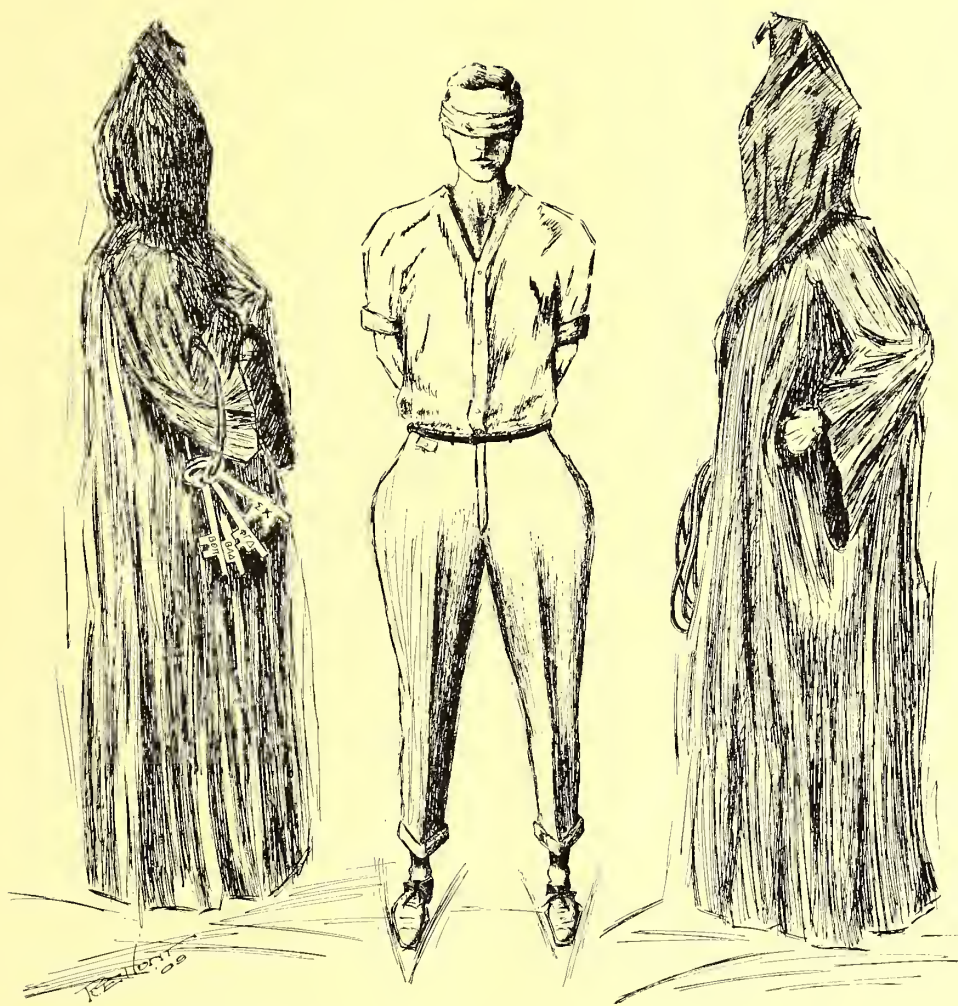
Thus it is evident that this movement is not a missionary society, or a board in the sense of being an organization to send out to the foreign field its own missionaries. It is rather a recruiting society for the various missionary boards. Its highest ambition is to serve the church.

In America a committee of six representatives of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association constitute the executive board. Through its activity about a thousand colleges and theological seminaries have come effectively under the influence of the greatest missionary movement of the age. Under its auspices some four thousand volunteers have already gone into foreign mission work.

The policy of the movement is to so effectively stimulate interest and action on the part of the young people of the churches and colleges to the end that the ideal of the organization may become an accomplished fact—"The Evangelization of the world in this generation."

## **The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions**

# The Greeks





## Beta Theta Pi

1908

ARTHUR B. CHAFFEE, JR.

T. REES WILLIAMS

1909

GEORGE H. CROWL

WALTER J. LIVINGSTONE

WILLARD S. WILLIS

1910

WALTER E. DAVIES

ROBERT C. GILL

WILBUR A. HUNT

CLARENCE R. JONES

WARREN L. MORRIS

CHARLES J. STILWELL

1911

HAROLD D. ANDERSON

ADELBERT B. CONLEY

JUDSON B. CLISSOLD

RALPH G. ELVIN

RICHARD B. HOOPER

WILLIAM A. PFEIFFER

RALPH B. PRIEST

D. A. 1908

THOMAS B. SMITH



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### Faculty

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CLARENCE D. COONS

### 1908

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ROBERT F. HAMILTON

THEODORE S. JOHNSON

CHARLES H. KESLER

JOHN C. SWARTZ

### 1909

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PAUL C. FOX

WILLIAM B. GODDARD

KENNETH L. JEWETT

LE ROY D. SARGENT

HOWARD W. MARSH

### 1910

HOWARD P. CONNABLE

HARRY E. CHILCOTE

ROBERT C. DUNN

ROBERT W. FLACK

HAROLD A. KESLER

LLOYD V. MINEAR

THOMAS M. NORTON

MILTON H. POSSONS

BIRNEY R. WALKER

VICTOR H. HOPPE

### 1911

OSCAR M. ARNOLD

HOMER M. BEATTIE

WILLIAM D. FULTON

HAROLD E. LAMSON

MAX B. NORPEL

WALTER E. RANKIN

GEORGE D. UPSON





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PROF. A. M. BRUMBACK

### Active Members

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F. S. McCOLLUM

1909

H. FERRIS

L. E. MOORE

H. L. PINE

1910

A. M. DAVISON

C. E. HILL

C. JAQUART

E. R. LITTLE

H. E. ORR

H. T. REEVES

T. H. WICKENDEN

1911

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E. H. FOOTE

G. L. HERSHBERGER

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A. S. ORCUTT

JOHN MITCHELL

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T. B. FRIZELLE

M. C. HILL

R. B. WHYTE

A. M. DAVIDSON

H. H. HUNT

W. F. WALKER





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*Colors:* Green and White

*Flower:* Pillsbury's Best

Roll

8. "Reduction"
19. "Art"
20. "Ferdie"
24. "Huff"
26. "Perce"
27. "Livy"
28. "Billy"
30. "Ching"
31. "Tuck"
32. "Bill"



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STELLA CASE

PEARL FERGUSON

HELEN CASE, '05.

### Faculty

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JESSIE STREET

1910

RUTH AKERS

LOUISE FERGUSON

ALMA POLK

AGNES WALSH

DEE SCHUMAN

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MARION ROSE





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BESSE TRUMPER

### Graduate Student

MARY LOUISE MCKIBBEN

### 1908

IRENE CONLEY

MARGUERITE M. JONES

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### 1909

ALVA R. EDWARDS

RUTH DAVENPORT

BERTHA FULTON

AMY H. JONES

GERTRUDE E. WRIGHT

### 1910

BESS M. BILLMAN

NINA G. BINGNER

MARY E. DICKENSON

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MAUDE L. THOMPSON

DELIA THORNTON

### 1911

CLAIRE D. FIFIELD

ZORELDA H. GOODHART

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## **Sigma**

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1909

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SUE QUICK

1910

HAZEL SPENCER  
PEARL P. HENLEY

ANNE QUICK  
JULIA I. MCCLURE

1911

MABEL C. SETTLE

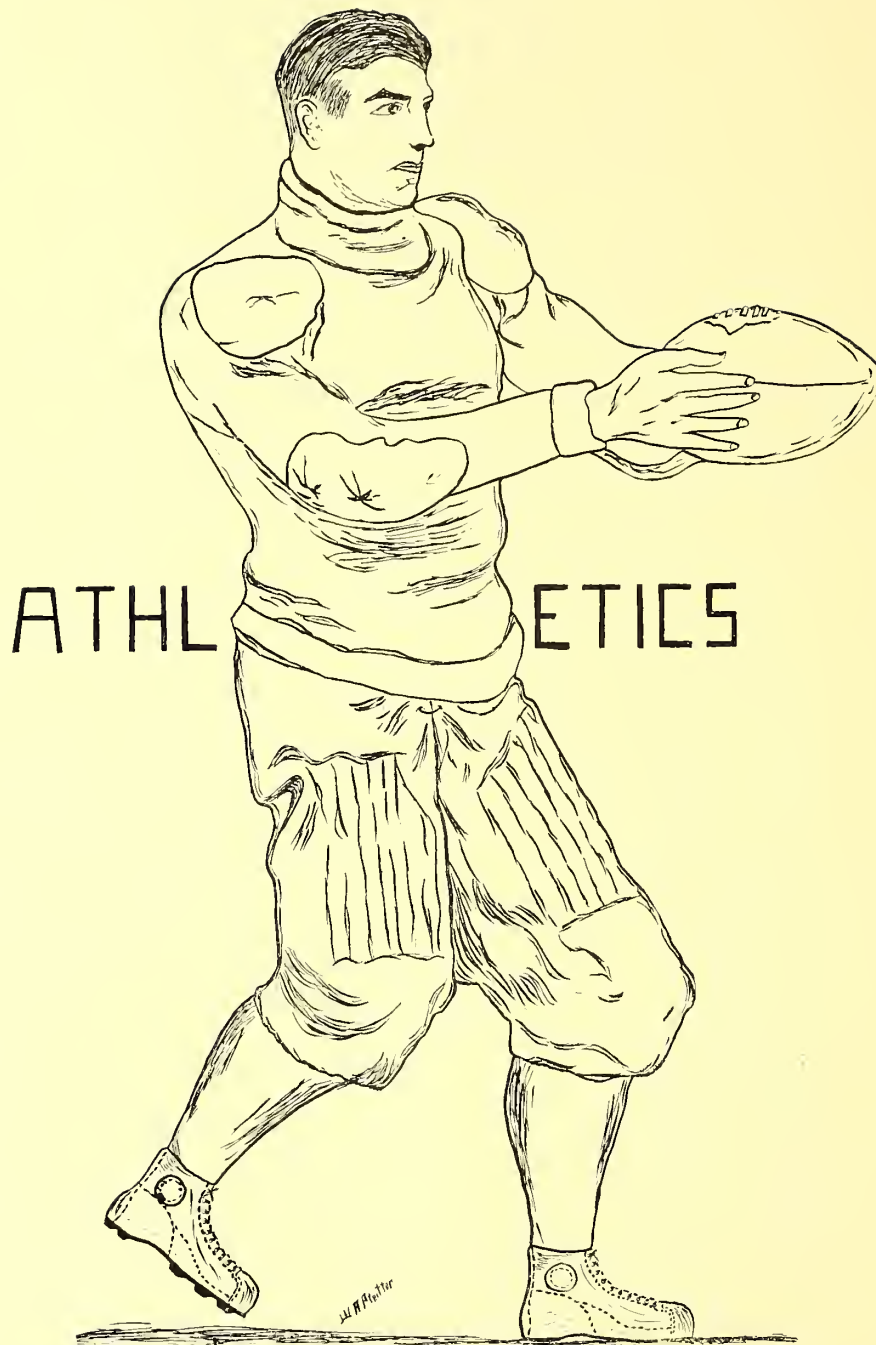
LEILA F. MOORE

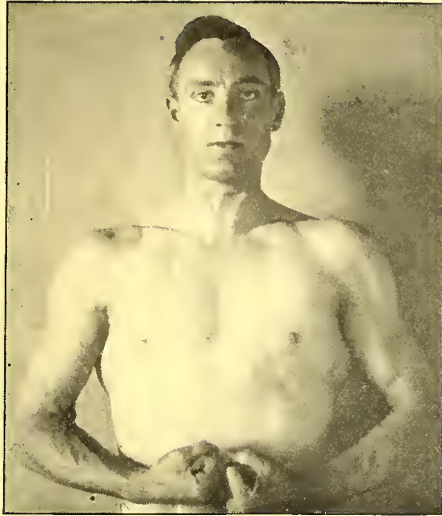
### **Art Department**

MARY ALICE SMITH









## The Physical Man

**M**R. RUSKIN after elaborating upon the beauty of lower animals proceeds to discuss Human Beauty. He opens his chapter as follows: "We come at last to set ourselves face to face with ourselves, expecting that in creatures made after the image of God we are to find comeliness and completion more exquisite than in the fowls of the air and the things that pass through the paths of the sea." But his aesthetic sense is rudely disappointed for he finds that "bodies consumed with sloth, broken down by labor, tortured by disease, dishonored in foul uses." And he concludes with the sharp statement. "Wrecked we are, and nearly all to pieces."

The truth of this worthy author's statement is incessantly impressed upon every lover of human beauty. The ideal is rapidly disappearing. The exquisite types that inspired all early nations to create their gods after their own image is almost lost, and in its place we are evolving a type which more than all God's creatures debases the Creator's handiwork.

"Of all God's works, which do this world adorn,  
There is no one more faire, and excellent  
Than is man's body both for power and form  
While it is kept in sober government.  
But none than it more foul and indecent  
Distempered through misrule and passion base."

I once heard a preacher say "Show me the effect of a man's religion on him and I will tell you what his religion is worth". I at once came to the conclusion that the man's religion was worth very little for he was no better looking than a plaster-of-Paris monkey. My friend, however, was quite satisfied with his physical beauty. So twisted has public opinion become.

Our ideals of the Physical Man have descended and consequently a degenerate physical type is being evolved. The anthropophagi who develops his "skypiece" at the expense of his body is our hero, and sickness is now the greatest of human virtues. However, the truth is, as Dr. Johnson tells us, "The sick man is a rascal", for as another remarks "It is a greater disgrace to be sick than to be in the penitentiary." In the first place we break a God-made law, in the second only a mandate statue". The individual who allows the Physical Man to retrograde commits an unpardonable crime against the human type.

And now to a consideration of the Physical Man from the standpoint of the individual. Why should the individual for personal reasons develop the Physical Man?

Man is a trinity composed of body, mind and spirit. The spiritual processes depend upon the condition of the mental processes and the mental processes depend upon the physical processes. What I mean is that the man who is undeveloped mentally cannot ascend the spiritual Sinias. Our spiritual views enlarge

with our mental views. In like manner the dyspeptic with shattered nerves is mentally handicapped.

"The folks who do big things are not in bondage to their bodies". Here is the proportion: physical development is to mental development as mental development is to spiritual development. (It is understood, of course that any one of the trio can be over-developed at the expense of the other two, in which case failure is inevitable.

A good body is the battle of life half won. Before it all barriers fall and we join Walt Whitman in his merry song on "The Open Road".

"A-foot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.  
Henceforth I ask no good-fortune, I myself am good fortune;  
Henceforth I wimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.  
Strong and content I travel the open road."

Man's physical self is the most easily developed of all his parts for the simple reason that man was once all animal. Obedience to the laws of nature is all that is required.

Since, however, advanced "civilization" makes such unreasonable demands upon us it is necessary to use precautions that will make up for their demands. For instance, the student does not continue his farm diet all through the year. It is not wise to lay down any cast-iron rules of health to which all should conform. No two men are exactly alike physically. Such man, however, possesses a self-repairing body which will serve him faithfully and well as long as he does not overtax it. The simple maxim of Socrates, "Know Thyself," is worth more than all the "Peruna" and "Nervine" that has ever been manufactured. Dr. Jean Charcot, in his article, "How to Live a Hundred Years," says, "To know what is good for one's self and what is bad, and to cleave to the good and avoid the bad, in the main is not difficult. The trouble is, as a people, we have never tried it. We deliberately violate all the laws of health and depend upon doctors to cure us." He recommends the formation of clubs corresponding to the White Ribbon Clubs which are organized to stop the sale of strong drink, "to block and banish disease that travels by the 'Gorge Route.'" He gives as a formula for health:

First: Deep breathing in the open air with your mouth closed.

Second: Moderation in eating, simple dishes, Fletcherize.

Third: Exercise at least an hour a day in the open.

Fourth: Sleep eight hours a night in a thoroughly ventilated room.

Fifth: Drink all the water between meals you care to.

Sixth: Don't bother to forgive your enemies — just forget them.

Seventh: Keep busy — it is a beautiful world, and we must and will and can leave it more beautiful than we found it.

Much praise is due to our educational institutions for the stress they are laying on physical culture, and the teaching of the simple laws of health. Denison has not been backward in this respect. Her athletic teams have piled honors on her name. And with her well equipped gymnasium and competent physical director each student is enabled to develop what we should all be proud of, "The Physical Man."

E. J. P.

## The Athletes

### DR. ROHRER

If there is any one in Denison today who is thoroughly interested in Denison's Athletics it is Dr. Rohrer.

"Doc" has transformed the gymnasium and has not spared any energy in his efforts to put out winning teams especially in football.

"Aim high and your shot will hit the ground somewhere." "Doc" did not fully accomplish his aim this year in football, but his shot hit the ground for we had a successful season from many standpoints.



### "LIVY"

Livy has been the most prominent in all kinds of athletics since he came to Denison. His work in football during his Freshman and Sophomore years made Livy the only logical candidate for the captaincy this year and the Board of Control thought enough of his work this season to re-elect him. Livy stars in executing the forward pass and he is never out of the game. Received honorable mention for the all state team.







#### DAVIES

Davies, our plucky little quarter, came to us from Elyria High School where he had a good record in football.

This year was his first one on the Varsity and his work gives promise of a brilliant future.

In the Reserve game he stopped Tyler time after time when it would have meant a touch down if he had failed.

He was also one of the best ground gainers on the team.

#### SWARTZ

Swartz has been a hard worker during the three years he has been on the varsity and has earned two D.'s. He was the utility man this year playing either end, guard, or halfback, and his knowledge of the signals never failed him.

He leaves us this year and on account of his genial spirit will be missed by all on the gridiron.





#### FOX

Fox began playing football only last year and although he did not get his "D" he stuck to the practice and this year won his "D" at guard.

Toward the end of the season he played remarkably good football.

We need more men who are willing to stick to the practice even if they are not playing a regular position.

We are glad that he will be with us next year.

#### WALKER

Walker, one of the fastest men on the team, after nearly winning his "D" had the misfortune to get his ankle hurt putting him out of the game for the rest of the season.

In the Otterbein game he showed remarkable ability both in carrying the ball and in making interference for the man with the ball.

The Varsity felt the loss incurred by his misfortune and we hope that next year he will have better success.





#### PINE

Harry can play quarter, half or end equally well. This year he was our best end and received mention in the all state line up.

Pine's presence always adds ginger to the team and he is recognized throughout the state as one of the best college athletes.

#### POSSONS

Possons, the find of the season. "Poss" never played football until this year but he won his "D" at right end in such a commendable way that we have reason to expect great things from him in the future.

He is a fast man and tackles well.







#### WILSON

"Ringer" is one of the two seniors on the team. He came to us from Wooster where he won a "W" at guard, and he has earned three "D's" in the same capacity for Denison.

He plays a good steady game and has made a place for himself on the team that it will take a good man to fill.

#### HART

Dean is the best tackler on the team. He looks as if he were too small a man to play center but he has made many a foe realize that what he lacks in weight he makes up in grit.

We are glad that he will be with us two more years.







#### CROWL

George is one of the three Dayton men on the team. Although the smallest man on the squad he is one of those fellows whose football spirit overcomes this to a great extent.

He is a fast man as all will tell you who have tried to get around right end when he was playing that position for Denison.

He will be with us next year.

#### STILWELL

Stilwell came to us with a football reputation which he gained as guard and tackle at Central High, Cleveland.

This year he played right half the whole season and although he never played behind the line before he came to Denison his ability and hard work made Livy a very valuable man in the back field.

He is especially strong on defence and we are glad that he has two more years with us.





#### CHITTENDEN

Chittenden is a man who plays a good, consistent game throughout the whole season.

If the Varsity needs a few yards they always feel safe in calling on him.

In many games this season he was the best ground gainer we had.

He plays a good defensive as well as an aggressive, offensive game.

#### RODGERS

Leather was in good condition when the season opened and he played star football in every game. He made his reputation in the State game and maintained it throughout the season.

Rodger's kicking ability, especially in being able to kick over the goal line on the kick off was a great advantage to Denison.

No man on the Denison eleven has worked more faithfully than Rodgers.





#### HERSHBERGER

Hershberger was a star during his High School days and would have been in the Denison line-up before had he not received a severe injury in his Freshman year.

He is a man with nerve and plays good football at left half and right tackle.

We are glad he will be with us next year.

#### HILL

"Bunker" is the largest man on the squad save one and that is "Ringer," who played the other guard.

Although this was his first year on the team he was playing a good game and all were sorry that he was out of it during part of the season on account of a sprained ankle.

Here's hoping he will have better luck next year and be able to play the whole season.

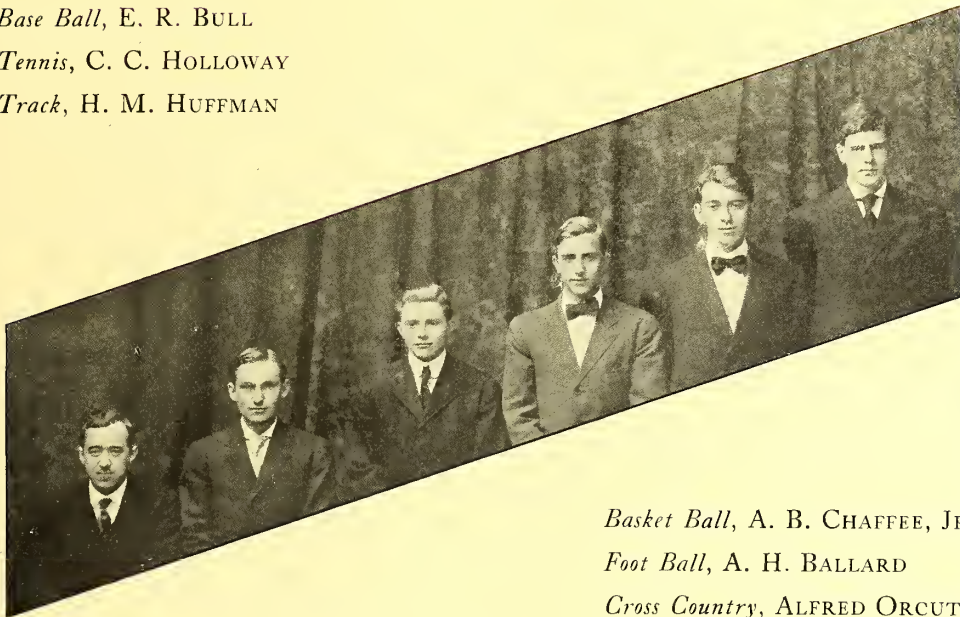


## The Managers

*Base Ball*, E. R. BULL

*Tennis*, C. C. HOLLOWAY

*Track*, H. M. HUFFMAN



*Basket Ball*, A. B. CHAFFEE, JR.

*Foot Ball*, A. H. BALLARD

*Cross Country*, ALFRED ORCUTT

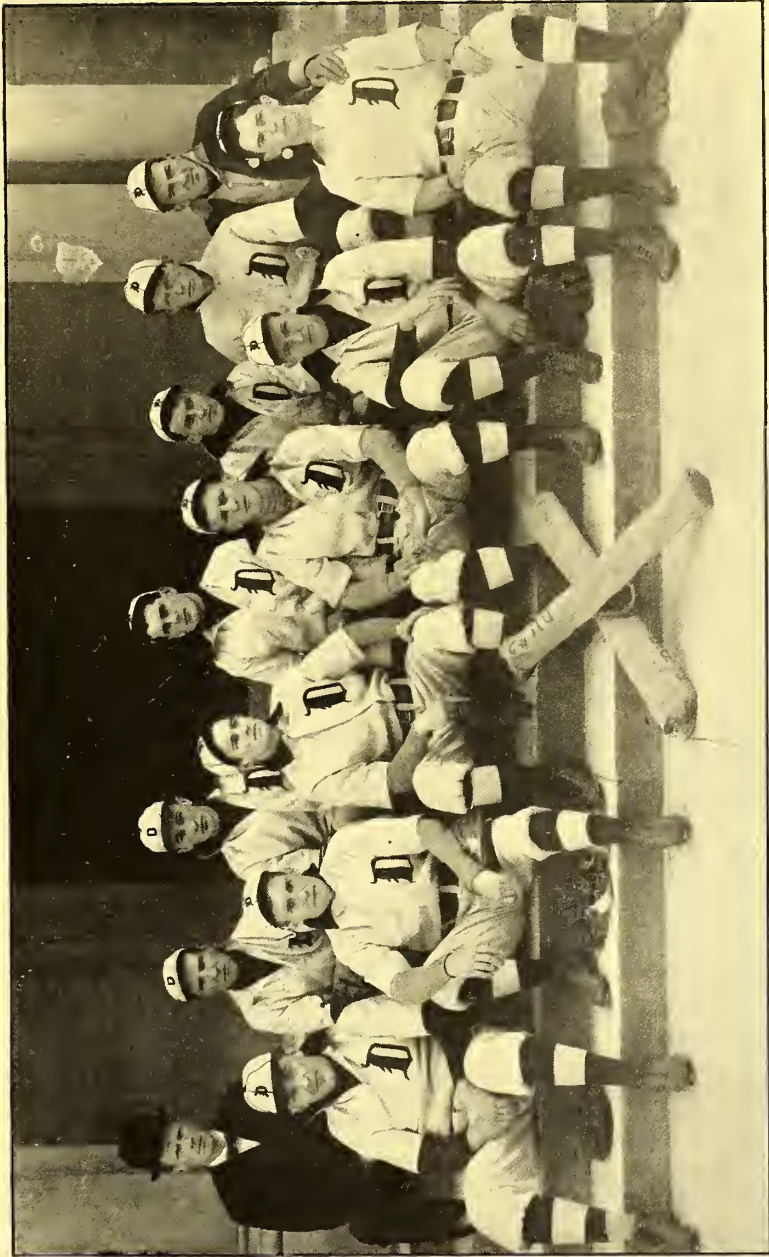


## The Varsity Base Ball Team.

<i>Captain</i> , F. G. LARUE	<i>Second Base</i> , H. C. PINE
<i>Coach</i> , J. W. ROHRER	<i>Third Base</i> , C. KEYSER
<i>Manager</i> , W. E. FORSYTHE	<i>Short Stop</i> , V. R. TURNER
<i>Catcher</i> , F. G. LARUE	<i>Right Field</i> , { J. H. FORSYTHE
<i>Pitchers</i> , { H. C. TYLER	{ C. A. ROCKWOOD
{ R. E. HUNT	<i>Center Field</i> , H. G. PAMMENT
<i>First Base</i> , W. J. LIVINGSTON	<i>Left Field</i> , W. B. GODDARD

### GAMES PLAYED 1907

April 18.....Granville .....	Denison 3,	Ohio Medics 4
April 20.....Wooster.....	Denison 5,	Wooster 3
April 27.....Delaware.....	Denison 8,	Ohio Wesleyan 15
May 4.....Granville .....	Denison	Ohio (Rain)
May 11.....Granville .....	Denison 4,	Wooster 1
May 17.....Granville .....	Denison 16,	Wittenberg 0
May 24.....Yellow Springs.....	Denison 2,	Antioch 3
May 25.....Springfield .....	Denison	Wittenberg (Rain)
May 29.....Granville.....	Denison 1,	Ohio Wesleyan 3
May 31.....Granville.....	Denison 10,	Kenyon 2
June 6.....Gambier.....	Denison 1,	Kenyon 2
June 10.....Granville.....	Denison 7,	Alumni 4
June 11.....New Concord.....	Denison 0,	Muskingum 3



## Varsity Basket Ball Team

### Forwards

H. L. PINE, '09.

ROBERT LITTLE, '10.

ROBERT W. FLACK, '10.

C. E. BROWN, '10.

### Center

WALTER J. LIVINGSTONE, '09.

### Guards

H. E. RODGERS, '09.

CARL ROCKWOOD, '09.

W. O. GREEN, '10.

### Coach

J. W. ROHRER

### Captain

WALTER J. LIVINGSTONE, '09.

### Record of Games Played 1907-1908

Denison	.....	Newark Y. M. C. A.	
Denison	39 .....	Columbus Mutes	16
Denison	31 .....	Ohio Wesleyan	29
Denison	33 .....	Ohio State	43
Denison	45 .....	Otterbein	22
Denison	33 .....	Kentucky University	11
Denison	23 .....	Western Reserve	14
Denison	25 .....	Hiram	24
Denison	22 .....	Wooster	33
Denison	17 .....	Ohio Wesleyan	36
Denison	32 .....	Kenyon	25
Denison	29 .....	Miami	20
Denison	19 .....	University of Cincinnati	27
Denison	30 .....	St. Marys Institute	14
Denison	24 .....	Western Reserve	31
Denison	31 .....	Otterbein	24
Denison	45 .....	Kenyon	27



*Pockey*



*Poday*



*Leather*



*Bob*



*Livy*



*Greene*



*Little*



*Bellevue*





## Junior Basket Ball Team



Inter-Class Champions, 1908.

Harry Pine.

H. E. Rodgers.

James Adair.

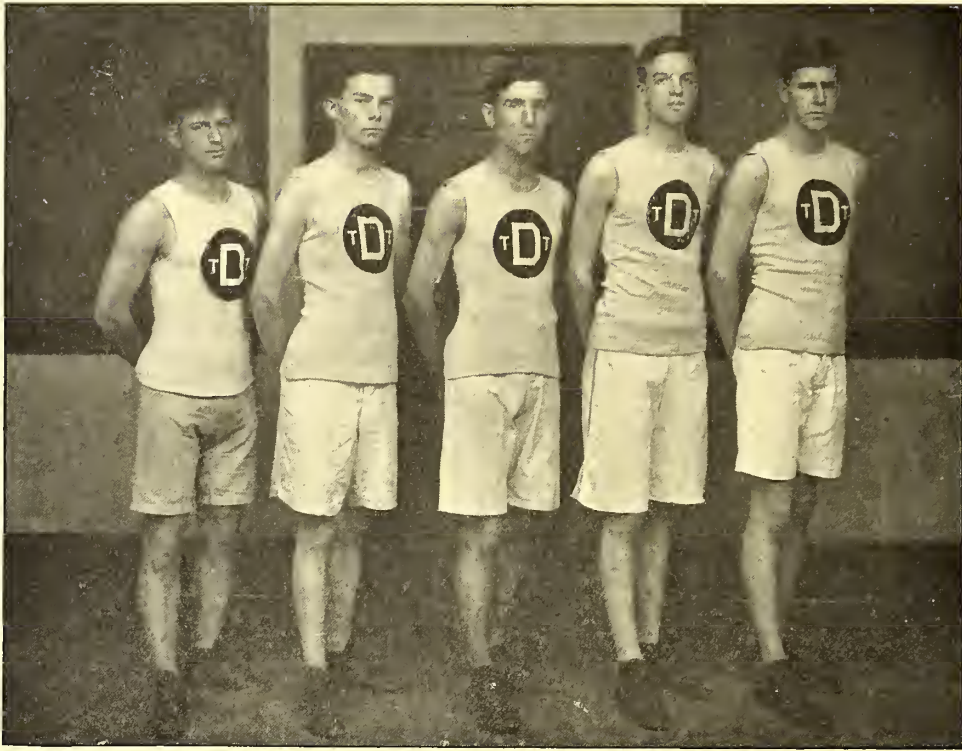
Carl Rockwood.

Walter Livingstone.

Lee Moore.

George Hershberger.—Manager.

## Cross Country Team



The first Cross Country Team Denison has ever had.

ALFRED ORCUTT  
ASHER K. MATHER

CHAS. A. CARMAN  
CARL ROCKWOOD

ROY NEFF

Meet with Ohio State University at Columbus.

Team.

ORCUTT	NEFF	MATHER	ROCKWOOD
--------	------	--------	----------

Score.

O. S. U., 23

D. U., 13

Meet with Ohio State University at Granville.

Team.

ORCUTT	CARMAN	MATHER	ROCKWOOD
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Score.

O. S. U., 20

D. U., 16

Winners in Cross Country Run.

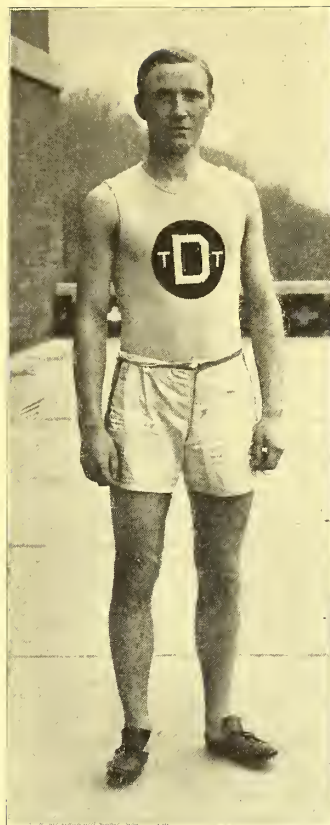
NEWTON CARMAN

J. W. PEETS

A. M. DIXON



## Track Athletics



CAPT. POSSONS

**A**T this time it is early indeed to say anything very definite regarding the track outlook for the coming season, especially so this year for most all of the material is new and it remains to be seen what it will turn out to be. All that is said therefore in the way of prediction is based upon hearsay and the reported experience and attainments of the candidates before coming to Denison. This we do know, however, that the squad has been working hard and faithfully since the beginning of February, and from the interest shown and the condition of the men Denison need not fear for a successful team. Every man on the squad seems enthused, ready for hard work and can be relied upon to give to Denison on the track this Spring the best he has in him. The team seems to be especially well fortified in the distance events, judging from the fact that the entire cross-country team of last fall which made such a magnificent showing, is out and working hard.

The country surrounding Granville is particularly well adapted to the development of distance men, as its hills and valleys and roads provide the most ideal cross-country courses.



A good jog cross country is one of the best methods of getting the entire squad into condition that can be found and the fine weather is being taken advantage of to the fullest extent.

The abundance of short distance men makes things look pretty bright for those events also. Although there are no stars left over from former years who have anything cinched in these events yet there are quite a number who have been faithful in the past and who can be depended upon to make some of the new men step some to keep up.

This will also apply to the low hurdles, while for the high hurdles nothing definite is known. All that is accomplished in this event must be by a new man. Several are out for the event but as yet have not begun to specialize so no line can be gotten concerning them.

With the number of men and their excellent condition and ability, trying for the pole-vault, the Denison record for this event is sure to go this year. Denison has never had a pole vaulter, as the school record of 9 foot 3 inches would indicate, but it is predicted of at least two men that this figure will be overcome by them both this spring.

No one need worry concerning the hammer, as Denison has at least one man who will win more than one first this year. It may be that another will also be found to throw a good second in this event.

In the jumps Denison's team will likely be weakest of all this year. Oh! "if we could only use the freshies," goes up the cry, "wouldn't we clean 'em up on the running broad jump," but no, it's no use to wish. In the high jump we can feel a little better at least, for we have some prospects in this event.

In the shot-put the old reliable "Leather" will no doubt not heave in vain. This event is fortified with several new men and it is hoped we may see some of them come forward with some valuable goods.

The discus will be thrown this year and no doubt will contribute somewhat to our total, at least if hearsay concerning the ability of one of the candidates is to be depended upon.

With the handicap of a poor, wet field like that on which the Denison teams have to be trained it is not to be wondered at that more men do not come out to try for the team and that those who do, get discouraged before the season is over. A wet, muddy track about 50 per cent of the time is rather discouraging and anything but conducive to success.

On the other hand, considering this handicap Denison is to be congratulated on her team and its accomplishments and it is good to think of what could be done on an ideal field close to the gymnasium and bathroom.

At all odds Denison has a team this year and it is predicted a good one, with a good captain and a bunch of loyal, faithful workers who are ready to do or die to assist in vanquishing our most worthy opponents Wooster, Wesleyan and Otterbein. Here's good luck to them and may they never wish for better support and backing than the student body will give them this season.



## **Denison Glee Club**

J. HAROLD THOMAS, Director

### **First Tenors**

H. W. MARSH  
F. C. KENT  
R. R. ROCKWOOD

### **Second Tenors**

C. W. THOMAS  
E. H. FOOTE  
F. E. WOLF  
C. A. CARMAN

### **First Basses**

J. H. THOMAS  
T. D. REES  
W. C. COE  
R. B. HOOPER  
B. R. WALKER

### **Second Basses**

P. C. FOX  
J. H. LLOYD  
L. W. HATTERSLEY  
C. R. JONES  
W. J. LIVINGSTONE

### **Soloists**

HOWARD W. MARSH, Tenor.  
J. HAROLD THOMAS, Baritone.  
KARL ESCHMAN, Piano.

### **Quartette**

HOWARD W. MARSH, First Tenor.  
CHARLES W. THOMAS, Second Tenor.  
J. HAROLD THOMAS, First Bass.  
CLARENCE R. JONES, Second Bass.

ARTHUR B. CHAFFEE, JR., Manager







## Shepardson Glee Club



*Director, Mrs. WILSON*

### First Sopranos

MAUDE THOMPSON  
EMILY MALONEY  
CARRIE HOWLAND  
ELIZABETH SPENCER

STELLA CASE  
BLONDA WATT  
ANN DAVIS  
MARION ROSE

### Second Sopranos

NINA BINGER  
ORGA DICKERSON

HELEN COSLEY  
ALLIERETTE CHRYSLER

### First Altos

MARJORIE WITTER  
LEORA NORRIS

MARGARET LOYD  
INEZ WINDERS

EDITH PATTENGILL

### Second Altos

BERTHA FULTON  
IRENE CONLEY

GRACE DUBOC  
IRENE CHAMBERS

### Officers

*President, BLONDA WATT*

*Business Manager, BERTHA FULTON.*

*Librarian, ELIZABETH SPENCER*



## Denison University Band



M. H. POSSONS.....Musical Director  
 R. M. ALBAUGH.....Business Manager

ALFRED LEE.

H. W. MARSH.

L. D. SARGENT.

R. DEAN.

P. S. BRADFORD.

M. H. POSSONS.

### SOLO CORNETS:

### FIRST CORNETS:

### SECOND CORNETS:

### CLARINETS:

### ALTOS:

### TROMBONES:

J. H. THOMAS.

### BARITONE:

CARL ASHTON.

### TUBA:

J. A. BAKER.

### TENOR DRUM:

THOS. WICKENDEN.

### BASS DRUM:

H. E. LAMSON.

R. M. ALBAUGH.

C. W. THOMAS.

F. D. CARLOCK.

B. R. WALKER.

A. W. DAVIDSON.

C. O. HUFFMAN.







# Satire Among the Romans

BY W. H. R.

QUINTILIAN in his *Institutions of Oratory* makes the categories of Greek and Latin poetry identical except that to the latter he adds satire, which he claims as entirely Roman. Long before his day Varro had defined satire as "*carmen maledicum ad carpenda vitia hominum*," abusive verse for the purpose of assailing the faults of men, a meaning that, in generally, we assign to it today. Does Quintilian mean, then, that satire was a quality unknown in literature until invented by the Romans? Surely he could not have been unmindful of the biting humor of Aristophanes, the discomfiting *reductio ad absurdum* of Socrates, or the scathing denunciations of Bion of Borysthene or of Menippus of Gadara. Perhaps the discrepancy would be resolved if we should reflect that the Greek and Roman categories were based on metrical form and not on content and that satirical passages occur in the epic hexameters of Homer as well as in the gay iambs of lighter poets. In Roman literature, on the other hand, there was a form of poetry essentially satirical in its content which, although written in hexameters, was of sufficient importance to be considered in a class by itself. Therefore, there is ground for the conclusion that Quintilian means that the Romans were the first to employ satire as a distinct literary form.

The first writer among the Romans to be recognized as a satirist is Ennius, who wrote about 200 B. C. Only a few fragments of his works remain, and from them we get very little that reminds us of Varro's definition, so that we are impelled to wonder whether the meaning of the term satire did not change in later times. In the days of Ennius, the center of learning and culture was at Alexandria, and men of letters had come to be mainly lexicographers, compilers and critics. A hint of this condition is found in the fanciful titles of the writings of the time, as, *Noctes Atticae*, *Silvae* (timber), *Collectanea Miscellanea* and so forth. It is possible, though not certain, that Ennius, as Professor Hendrickson thinks, gave his poems, written on various subjects and in a variety of meters, the title, *Pocmata* (?) *per Saturam*, in which "per saturam" has about the force of our English "pell mell." If this is true, the term as used by Ennius has nothing to do with literary form. As he was the commanding genius of his time, however, the bulk of writers both in his own and in succeeding generations imitated him.

The next prominent writer of whom we have record was Lucilius, of somewhat uncertain date, but a friend of Laelius and Scipio and writing about 150 B. C. It was a time of great political unrest at Rome when the nobles were divided and the reform party led by Scipio opposed both the conservatives and the plebs. Lucilius so vigorously supported his friend Scipio with his scathing verse that his whole writings are marked by humorous attack and virulent invective directed against the foes of his party. His poems are written for the most part in hexameters and here we have a definite literary form with a definite content and by later authors, if not by Lucilius, called satire. Thus we see that, though its name was furnished by Ennius, by Lucilius its character was determined for all time to come.

Among the later Roman writers of satire there is one whose works are free from the ill-natured and violent criticism that is otherwise universally characteristic of this kind of literature. Horace, except in one or two of his so-called satires and in some of his epodes, shows a kindly feeling for his fellow-men and deals with their faults in a mildly humorous way, sometimes even going so far as to say that the author himself has not been entirely free from the foibles he laughs at. He counsels his brother satirists to be lenient with the shortcomings of mankind, but in vain, for not only their writings but also those of all who have essayed this kind of literature down to the present day have been marked by extravagant abuse or unfriendly ridicule.

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THE physical laboratories of educational institutions have made large contributions to the wealth of the world. Imagine ourselves suddenly deprived of the results of the physical investigations made during the last 100 years and we get some conception of the important part taken by the laboratory in our modern civilization. Without the electro magnet of Prof. Henry of Princeton scarcely a single modern application of electricity would be possible. The telephone of Elisha Gray, the electric arc of Davy, the transformer of Faraday, the electric waves of Hertz, the mariner's compass and ocean cable of Kelvin and the X-rays of Roentgen are contributions of tireless workers in physical laboratories of educational institutions.

It is safe to say that the methods of physical research are little known to the layman. It is popularly supposed that the investigator accidentally blunders upon some hitherto unknown fact, or says to himself "Go on, now, I will make a discovery," and forthwith proceeds to juggle his apparatus until some fortuitous but happy combination results in a great discovery. One hundred years ago, when the sum total of physical knowledge was small, such methods might have produced some small result. Many of nature's secrets were not deeply hidden and were easily and rapidly uncovered. The surface, however, has been thoroughly worked over and the investigator who would bring to light nature's more carefully guarded secrets must be willing to search long and systematically.

Lord Kelvin once said, "The great discoveries of the future will be found in the fourth decimal place." The physicist relies upon the science of exact measurement to interpret the answers he receives to questions put to nature. Fortunately for him all physical quantities may be expressed in terms of three fundamental magnitudes. Those commonly chosen are time, length and mass, or quantity of matter. Whatever the investigation may be it is reduced, in the final analysis, to the measurement of one or more of these three quantities, matter alone is directly cognizable by the senses, and for our present purposes may be defined as anything which has weight, i. e., is attracted toward the earth. It follows then that we must have accurate methods for measuring time, length and weight, if physical investigation is to proceed.

## **Contribution from the Barney Physical Laboratory**

BY C. W. C.

The exact measurement of time has for ages received the attention of the most skillful workers. The rotation of the earth upon its axis, which gives the solar day, and its revolution around the sun, the solar year, are natural divisions of time, which are indicated with minute precision by the heavenly bodies. The Julian calendar was too long by eleven minutes and fourteen seconds, and in sixteen hundred years the error had amounted to ten days. March 11, 1582, Pope Gregory ordered ten days to be stricken from the calendar. The determination of the length of the year by the astronomers of his time was so accurate that our present calendar, with its intercalations, will continue for a thousand years with an error not to exceed one hour.

The subdivision of the day into hours, minutes and seconds, necessitates the use of some elaborate mechanical device. As civilization has advanced the instrument makers have provided in succession the sundial, hour glass, clepsydra or water clock, and the modern astronomical clock, surrounded by a glass case from which the air has been exhausted and wound once a minute by means of electricity. There are now in use clocks which will run several months with an error not exceeding one fiftieth part of a second per day.

The accurate determination of weight has taxed the skill of the instrument maker to the utmost. The principle employed is identical with that used by the ancients, i. e. the balance beam with equal arms. So complete has been the investigation of the problem by means of mathematical analysis that the modern balance maker can so proportion the parts and distribute the mass of his instrument as to produce a sensitiveness capable of detecting the difference in weight of two small gold standards when placed side by side in the balance pan and when one is placed on top of the other; the difference in weight being caused by the fact that in the second position one mass is one inch farther from the center of the earth than in the first position.

The accurate determination of length, whether that length can be along a straight line, the subdivision of a circle or the measurement of an angle, has been the most difficult problem the astronomer and physicist has had to solve. Nine hundred years ago the Arabians built a sextant with a 60-foot radius. Its large size enabled them to make the subdivision of the arc with a fair degree of accuracy. Tycho Brahe first constructed instruments having small circles and graduated with sufficient precision to give the positions of a large number of stars with an area no greater than one minute of arc. Automatic circular dividing engines of high accuracy were built by Henry Hindley of York, England in 1740 and by Ramsden in 1777. The latter engine is still preserved in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. Ambrose Swasey of Cleveland, a trustee of Denison, has probably produced the most perfect dividing engine for the graduation of circles sufficiently accurate for astronomical instruments. The greatest accuracy attained with this engine is one second of arc, or the angle subtended by one inch at a distance of three miles. The radius of the revolving plate of this engine is twenty inches and the graduations are made on a

silver ring around the edge of this plate. Perhaps the accuracy of the engine can be better understood by saying that a line one thousandth of an inch in width drawn on this silver ring subtends twelve seconds of arc, or twelve times the accumulated errors of any number of divisions.

The most important linear dividing engine is that of Prof. Rowland of Johns Hopkins University by means of which Rowland ruled 160,000 lines upon a plate of speculum metal six inches long. All lines are of the same width and the same distance from each other.

Rowland's gratings have enabled the astronomer and physicist to enter fields of optical and electrical research hitherto unexplored. The production of surfaces upon which the lines are ruled call for a skill possessed by but few men. Brashear of Allegheny, Petzold of Chicago, and Hilger of London, produce surfaces accurate to one millionth of an inch.

One of the most important instruments used in length measurements is the compound microscope, which unfortunately has a theoretical as well as practical limit of resolution. Objects smaller than one three-hundredth-thousandth of an inch can not be studied with a compound microscope, however great the magnification employed.

Prof. Michelson has devised an instrument, the interferometer, capable of making measurements as small as one millionth of an inch. Many important researches have been carried out with the aid of this instrument, and yet vast unexplored fields lie beyond its range. During the last year an instrument has been designed which is capable of extending our knowledge of this hitherto unknown field. The compound interferometer was first built by Ernst Keil, mechanic in the instrument shop of the Barney Physical Laboratory. With this instrument it is possible to make measurements as small as one twenty-millionth of an inch. This minute quantity is the apparent size of the head of a pin viewed at a distance of two hundred and twenty-seven miles, the size of a silver dollar viewed at a distance of nine and a half thousand miles, or the size of a human face viewed from a distance equal to twice the circumference of the earth. It is hoped that this contribution from the Barney Laboratories may be the means of solving many new problems and adding to the further enlightenment and welfare of mankind.



## Engineering Department



### OFFICERS.

C. W. IRWIN.....	President
T. S. JOHNSON.....	Vice-President
W. C. BOLIN.....	Secretary and Treasurer

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

B. R. WALKER.....	Drafting
I. B. CRANDALL.....	Electrical
E. H. CHITTENDEN.....	Sanitary
J. D. McLAUGHLIN.....	Land Surveying
A. M. DAVIDSON.....	Railroading and Topography
R. C. DUNN.....	Structural

IN the last ten years there have developed all over the world a tremendous impetus along engineering lines. The rapid industrial and social development has necessarily involved a great deal of engineering work, and so there has come about an advance in the educational institutions of the country in the amount and character of the courses offered for engineers. Almost every college of any note has developed an engineering course, and to meet the very evident need a like development has taken place in Denison University. Today Denison is able to offer to students a course in engineering equal to that of any other school of like size in the state.

The headquarters of the department is found in Science Hall. On the first floor of that building is the instrument room, opening directly on the campus. Here are placed the various instruments used by the parties engaged in field work.

The most important work of the department is done on the third and fourth floors of Science Hall, where are found recitation rooms, laboratories, the engineering library and drafting rooms.

The drafting rooms are well supplied with the most up-to-date drawing-tables, map-cabinets and all the appurtenances of a complete drafting equipment.

The rooms are well lighted by skylights and electric lights.

The recitation rooms are large and pleasant, with facilities for the use of lantern slides. On the north side of the building are found the cement-testing laboratories and the offices of the head of the departments.

On the fourth floor is to be found the Freshman drawing room, well furnished for its purpose and almost completely under skylights.

Courses are offered in all the important branches of engineering courses in plane, topographical and railroad surveying, both elementary and advanced are offered; with complete equipment for field work and a splendid reference library.

Special attention should be called to the facilities for cement testing, which the department offers. This branch of engineering has lately been developed very greatly and knowledge of the standard testing methods for cements and concretes has become an essential part of an engineer's education. Facilities are offered here to conduct investigation along this line, and this course has become one of the most important parts of the engineering curriculum.

In the courses offered in Plane Surveying the class is divided into squads of convenient size, and work of all kinds is assigned for them to perform under the supervision of competent instructors. The adjustments, care and use of the transit, level and all other appliances of plane surveying are taught; and surveys are made of the campus and other tracts, maps being made by each student from the notes obtained on the survey.

In the topographical surveying course, the use of transit, level and plane-table, in the making of complete topographical survey is shown, and actual surveys are made by the various squads of different sites in and about Granville, with making of plans for the location of dams and drainage systems. The hills and valleys in and about Granville offer difficulties to the student that are comparable with those of all ordinary engineering practice.

In the railroad surveying a short distance of railroad line is surveyed and complete estimates and specifications prepared for the construction of a first-class railroad.

In the courses in structural details there is on hand for reference purposes, over six hundred working drawings of buildings, roof-trusses, bridges, etc., which offer to the student abundant examples of the practical every-day methods of work.

The tremendous municipal improvements in water supply and sewage disposal plants in Columbus, the reconstruction and construction work of the B. & O. R. R. and the Pennsylvania Railroad offer unexcelled advantages for comprehensive study of actual engineering problems and frequent trips are taken to these places by the classes.

Among the students of the department an Engineering Society has been formed, conducted by the students under the supervision of the department and valuable and instructive programs are given from time to time. The constant advance in the amount of work done, shows that it will not be long until still larger quarters and still more complete equipment will be needed.

T. S. J.

# C. L. Herrick Geological Society



E. R. SCHEFFEL, President

ON the twenty-first day of October, 1907, the "C. L. Herrick Geological Society of Denison University" was organized by a band of students interested in the science of Geology.

The Society felt that it could not presage a brighter future for itself than by taking the name of one who in the earlier years of scientific activity at Denison was a most potent factor in its support and encouragement, giving thereto a stimulus and impetus by his own enthusiasm and investigations that is at the present time bearing a heavy fruitage.

The purpose of the Society is to foster a spirit of inquiry, to stimulate an interest in Geologic studies independent of class work, and to emphasize the pleasures to be found by the pursuit of knowledge in nature.

As yet no attempt has been made to affiliate or correspond with similar Societies among other colleges, but it is hoped that as the Society passes beyond the period of infancy and has proven its stability, efforts will be directed toward realizing such benefits.

Throughout the school year a regular monthly program is given, and these are so arranged that each member will appear each semester. All the programs to date have been marked by an exceptionally high standard of individual effort.

A careful system of electing members is followed to prevent the subversion of the original purposes. For the same reason the number of active members is limited to twenty.

## List of Members

### HONORARY :

PROF. FRANK CARNEY.

### ACTIVE :

President.....	EARL R. SCHEFFEL*
Vice-President .....	OLIVE M. RUSLER*
Secretary.....	BLANCHE A. BLACK*
Treasurer.....	J. HOWARD MALONEY*

ROY E. BAUGHER.  
CHARLES A. CARMAN.\*  
HOWARD CLARK.\*  
R. CLYDE DITTO.  
C. YIU LIU.\*

ASHER K. MATHER.\*  
KIRTLEY F. MATHER.\*  
MADGE C. MOSSMAN.  
CHARLES W. THOMAS.\*  
LEWIS F. THOMAS.\*

\*Charter Members.



**T**HE history of Denison University has echoed the progress of Natural Science — that broad subject which for so many centuries was forbidden by ignorance, presumption and corruption to the consideration of men. Within the last century several of the sciences have practically had their birth. Within the last seventy years practically all that is known of the common ground of all the Natural Sciences, Geology, has been learned. Yet we find in the earliest Annals of "The Granville Literary and Theological Institution," as the University was first called, as far back as 1836, Geology and its dependent science, Mineralogy, scheduled as a part of the Classical Course for the Junior Year

But science was not taught in those days as it is now. Laboratory work was not appreciated if even considered, while the question of expense presented a difficulty which alone would have precluded an equipment of any great value. Then, too, the teaching profession required that the instructor should be a "Jack of All Trades," a requirement diminishing his efficiency in any one branch in proportion to the number he was expected to be proficient. Under the date noted may be seen the name, "George Cole," with the title "Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy." Among the wealth of subjects possible to include under the heading "Natural Philosophy" it is presumed Geology and Mineralogy had their place.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-three may be given as one of the significant dates in the history of the Institution. It was in that year the name was changed to Denison University in consideration of a gift of ten thousand dollars by William S. Denison. In the same year the Rev. Jeremiah Hall became president, and a Scientific Course of three years was introduced. How closely these three items are interdependent is difficult to determine, but the money, doubtless, was very acceptable at the time of the introduction of new subjects. During the succeeding decades changes were gradually made. Individual courses were strengthened by increasing the number of professorships, thus permitting specialization. Additional sciences were given place from time to time and sub-divisions were made to meet demands. Though progress in science was continually made it was left for Professor L. E. Hicks, in the early part of the seventies, to introduce Geology on the modern basis. Indeed, his assumption of the professorship may be equally significant with regard to the other sciences. "Dana" was used as a text-book, and courses were scheduled as follows: Determination of Mineral Species and Kinds of Rocks; Dynamical Geology; Field Excursions and Local Geology. While occupying this chair Professor Hicks contributed two papers to his chosen science; papers representing probably the first published research work at Denison. In this connection it may be mentioned that during the succeeding years over seventy new titles have been contributed to Geology by professors and students. For these, Professors C. L. Herrick, W. G. Tight, T. L. Watson and the present head of the department, F. Carney, have been directly or indirectly responsible. The "Bulletins of the Scientific Laboratories" have served for publishing nearly all of these papers. They have also been well represented in the foremost Geological magazines.

## **A Brief History of the Present Status of the Geological Department**

BY  
E. R. SCHEFFEL, '07



The third memorable date in connection with the Scientific Department of the University is marked by the erection of Barney Memorial Hall in 1893. This building with its splendid equipment has greatly increased the interest in science. In Geology many new courses were added. It was not until the appointment of Professor T. L. Watson, however, that any instructor was able to devote himself exclusively to this subject; an advantage which has been enjoyed to the present time by his successor, Professor Carney. In 1905 the almost complete destruction of the Memorial Hall by fire threatened to retard progress, but through the liberality of the original donor, Mr. E. J. Barney, the building was reconstructed in accord with the most advanced ideas. The Geological Department, which was especially fortunate in saving practically all of a new equipment from the fire, now occupies the entire third floor of the rebuilt structure.

As the present concerns us most, a somewhat detailed description of those new and enlarged quarters will be apropos. No expense has been spared in meeting all the modern demands of this subject. The Lecture Room situated on the east end of the floor is thirty-seven by thirty-two feet. This room is equipped with a stereopticon and permanent screen, and the slides, arranged in drawers, already number about thirty-six hundred. Relief and roll maps conveniently arranged serve in the lecture work. The room is also used by the course in General Geology for the elementary study of minerals of which there are two large cases containing 230 drawers of specimens.

The large room, thirty-two by thirty-three feet, at the west end is used for laboratory work in Physiography and Geography. It is well equipped with tables, maps, minerals, etc. The latest addition to the equipment is a case fitted with one hundred and forty specially designed drawers to be used for filing topographic maps.

The north room, twenty-eight by twenty-six feet, is designed for mineralogical work. Each desk is piped for gas and compressed air for blowpipe work. Several valuable sets of natural and artificial crystals are kept in this room as well as a large assortment of rocks and minerals for experimentation. Microscopes and other instruments are also available. Adjoining this room to the west is the conveniently furnished office of the department.

The main south room, twenty-seven by thirty feet, is devoted to the Gilbert Library. Here about fifteen hundred books pertaining to Geology are arranged. Nearly one thousand of these represent the gift of one man, G. K. Gilbert of the United States Geological Survey, for whom the library is named. Current Geologic and Geographic Magazines, twenty in number, English, French and German, are distributed over the tables. The room is unusually well lighted and cheerful, and is particularly adapted to the purpose it serves.

In connection with the Department also is a workshop, sixteen by twenty-seven feet, and a dark room. With the facilities afforded by these rooms all the photographic work of the Department is provided for. It is doubtful if a better equipment for work in Geological photography can be found in the country. The workshop contains also a specially designed table, six and one-half by ten and one-half feet, used for mounting maps on cloth to secure permanency.

The entire floor is lighted with electricity controlled by conveniently placed keys.

Because of this effort to secure the best and most complete equipment for the Scientific Departments together with competent instructors, Denison ranks among the foremost colleges encouraging the noblest scientific effort.

## Department of Sanitation



**I**F we wanted to choose fit subjects for burlesque we should have turned our attention elsewhere. Humorist and satirist alike could find abundant scope for the exercise of their art in depicting some of our social "lights;" but here we intend no ridicule. Be it known that the spirit of '09 is the spirit of democracy. It is beneath our ideal to leer at labor. In the economy of things, drudgery is as divine as poetry; and the divine Afflatus can be lured from realms ethereal only after the rough hand of toil has prepared and purified her temple.

These men and the dear dog that stands in the midst are not in school, although they are an essential part of the school. When the snowflakes pile thick upon the campus, when ice congeals upon the walks, they are the unseen ministers who make possible our acrobatic performances on high heels, and keep the Shepardson plumes from the ignominy of the dirt. When we step out of the class-room, it is they who step in and mercifully mop and erase. Tomorrow we return to find our blunders wiped out, — to find the "clean slate." And so quietly and smoothly the physical machinery of the institution moves on. But their hands do the lubricating.

Year after year they have felt the throb of college life, and the loneliness of the summertime. Year after year they have seen the ingress of new recruits, the progress of class rank and file, and the regress of senior veterans. Faces have become familiar to them, kindly feelings have been engendered, and we suppose that even the old dog has felt sad over the departure of his friends. Men may come and men may go, but these go on forever.



*THE RIVALS*  
BY "HARMONY" SOCIETY



*SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER*  
BY CALLIOPE LITERARY SOCIETY



*THE LADY OF JITHENS*  
BY EUTERPEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



*THE PRINCESS.*  
BY PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY







## Senior Academy Class

WILLIAM FREDERICK BECKER	BLODWEN EVANS
JAMES RAYMOND BOARD	WILLIAM EDWARD FINDLAY
JUANITA STEVENSON BOND	SAMUEL FRAZIER, JR.
RUBEN CARL BOWERS	PAUL LAMSON GIFFORD
JOSEPH DENNISTON BOYCE	HUGH CLARENCE GILLESPIE
THOMAS WOLF BOYCE	EVA GRANDSTAFF
CARL KING BOYER	MILDRED ALICE HAWK
PHILANDER SHERIDAN BRADFORD	CLYDE J. HAZEN
ORIN ROBERT BURGETT	FRED MUNN HIGGINS
WILLIAM DAVID BYARD	HORACE MANN HILL
MARY LOUISE CHAMBERLAIN	WILLARD DEMOCK HILL
HOWARD CLARK	WILLIAM EVIN HUFFMAN
EMILY KERR COLWELL	DONALD NEWTON JEWETT
ESTELLE DEARDORFF	RUTH LOUISE JOHNSON
WILLIAM CLARENCE DEER	WALDO WARREN JOHNSTON
CARL HENRY ESCHMAN	KENNETH JONES



## Senior Academy Class

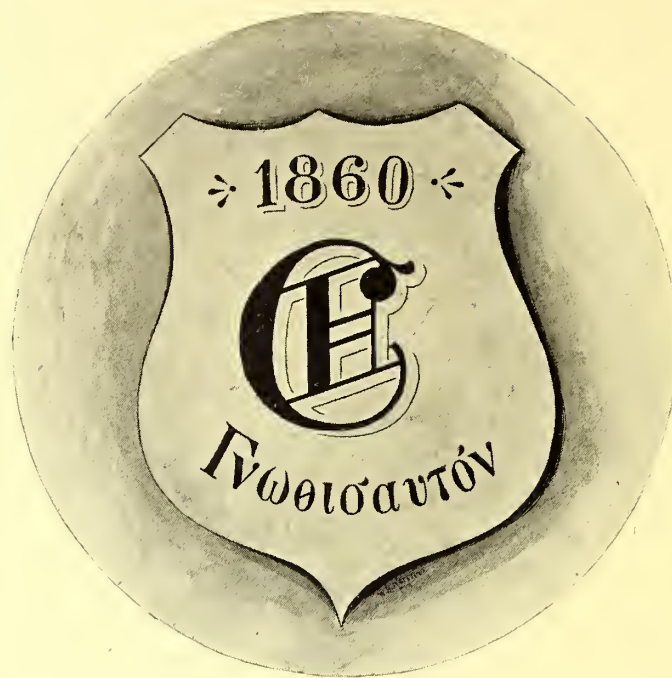
FRANCES CLAIR KENT	THOMAS BYRON SMITH
HAROLD EDGAR LAMSON	HENRY WALTER STEVENS
DONALD J. LEIDIGH	JAMES ROBINSON STEWART
WILLIAM EVANS LEWIS	WALTER SCOTT STEWART
EDWARD PAYSON LINNELL	ERNEST GOIHART STEVENSON
GEORGE WILLIAM LORD	CARL SWISHER
ROBERT FRANKLIN MCCANN	DEXTER JENKINS TIGHT
THOMAS ANGUS MACEWAN	JENNIE GRACE TRACY
WARREN DEMPSY MILLER	MYRTLE BELL WALKER
WENDELL ZERBE MILLER	CHARLES EMERSON WARNER
JOHN MITCHELL	CARMI LEWIS WARNER
MARGUERITE McNUTT	RUTH WATKINS
THOMAS EMORY PATTERSON	EDGAR WAYBRIGHT
EDGAR JOHN PHILLIPS	WARREN WELSH WEINIGER
HARRY THURMAN REEVES	ROBERT BURNS WHYTE
JOHN SAMUELS	FRED ELLSWORTH WOLF
TRUE WALLACE YALE	







## Cicero



1907-1908.

THE present year of literary work is perhaps the most encouraging of late years to those interested in Cicero. The society began the year with a membership of fifty-two, the largest known in her history. With over half a century of achievement during which her roll has been filled with the names of some the world calls "great," Cicero has a record she may justly be proud of. It is safe to say that some of her present members in time to come will make remarkable careers and reflect credit on the Society which afforded the means for their thorough training in literary work.

Our alumni probably have a very distinct remembrance of riding into Cicero on a most uncomfortable seat. This year, however, the "goat" was exiled because of its many objectionable features, and the First Annual Initiation Banquet of Cicero was given. One hundred sat down in a beautifully decorated hall to an excellent menu, followed by several toasts. The banquet was given entirely by the old members, and the departure from the former methods of initiation proved a great success.

The regular programs of the society have been especially good this year. Cicero is fortunate to have as members seven foreigners, representing as many

different foreign countries, and during the year each one of these brothers from abroad has given an oration on "Why I am proud of my native land." Descriptions of scenery and adventures are very interesting, especially when they are expressions of patriotism.

Of the many things we might mention about the year, the work of the committee on Hall Improvement is particularly commendable. The hall has been repainted and numerous other improvements made. The committee has at present a growing fund with which it is intended to reseal the hall.

Another matter of which Cicero may be justly proud is her part in the establishment of the first Academy Debating team. Of the four places on the team Cicero holds three, among which is the captaincy. Truly the year has been a most successful one.

"Cicero Forever."

K. A. E.

## **Cicero Officers**

President.....	EDGAR J. PHILLIPS
Vice-President.....	EDGAR W. WAYBRIGHT
Recording Secretary.....	CARL H. ESCHMAN
Corresponding Secretary.....	W. EVIN HUFFMAN
Treasurer.....	WARREN D. MILLER
Chaplain.....	WALDO W. JOHNSTON
Critic.....	PHIL S. BRADFORD
Parliamentarian.....	LOUIS LOHREY
Prosecuting Attorney .....	HAROLD H. TRACEY





## Cicero

H. C. ABELS	F. C. KENT
G. E. BLACK	L. LOHREY
R. C. BOWERS	Q. A. MAIN
H. A. BOWSER	J. D. MARACK
J. D. BOYCE	R. A. MILLER
T. W. BOYCE	W. D. MILLER
P. S. BRADFORD	L. E. MITCHELL
R. O. BURGETT	C. W. MCLEES
J. G. CARLIN	E. PATTERSON
J. W. CARLIN	E. J. PHILLIPS
J. A. CASE	J. H. RALSTON
W. C. DEER	G. RICHARDS
H. F. DRESBACH	H. F. SHELLOW
H. G. DUMBAULD	R. STEVENSON
K. H. ESCHMAN	H. W. STEVENS
W. E. FINDLEY	E. G. SVENSON
G. F. FINNIE	S. J. TORR
H. C. GILLESPIE	H. H. TRACY
M. H. GODFREY	S. USUEGI
R. J. GOLDBERGER	F. A. UNGER
C. C. HEDRICK	L. L. WAGNER
H. D. HOPKINS	C. L. WARNER
C. H. HOWELL	R. M. WARNER
W. E. HUFFMAN	E. W. WAYBRIGHT
W. W. JOHNSTON	G. B. WILLIAMS
H. I. JONES	M. M. WINTERSTEIN



## The Irving Society

¶ The Irving Literary Society has now completed a quarter of a century of history, having been organized March 16, 1883, by the following nine men who withdrew from the Cicero Society: J. C. BURNS, J. S. BUCKLES, J. M. CALDWELL, E. S. FERRIS, U. G. PURSELL, A. E. RELYEA, C. L. SEASHOLES, J. C. SMITH, R. B. SMITH.

Perhaps the main reason for the withdrawal of these men from the older Society was

the fact that up to this time, owing to the lack of the spirit of rivalry, there had been little encouragement toward literary work, but with this new spirit which was thus created, the Societies were both spurred on to greater activity.

¶ The reason for naming the new society "Irving", seems to be somewhat obscure, but it so happens that Washington Irving, after whom the society was named, was born just one hundred years before this date and we may safely conclude that it was at least partly because of this fact that it was so named, and perhaps partly because that as Washington Irving was the greatest literary man of his time, so the new society should aim to accomplish the highest grade of literary work.

¶ For several years no suitable place for meeting could be obtained, the society meeting sometimes in recitation rooms and sometimes in the rooms of its members, but in 1894 when the Doane Academy building was completed, both Irving and Cicero were given permanent quarters. About the same time an annual contest was inaugurated and by this stimulus still greater zeal was put into the work of the society. Altho a contest was held in 1893, the annual system was not established until 1895 and since that time one has been held each year. Of these fourteen contests which have already taken place Irving has been victorious in ten of them, losing to Cicero only in 1897, 1901, 1904 and 1905.

¶ Recently the University has offered scholarship prizes to the winners in these contests, and great enthusiasm is shown in trying to win them. It is said by almost every alumnus that nowhere in the University can such a lively and friendly spirit be found as that in the Academy Societies and it is especially to this spirit of friendship and hard work that Irving attributes her success. While the contests speak well for her, she knows

that these victories are possible only by having her standard of regular work up to the best, and this she ever aims to do. ¶ By carrying out the thought of her motto, *EIS ESMEN*, every man feels that he is a part of the body of the society, and that unless his work is performed well, the society as a whole must suffer. ¶ If one were to search for all the men that at some time have signed Irving's roll, he must look in all parts of the world and in all the higher walks of life, for of these five hundred and twenty-one men, many have attained to the highest eminence. Some are in foreign lands, some are eminent in the business and political worlds, many are in educational work while scarcely an honorable vocation can be found in which some one of them is not actively engaged. ¶ It is but fitting that at this time we should look forth into the future for another quarter of a century and in view of Irving's present opportunities, compared with those won she was founded, picture in our minds the untold possibilities that await her. Surely the future holds greater things in store for her Alumni than the past has brought forth! ¶ It is certainly a great stream of pleasant memories which flows back to Irving from those who have left her care and who thru her help became better able to fight in the battle of life. ¶ The following sonnet which was composed by one of the present members no doubt shows the attitude that every alumnus has toward the society.

When twilight shadows flit as fantasies  
Across the darkening landscape everywhere;  
When pines with weirdest note of deep despair  
Are moaning at caresses of the breeze,  
And bygone scenes my wandering mind oft seize,  
Recalling distant friends o'er land and mere;  
Then in a purer mood my mind doth wear  
A robe of purest thoughts and memories.  
Tis then my wearied, careworn heart desires  
To steal into that wondrous visioned past,  
Where life's cool stream flowed by with gentle fall,  
And there from Memory's bank to view those fires  
Which burned in youthful hearts so light and fast,  
Upon that glorious hill, within thy hall.

(H. M. H.)



## Irving Society

*Colors:* OLD GOLD AND RED.

*Motto:* ΕΙΣ ΕΣΜΕΝ.

*Yell:*

Zip, Za! Zip, Za! Zip, Za! Zee!  
We Are Irving's, Don't You See?  
Irving's, Irving's, Bim, Bam, Bem!  
We Are One, Yes, ΕΙΣ ΕΣΜΕΝ.

### Officers

*President,* C. K. BOYER  
*Vice President,* T. B. SMITH  
*Recording Secretary,* H. S. FISK  
*Corresponding Secretary,* W. L. JORDAN  
*Treasurer,* W. C. SWEET  
*Critic,* C. E. WARNER  
*Chaplain,* E. P. LINNELL  
*Prosecuting Attorney,* D. J. TIGHT  
*1st Member Ex. Com.,* F. E. WOLF  
*2d Member Ex. Com.,* R. M. ALLBAUGH  
*Sergeant-at-Arms,* C. J. HAZEN

### Roll

S. B. CARLIN	H. S. FISK	J. SAMUEL
W. F. BECKER	M. K. READ	T. B. SMITH
C. K. BOYER	E. P. LINNELL	W. S. STEWART
E. L. ATWELL	W. E. LEWIS	C. E. STONER
H. B. CARNEY	H. E. LAMSON	W. C. SWEET
F. O. CHRYSLER	W. L. JORDAN	D. R. THOMAS
F. R. DANN	D. N. JEWETT	D. J. TIGHT
R. M. ALLBAUGH	H. F. HENTHORN	C. E. WARNER
E. G. CARNEY	C. J. HAZEN	T. W. YALE
C. E. CLYMER	W. D. HILL	F. E. WOLF
P. W. GIFFORD	H. M. HILL	



## Doane Debating Team



EDGAR PHILLIPS, Captain,  
WILLIAM LEWIS,  
GEORGE B. WILLIAMS,  
CARL ESCHMAN.

Probably in no other respect has Doane Academy given more convincing evidence of her marked development than in entering into interscholastic literary contests with secondary schools of the state. During this year the first debating team to represent the Academy was formed. The team is a result of preliminary contests held by the Cicero and Irving Literary Societies. Its initiative year has been marked by debates with Miami Academy at Oxford April 3, and with Wooster Preparatory School at Granville April 10. The question debated in each case was — Resolved, "That provision should be made in our State constitutions for the exercise of the Initiative and Referendum."

## First Doane Academy Athletic Association

*President*, PHIL. S. BRADFORD

*Vice President*, GEORGE B. WILLIAMS

*Secretary*, W. LEROY JORDAN

### *Board of Control*

#### **From the Academy**

CHARLES E. WARNER

CARL K. BOYER

#### **From the College**

W. ROBERT TAYLOR

#### **From the Faculty**

CLARENCE D. COONS

JOHN B. WOODWARD

*Graduate Manager*, W. GEAR SPENCER

THE time was when a student of Doane Academy was eligible to the athletic teams representing Denison University, but when the conference rules went into effect Academy students were deprived of any participation in the endeavor to make the college team. Not satisfied with existing conditions, and having a desire for such sports, the students organized a baseball team in the spring of 1907 and thus launched athletics in the academy.

Doane was new on the athletic map and it was with difficulty that dates were secured in baseball and football. These teams too could only be partially equipped by the Denison University board of control. However, each man on these teams, having participated in a required number of games, received a "D. A." monogram.

Seeing that a desire for these sports was real, and that athletics had become a permanent fixture in the Academy, it was decided to put the management on a more substantial basis. Accordingly a short time after the close of the football season the Doane Academy Athletic Association was formed. This was modelled somewhat after the Denison University Athletic Association, and provided for a graduate manager of all teams in addition to the student manager.

Then it was that athletics progressed with leaps and bounds. The basketball team made a remarkable record, winning almost every game. A track team is now organized and has a bright outlook.

Academy boys—yes, and girls too—are bubbling over with enthusiasm. Scores of the fellows are trying to make the teams, and all are ready to back every team to their utmost ability. Certainly one is safe in forecasting for Doane championship teams in all branches of athletics.

## Academy's Debut in Athletics

BY G. S. B.



## **First Foot Ball Team to Officially Represent Doane Academy**

SEASON OF 1907

### **Names and Positions**

Read from left to right. Upper row—P. S. Bradford, Manager; W. D. Hill, l. t.; W. W. Weininger, r. t.; C. L. Warner, r. e.; W. D. Byard, q.

Middle row—P. L. Gifford, l. g.; F. R. Dann, r. g ; E. Watkins, l. h.; W. E. Lewis, c.; G. B. Williams, l. e.; T. W. Boyce, l. t.

Lower row—H. E. Lamson, r. g.; F. A. Unger, f. b.; Captain, R. C. Bowers, r. h.; W. L. Stevenson, l. h.; R. E. McCollum, q.

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## **First Base Ball Team to Officially Represent Doane Academy**

SEASON OF 1907

### **Names and Positions**

Upper row, reading from left to right—P. S. Bradford, Manager; R. C. Bowers, rf.; C. K. Boyer, p.; W. D. Miller, 3b.; W. C. Daniels, lf.; R. B. Whyte, ss.; Principal H. R. Hundley, Faculty Adviser.

Lower row, reading from left to right—J. W. Parker, cf.; A. D. McMillan, c.; W. W. Plummer, lf.; Captain A. Z. Stoner, 2b.; E. Watkins, cf.; J. F. Still, 2b.; C. H. King, p.

**Doane Foot Ball Team**



**Doane Base Ball Team**



## First Doane Academy Basket Ball Team



Upper row reading from left to right: W. E. Lewis, Manager; T. W. Yale, c.; R. C. Bowers, c.; F. M. Higgins, r. g.; W. G. Spencer, coach.

Lower row reading from left to right: H. F. Henthorne, H. H. Tracy, l. g.; Captain T. W. Boyce, r. g.; C. L. Warner, l. f.; R. Stevenson.

## Cicero Irving Contest

1907-1908

Declamation—"Claudias and Zynthia" .....CHRISTY E. STONER (I)  
 The Death of Minnehaha.....W. CLARENCE DEER (C)

Won by Cicero

Essay—The King of Beasts.....KARL H. ESCHMAN (C)  
 China's Awakening .....W. CARY SWEET (I)

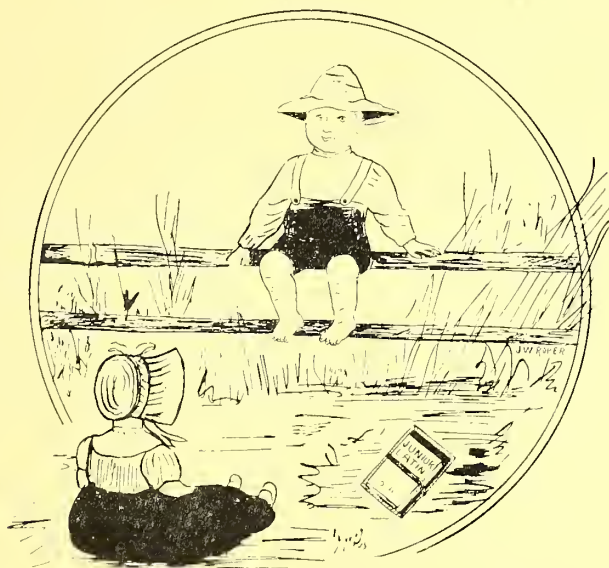
Won by Cicero

Oration—Firm Foundations .....EDGAR J. PHILLIPS (C)  
 Centralization of Power and Wealth ..... WM. E. LEWIS (I)

Won by Cicero

Debate—Resolved, That an amendment should be made to the constitution,  
 giving congress exclusive control over marriage and divorce. Affirmative, Charles  
 E. Warner (I); negative, Edgar W. Waybright (C).

Won by Cicero





## **Publications**

### **THE ADYTUM.**

GEO. W. PHILLIPS.....Editor

ALVA C. EARLEY.....Manager

Published Annually by the Junior Class.

### **THE DENISONIAN.**

MILLARD L. LOWERY.....Editor

RAY E. CARMAN.....Manager

Published Every Week During the College Year.

### **THE UNIVERSITY CATALOGUE.**

PROF. W. H. JOHNSON.....Editor

### **BULLETIN OF THE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES OF DENISON UNIVERSITY.**

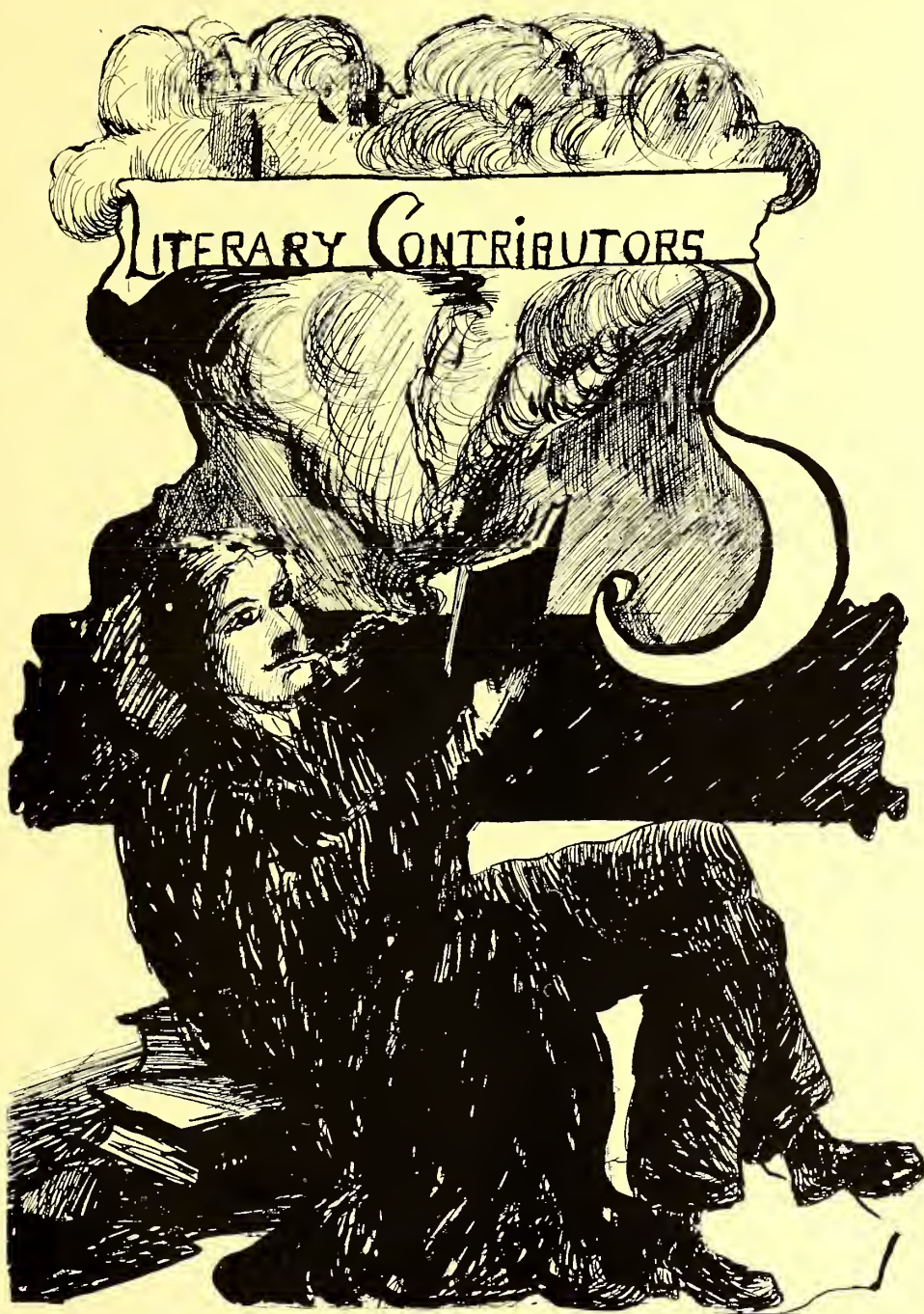
Published by the Denison Scientific Association.

### **THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK.**

Published Annually by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

### **THE DIRECTORY.**

WARREN L. MORRIS AND GEORGE H. CROWL.....Publishers



## Adytum Board

*Editor in Chief*, GEORGE PHILLIPS

### *Business Staff*

ALVA C. EARLEY

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# The Denisonian

Our college paper has received such attention by the management during the past year as to mark a growth which we all hope to see perpetuated.

The first thing was to change the form of the paper from the previous size, 12x18, to the present, 9x12, thus doubling the cost but bringing it nearer to Magazine size, and by that promoting looks and convenience. With the present form, the student anxious to keep a file of college papers for future reference and satisfaction, will find it a much easier task than with the former size. It is hoped that future editors will recognize the marked improvement of this year and utilize the impetus thus afforded.

The staff has been enlarged to fifteen, all of whom have done faithful work.

The management has justly aimed in the first place to follow the ideal of a college newspaper and furnish news. But this has not prevented the frequent insertion of numerous interesting articles by alumni; stories written by students; essays, and stories submitted to the English department in the course of regular college work.

The subscription list has been enlarged, due to loyalty of alumni, students and friends.

One of the most serious drawbacks is that the paper has to be printed in Newark in order to get the advantage of the linotype. This fact hampers the work of the editors very seriously, consuming a good bit of time and money. We need a college press.

Altogether the work of the present management has received a great deal of commendation, both from local and outside circles. The measure of success is due to unceasing efforts.

Much credit is due those who have pushed the Denisonian up to what it is today. The management has during the year endeavored to put our college paper upon a higher plane. They could have been satisfied with the old form as other editors have been, but they set their eyes upon something better. They took a new ideal for the Denison weekly paper, and having set their eyes upon a new ideal, they pushed it throughout the year.

Mr. Paul Wm. Alexander has been elected to the position of editor for the coming year, and Mr. Lynn W. Hattersley receives the position of manager with him.

The staff for the past year is as follows:

## THE DENISONIAN.

Published weekly, on Wednesday, in the interests of Denison University.

M. L. LOWERY, '08.....	Editor-in-Chief
R. E. CARMAN, '08.....	Managing Editor

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

V. H. HOPPE, '10.....	Granville College
ANNE J. SORENSON, '08.....	Shepardson College

### DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

P. W. ALEXANDER, '09.....	Alumni
AGNES C. WALSH, '10.....	Society
P. S. BRADFORD, D. A., '08.....	Athletics
K. H. ESCHMAN, D. A., '08.....	Conservatory
W. B. STORM, '08.....	Y. M. C. A.
IRENE M. CHAMBERS, '09.....	Y. W. C. A.

### LOCAL AND NEWS REPORTERS:

A. C. EARLEY.....	'09
DOROTHY H. BUDDE.....	'08
W. A. HUNT.....	'10
L. V. MINEAR.....	'10
C. JACQUART.....	'10

# THE DENISONIAN

ANVILLE, OH

DECEMBER 11, 1907



## The Winthrop Makes Cleveland Center of Interest

One of the factors that have been cited for the success of the Winthrop Hall by those who have been ly and successfully in business was that it might become the center of student interest and life in our University. There is no real need of saying that that ideal has been and is being fulfilled. The reason is not



## **“The Doge”**



**T**HIS fine picture was a gift to the Library from Mr. William Ewart of Chicago. It was given in memory of his father, the late Mr. Thomas Ewart, a Trustee of Denison from 1883 until his death in 1892.

The tablet on the picture reads:

“Dandolo, Doge of Venice, in honor of Thomas Ewart, Trustee, D. U., by his children.”

It is the work of Senior Barbudo, a Spanish artist of high standing, who has works in several of the European galleries. He lives in Rome, where the picture was purchased.

Dandolo, whom the picture represents, was Doge of Venice, in 1192. He was engaged in the Fourth Crusade 1201-1204. When he took Constantinople, he greatly enlarged the Venitian territory. At that time he was, at least, ninety years old.

Unlike almost all of the famous pictures of the Venitian Doges, he is not represented in the ducal regalia. He is sitting, probably, in the ducal palace, the great beauty of which cannot make up for the extreme discomfort of the winter's cold. Well wrapped as he is, he would be very uncomfortable, were he not so lost in thought. This fact alone, his intense application makes the picture an appropriate one for a library, as it represents a person so lost in his study, that he knows nothing of what is going on around him. Perhaps he is working out his plan for the taking of Constantinople.

The background, the chair and the box, are of varying tints of brown, the floor is brown-green, the coat black, the fur cape white, and the lap-robe red, all dull shades; and yet when the sun is shining the picture fairly glows with color, although there is nothing bright in it, except a few high tones of red and of white.

To have a picture of such quality before one, is an art education in itself. It grows on a person, until, before he knows it, he is quite converted to that style of painting whatever may have been his previous belief.

LIBRARIAN.

## Library Staff



*Librarian, MRS. KATE SHEPARD HINES, A. M.*

### *Students in Library Work*

MISS FERN ADAMS

MISS ABBIE GABRIEL

MISS SADIE DAVIS

### *Cataloguers*

VICTOR H. HOPPE

WILLIAM B. STORM

FRANCIS F. PATRICK

THOMAS B. SMITH

HEBER H. GIBSON

LINN W. HATTERSLEY

CAREY SWEET



# The Fusser's Union

BY  
BUELAH RECTOR  
FIRST PRIZE

IF HE could have found one person in whom were centralized the qualities he most admired in girls he would have spared himself and society complications. But he was not built on that plan. His affections were mercurial. They not only shifted readily but shifted over goodly areas. His thermometer could register at once, at either blood or fever heat, Agnes, Adah, Julia or Polly. By the time he had been in college two years people began to understand him and knew what to expect, and foolish indeed was the girl who would allow herself to stake too much on the words or actions of William Palmer Buffum. He was too willing to lead a girl to believe that he would live or die for her. Generally it is well for a girl not to fall in love until she has been asked, but in the case of W. P. Buffum it was better not to do so even at request. After his first few affairs it came as natural for Billy to say nice things as it was for him to tie his neck tie every morning, and he did it with no more concern.

Billy was a Junior and in several ways no discredit to his class. An animate Hart, Schaffner and Marx could not have made a better appearance. He was mediumly tall and lithe of figure with eager blue eyes and light hair. You would not have stopped to analyze his features; you knew that they were well selected and well arranged and that was sufficient. His carriage was individual and striking, and was the pride of campus, track or drawing-room. Billy's grades would have been satisfactory if he could have found time from outside work to devote to his studies. But where is a college youth who can manage a basketball team, chairman social committees do the society honors for four girls and still draw "A's" from the meager supply that professors have on hand? If there had been no petticoats about to bewitch his ear with their gentle rustle Billy would have done admirably. Many of the fellows agreed that he should have chosen a men's college; yet at the same time they were glad he had not done so for Billy was generous with the senior Buffum's monthly allotments and always free with an excellent brand of tobacco. Take it all in all Billy was a good fellow. The girls liked him for his masterful way; his worldly wise airs; and the extravagance with which he lavished the favored with flowers and confections was not exactly to be discouraged.

At the close of the first semester Buffum was dividing time and attention between Agnes Lathrop, Adah Westcott, Julia Long, and Polly Weeden. That trouble might possibly arise from such a course had indeed occurred to Billy but just how to avoid it was difficult to determine. In a serious moment he had once attempted to reduce his list but he found it an impossibility. Agnes with her pretty, velvety ways and natural attractiveness he decided he could not very well drop. She was a sort of luxury like Huyler's and he needed a certain amount of sweets.

How about Adah? No, that would never do. Burnham Westcott, her brother, was one of his closest friends. And Adah was so delightful anyway. She could play like an angel and her fame as a mistress of the chafing dish might well have captivated any man. When club fare grew monotonous it was convenient to run up to Westcott's. Adah he connected with his comforts as he did a cheerful fire and the evening paper.

Then there was Polly who could handle a racquet and a paddle as well as "W. P." himself. She was a racy, happy-go-lucky of nineteen and an amazing good

comrade. For horse back rides in Spring time and Fall and for long country jaunts he preferred Polly. He wouldn't part with Polly. She was another luxury,—a lemon phosphate with a little sparkle and a faint flavor of lime. And there were times when such a mixture could delight Billy to an ecstatic point.

As for Julia Long she was not to be debated for a moment. Julia was a necessity. She was the gray eyed philosopher who calmly smoothed the wrinkles out of the troubled soul. Get Julia to read your palm and she was irresistible. You were always finding out something new about Julia. And she was also an admirable person to take out. She never failed to make a good impression and wherever she went people turned to look at her.

At the Komian luncheon this quartet happened to occupy one table. It also happened that Polly asked Julia if she had been invited to the Kneisel Concert. No, she hadn't nor had any of the rest.

"None of us invited!" Polly gasped. "Well I guess Mr. Buffum's invitation is not out yet." No one seemed offended and Polly kept on. "Whose turn is it anyway?"

With a little calculation it was decided in favor of Adah. Polly dropped a lump of sugar in her coffee with a splash. "Girls, don't you, don't you get-er-sort of tired of Billy's way of doing thing? I do. You can't help liking him though, can you? Yet it vexes me so."

A pair of grey eyes, a pair of soft brown eyes, and a pair of blue ones all agreed with Polly's wrathful assertion.

"Well, why do we allow it to go on? He ought to spend more time with the boys and over his books."

"But you tell him that and he won't believe it," Adah smiled. "He'll just catch hold of your hand and tell you how unhappy he should be if he never saw you."

"Yes," Agnes breathed, "that is precisely what he would do."

"I don't quite see how we could discipline him, Julia." Polly's cheeks burned. "It isn't as though any one of us had lost our hearts."

"No," they assented, "not at all."

"Then let's do something."

"All right, let's."

So it was over the Komian coffee that the association called the Fussers' Union was organized. These rules were adopted:

(1) Each member of the society shall be allotted a day on which day only shall she accept invitations from William Palmer Buffum.

(2) On no other day than the day allotted shall any member of the Union provide any entertainment for Mr. Buffum or have any dealings whatsoever with Mr. Buffum.

(3) Each member shall assist Mr. Buffum in extending to herself an invitation to the Hanover Banquet.

The days of the week were then divided between the four, no dates being allowed for Monday's, Saturdays and Sundays.

"Schedule of the Fussers' Union."

<u>Tues.</u>	<u>Wed.</u>	<u>Thurs.</u>	<u>Fri.</u>
Adah	Agnes	Julia	Polly

At ten o'clock on the following morning Adah received a telephone call. A pleasant masculine voice announced that Mr. Buffum was talking and would be delighted to have the pleasure of Miss Adah's company to the Kneisel Quartet.

"What day was the concert scheduled for? Oh! Wednesday." Well, that was unfortunate but she would be unable to accept any invitation for that day. A message later showed that Agnes had received the second call and as she was Miss Wednesday, had accepted.

During the coming week Billy was baffled more than once. It seemed as though he had to run through the entire list of favorites before he could make any engagement. Even Agnes whom he thought could never be anything but sweet and gracious was quite capable of changing her warm, sunny smile to a cold little nod that made him think of turning up his overcoat collar.

On Adah's day he called at the Westcott's to sip tea in the music room. Adah played for him and his susceptible nature was so wrought upon that he did a very rash thing. He brought up the subject of the Hanover Banquet. That early in the Fall he had as much as asked Julia for the Banquet date had quite slipped his mind.

"Did you know the date had been changed, Adah?"

Adah expressed surprise. "In two weeks, do you say Billy? Why that is pretty soon."

"Yes," Billy looked reminiscent and then that quality of responsiveness got the better of him. "Do you remember whom you went with last year?"

"Indeed I do Billy, and we had a splendid time too, didn't we? At least I did."

"Say we, Adah. Don't you think it is almost worth trying again?"

Adah blushed and Billy caught her hand. If he weren't so fickle and fluctuating,—for a moment she almost thought it might be possible to think a good deal of Billy.

They were returning from a walk in the country, Billy and Polly, and had paused to rest a while on a stile. William P., was picking Spanish needles out of Polly's skirt. "Here is my chance," thought Miss Weeden. Her tone became confidential. "Did you know I was to go to the Hanover Banquet with Roger Conway and he has had to leave school. His family are moving South and he has to go along, too." Buffum looked into Polly's troubled face. "Oh, you think I am asking you to take me, don't you Billy Buffum!" Polly exclaimed with feigned hauteur. But what she predicted happened.

"You will go with me, Polly if I ask you, won't you?" Trust him to do it up with all the dramatic touches.

On the second week of the Union's existence, Billy met the quartet at Clough's. Agnes looked up when he came in and favored him with one of her best quality smiles. But Julia paid not the slightest attention; Polly was absolutely indifferent and Adah might not have known he was present. Billy was disconcerted and his good spirits were not restored until afternoon when he chanced to meet Agnes returning to Pillsbury Hall. Under her soothing manner he forgot the morning's discomfort. He suggested that they drop into the Tea Room before going back. Poor Billy! before the tea and the chat were over he had inadvertently pledged himself to the fourth girl for the evening of the twenty-seventh of January.

The twenty-seventh was at hand and no member of the Union had heard anything more definite from their victim. Perhaps he was unaware that he had fallen into the trap. At all events he must not continue in such a state of ignorance. That the matter might be brought more forcibly to his attention, an informal evening was arranged at the Long's and Billy with a few of the other boys was invited in. That night the Fussers' Union played its last stroke, and Buffum learned by four different methods and from four different girls that he had made four engagements for the Hanover Banquet.

He returned to his room, nervous, but with a purpose in his heart to bear it through with an easy grace. There was just one thing for him to do. In the morning he made a visit to the florist's and selected four varieties of flowers. Even that critical organization the Fussers' Union bore testimony to the fact that in certain lines Billy's taste was unimpeachable. For Adah, violets; for Agnes, hyacinths; for Julia, American Beauties; for Polly spicy red carnations and with each he expressed his regrets that it had suddenly become necessary for him to leave town, in all probability not to return until after the twenty-seventh of January, thus making it impossible for him to fulfill his engagements for that evening. However a substitute had been arranged for each girl.

With the opening of the new semester Billy B. was once again stepping across the campus with his old time grace and favoring the community with his good looks. And strangers once more asked who might be the young man of the eager blue eyes and smiling mouth. But Billy had changed. The society column less frequently reported Mr. William Palmer Buffum Jr., "among those present," and at the same time the professors were caused to agree that Buffum's work was improving. Indeed Mrs. Buffum wrote her son, "We are delighted with the grades that have been sent home" while the senior Buffum added, "Your expenses have decreased this semester and are now more within the limits of a young man not yet on a pay roll. How are you economizing?"



## Reveries

FIRST PRIZE POEM

BY

V. H. HOPPE

Dreams elusive, ever fleeting,  
Come upon me in the gloam,  
Faces of the long past greeting,  
Dreams elusive, ever fleeting,  
Shapes of old familiar meeting—  
Twilight, and the thoughts of home.

Where art thou, my Alice, Alice  
With thy soul of melody,  
Lips as sweet as flowers chalice—  
Where art thou, my Alice, Alice,  
Ah, the years with bitter malice  
Heaping ruins over thee!

Come yet nearer, it is lonely,  
Thy dear face so pale and dim  
Once it blossomed for me only,  
Come yet nearer, it is lonely—  
Shadows, had I never known thee  
I would deem this fancy's whim.

Haunt me then the loveliest vision  
Ever given to calm and bless,  
Time, we mock thee in derision—  
Haunt me then the loveliest vision  
Soothe life's weary indecision,  
Every zephyr thy caress.

**"B**Y Jove," exclaimed Stant, "if I'm going to catch that 4:07 train, I'll have to move on!" He made a hasty change of clothes and grabbing his suit case rushed for the depot.

Within a block from said depot he thrust his hand into his pocket, then came to a sudden standstill. "Ye Gods!—left it in my other pants!" He pulled out his watch—"4:05," he groaned, "and not a cent within shooting distance. Confound my blundering wits! Now I have just one minute to get some money and one more minute to catch that train, or Jack West will have a wedding with his best man fifty miles away."

He tried to concentrate his mind on some plan and viciously snatched up a whirling paper fragment which distracted his attention. Then he drew a long whistling breath—"A five spot as I live!" he gasped. "That fool girl there on the curb with her pocket-book wide open lost it, I'll wager. Well, she looks as if she could afford to do without for a day or two. Say, that's Fan Winter's cousin, Marjorie Vance. Well, I've just got to have this now, and I'll mail her a five tomorrow." And he made a dash for the train.

Marjorie Vance had left home in plenty of time to do a little shopping and then catch the 4:07 train. Things would hinder though and finally she found she had but two minutes to catch the train.

She was within a block from the depot and was opening her pocket-book to get out her ticket money ready.

"Why!" she exclaimed under her breath, "Why how could I have been so careless! Oh, dear! Now I've not a cent and not five minutes to get any, and Madge 'll never forgive me if I'm not at her wedding!" She stood still in a frantic effort to plan some way out.

She was about to give up in despair when her eyes inadvertantly fell upon a slip of paper fluttering on the breeze.

"Well! of all things!" she exclaimed, frantically closing her hand on it. "Here's my help right out of the hand of providence. The one who lost that bill did mankind (and incidentally, womankind) a favor. There, that man lost it. He's standing like a silly with his pocket-book wide open. Well, judging from appearances, he can afford to do without it temporarily. I'll find out from cousin Madge who he is. She knows everybody that is anybody and he evidently is somebody. I'll mail him the amount tomorrow but I simply must have it now."

And she raced for 4:07 train.

Of course they saw each other at the wedding, but each felt assured of the other's ignorance of the circumstances, so no embarrassment was suffered by either.

By the next morning's mail Stant dispatched the following note:

My Dear Miss Vance:

Enclosed is the five dollars which you lost on N. St. yesterday afternoon. Please pardon my delay in returning it. Very truly,

STANTON GILL.

## **A Matter of Money**

SECOND PRIZE STORY  
BY MILDRED THORNE

Stant didn't realize that only an uneasy conscience could have dictated such a ridiculously inconsistent missive.

On the evening's mail he received the following note:

My Dear Mr. Gill:

Enclosed is the five dollars which I found on N. St. yesterday afternoon. I knew it was yours but was hindered from returning it to you earlier. Truly,

MARJORIE S. VANCE.

He read the note three times in rapid succession. Then with the expression of one who might be "seeing things" he addressed the chandelier:

"Now, what in thunder can this mean? What do you suppose—? Whoever could have—?" Then his face changed from passive to active.

He rubbed his head as if searching for an unusually soft spot, then pointed out some facts to a projected self.

"Well chappie, you have done it. You have planted your foot squarely and firmly in it. You have acceptably proven to the young lady your kleptomaniacal propensities. You have introduced and exhibited before the world a new and prodigiously attractive genus. You have—! Oh, Lordy! She knew all about it then. She naturally supposed I picked it up to return it to her; then, when I calmly walked off with it, she took this way to show me my horoscope!

All the way to the Hotyn-Warbury dinner he racked his brain for a possible decent phase in which to regard his unfortunate action.

Stant's subconscious mind led him to greet his hostess but the obvious pre-occupation of his thoughts belied his cordial remarks.

"Mr. Gill, I want you to meet Miss Vance," she was saying.

He bowed deeply to cover his confusion. It afterwards occurred to him how wonderfully easily he had succeeded in "fading" from that part of the room.

Marjorie was dressed in pink. Stant noted to himself that he generally liked pink but that that shade was certainly unbecoming to Miss Vance. He had been vainly daft to meet said young lady previous to this miserable money affair, and now he'd met her twice since it. How charming and entertaining she must think him! Nice promising beginning to an acquaintance which he had once hoped might be more than friendship.

The rest of the evening was a series of dodges and perigrinations. The moment Miss Vance appeared on the horizon—Stant sought occupation in far distant scenes. His friends noticed his uneasy mein and several suggested confidentially that he was in love. Whatever was his trouble, his social nature had suffered a marked blight.

He had at last taken refuge behind some high palms. He glanced warily around then relaxed for a few moments. "Ten more minutes and I can leave this infernal place," he muttered, then smothered a groan.

"Oh, unkind fate! there she is and, Horrors! she dropped her fan! That means I've got to pick it up. I was a cad once, but I won't be again."

He braced his nerves to face the music and stepped up to her with the fan.

She had just at that moment missed it, and as she turned to look for it, came suddenly face to face with him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a little intaking of her breath. Her thanks died in her throat, and when she again found voice she said with a despairing little wail:

"Oh, dear! I've been hiding from you all the evening, and here in the very last minute I've plunged right into you—!"

"Why, Miss Vance!" he stammered, "*You've* been hiding from *me*! You've been *hiding* from *me*! Why, why should *you* hide from *me*? Now *me*," he floundered hopelessly, "me, I've been hiding from you all the evening! Really I couldn't look you in the face. I've run from every pink dress here dozens of times tonight. You see it was like this—"

But Marjorie's surprised voice broke in—"But you see I was so mortified about that affair the other afternoon, and when your note came this evening and I couldn't understand it—"

"But," Stant interrupted, "you see, when your note came, I knew that you knew, and I knew what you must think of me, and—"

"But I was the one in the wrong," Marjorie began again—"I was the one who took the money and I knew it was you who had lost it—"

"But I hadn't lost any. It was I who took it when I knew it was yours," Stant began to utter bewilderment.

"Well I hadn't lost any either," answered Marjorie, "you see I didn't have any money and I had to catch that 4:07 train."

"Why that was just my fix," said Stant.

"Well, wasn't it your money? Then whose was it," she asked in a troubled voice.

"Oh, blessed if I know whose it was," the poor man replied. "At any rate I've got the five dollars, and don't want it."

"I have too," said Marjorie, "I won't throw it away, but I certainly won't use it again. What shall we do?"

Stant's spirits began to revive with surprising rapidity.

After a moment of consideration, he suggested: "I'll tell you, why not compromise? Say we spend it in partnership, will you?"

"Yes," she agreed slowly, then stopped a moment. "Let's see, I'll take you to the theater Wednesday night. Now what are you going to do?" . . . . .

"O, that's easy, then I'll send you flowers for Wednesday evening—how's that?"

She laughed lightly—"It's all right, I guess," she said, "only I think I have the best of the bargain."

"Your welcome to it all," then he lowered his voice—"and me into the bargain," he continued in a tone Marjorie thought inappropriately earnest.

"Don't be silly," she remarked, with cooling inflection and started off towards the door.

Stant stopped being silly, then, but before many days, he began again. And then he was very silly; but Marjorie didn't seem to mind it. Indeed, as the passing days became passing weeks, she was increasingly inclined to be just a little silly herself.



## The Land of Used-To-Be

SECOND PRIZE POEM  
BY MAUD MILLER

At twilight when I sit within the room  
Where everything is silent, and it all  
Takes on new shapes and meanings in the gloom,  
I see within the shadows distant scenes  
Of long past days, the ever dear, the far  
That in my fancy dwell—so sweet they are.

The moonbeams glimmer and I seem to see  
Within their gentle radiance, the eyes  
Of long remembered friends that speak to me.  
Ah well, the world may frown, the days dawn dark,  
But from their cares and troubles I can flee  
To that dear twilight land of Used-To-Be.

For only fragrant memories remain  
To fill that shadow land with thoughts as sweet  
As if my heart had never suffered pain.  
Old faces smile and loving hands clasp mine  
And in the trees without, that whisper low  
Sound the soft voices I loved long ago.

Old griefs are healed within that hour at eve,  
And restless longings cease beneath the spell  
That Nature and my fancy round me weave.  
For in the silence of the starry world  
Night after night there is revealed to me  
The beauty of the land of Used-To-Be.

And though in life my spirits may be tossed  
By every troubled wind—though all my hopes  
May fall like leaves in Autumn and be lost,  
One thing I love the world can never harm,  
Secure and treasured it abides with me,  
The silent shadow land of Used-To-Be.

**F**ORTIFIED, as it is, by many guards and the redoubtable Miss Barker — who is a host in herself — King Hall is a fortress to be assaulted only by a very brave man. Forced by necessity, and thinking myself as brave as any man, I determined to make the attempt.

I say, I was forced by necessity, and dire necessity indeed it was. Why should the guards of the fair ones enforce such rigid rules? Why shut them up behind iron bars of discipline?

A day or so before I had just found out to my sorrow and the "other one's delight," I suppose, that — "Before we girls can have company to a stunt, the gentleman must call, so you see you *must* — three thirty to four thirty Thursday," and all this with such a pretty smile and look that I was captured, and said that I would die in the attempt.

Whereupon she gave me another smile that "smote me to my heart of stone" and I resolved by all that's lovely, — (this was not too sacred, for there she stood before me) — that next Thursday I would make the attempt.

This was Monday. How I ever lived through those three days was a miracle. The fellows were in for giving me a dose of "spirits," I was so in need of them. You see, I was writing out my speech (I am no hand at extemporaneous talks) and I spent all the time cutting out here and adding there until Wednesday evening I had some talk I reckoned equal to any kings.

Wednesday night my sleep was troubled by visions terrible. The maid who answered the door was a demon and dragons hissed and spouted on every side.

Of course I "bucked" my 2:30 Latin and I'll swear to any one who is incredulous that I spent just two hours and thirty-three minutes dressing. Also, on same oath, to-wit: that I tied my tie just thirteen times. Thirdly, that I shined my shoes until the flies played toboggan on the polish.

At last came the supreme moment. Up the Sem walk, to the very domain of the demon, I went. I felt as if I were in another world. Everything looked so unnatural from my strange viewpoint.

There I stood before the portals, wondering how soon the demon maid would come. After some five minutes I remembered that I had not rung the bell. At once, I made a lunge at the nearest one; for here was a group of laughing Sem girls coming down from Burton. They very prettily asked me if I was waiting for some one. But their voices seemed to me as the sharp tones of a cross-questioning, tangle-you-up lawyer. I told them I had just rung the bell. "What, *that* bell?" and the whole crowd became a sea of convulsive laughter. "Now you've done it." "That's Miss Barker's bell." "She'll be down in a minute." And thus they left me.

On came Miss Barker. I gave her my card and told her the name of the fair one. She said that she would see her, but asked me very sarcastically if I took her for the maid. After being set right on this point she led me inside the Castle walls, through the courtyard and into the reception room and left me to my fearful thoughts. Far above me, on the third heaven, a row

## **King Hall and the "Prep"**

BY KARL H. ESCHMAN

of cherub-like faces peered over the railing at me. Finding me an interesting sight, as you know, they told the same by wireless to the other floors and soon other faces were enjoying my plight — poor mortal that I was.

Down came my Arabella, like a queen, condescending to talk with her pet fool, and led me, out of pity, from their laughing eyes.

By this time, everything was in a whirl. My speech had left me and my thoughts were scattered as the driving leaves.

How I ever finished the call, I never knew, but one thing I can tell you — My girl was the “fairest of the fair” and she looked so pretty at the “stunt,” that I forgot all the troubles of my first besiegal of King Hall.

## **"Christmas- Tide"**

BY FRED R. MCARTHUR

Bright shines the sun on the hillsides brown,  
On the wayside that's bitten with frost.  
Brightly, coldly, it shines on the fields,  
And the woods by the north winds tossed.  
The trees stand naked; the flowers are gone;  
The meadows and pastures are bare;  
And the tints of Autumn on Nature's garb  
We see no longer there.

The sun grows dim and the wind blows west,  
And the sky looks gray at night;  
The signs of a storm are felt in the air,  
And seen in the moon's pale light;  
The pine trees whisper, the hemlocks sigh,  
As their branches come and go;  
And the snow-birds twitter with great delight  
At the thought of the coming snow.

And soon the silent snowflakes fall,  
As the east winds gently blow.  
Thicker and faster they hurry down  
To the desolate fields below.  
They fall on the meadow and pasture lands;  
On the walk and gravel drive,  
They cover the withered clover leaves,  
And keep the grass alive.

Bright burns the fire on the family grate,  
With a warm and cheering light;  
Glad are the hearts that gather 'round  
On a cold December night;  
Merry the laughter that rings through the house,  
As the children are busy at play;  
Warm is the love in the mother's heart  
For her dear ones far away.

The sleigh bells ring on the frosty air,  
With a glad and merry chime,  
Telling the message we love to hear,  
Of the coming Christmas time,  
Ringing sweet music of heavenly love,  
Sweet as the tones of that morn,—  
Tones that burst from the angels' lips,  
Proclaiming that Jesus was born.

Happy are we as the time draws near  
For turkey and Christmas pie;  
Happy to go to the dear, old home  
Where our loved ones wait and sigh.  
At last we are there, united as one,  
In that home so beloved and dear,  
Welcomed and greeted a thousand times:  
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."



# The Twentieth Century Individual

BY FRED R.  
MCARTHUR, '08

“THE man who lives for himself alone lives for a small purpose.” There is no problem of more importance to the individual of the twentieth century than that of his own relation to the social world of which he is a unit. Man's essential nature and his real place in society must be realized before he can intelligently apply himself to the material ends of life.

There are two general conceptions of the individual's relation to society. The first is, that he lives not as a segregate being but only as a member of the great social organism of which he is a part; that he is utterly incapable of determining the mighty external forces which he resists or obeys; and that the laws of existence are independent of human will and hopelessly crush all who willfully or ignorantly oppose them. Opposer to this theory, is the conception that the individual is dominant in human affairs; that he has power within himself to turn the tide of his social surroundings; and is capable of realizing his own personal desires if he has the inclination and energy to struggle for them.

Though directly opposite, it must be granted that both of these conceptions are true to a certain degree; but to discover wherein this truth lies we must study the individual in history as well as the individual of the twentieth century. There can be no doubt but that the life of one man has given color to the entire age in which he lived, as a drop of blood must color the basin of water into which it falls; and it is beyond question that the prevailing characteristics of a social community as a whole characterize the individuals who make it up, just as the attributes of saltness and wetness characterize each drop of water which enters into the composition of the mighty ocean. In this respect the individual is a distinct being and his influence, whether positive or negative, must essentially modify the age in which he lives to the fullest extent of his characteristic tendencies. While on the other hand, since he is only a small unit in the complex whole, the brilliant color of his own life must of necessity be dimmed as it diffuses into the deeper color of the age.

But if we consider the place which the individual has occupied at different stages in the development of the race, we will find that his power to direct the course of human events depends entirely upon the spirit of the age in which he lives. There have been periods in history when the individual has been so completely lost sight of that his influence as a personal being has had no more significance than the snow flake which falls into the running stream. The individual of the Middle Ages was himself no factor in determining his own destiny. He was carried away and swallowed up in ignorance and superstition by the greed of Feudalism regardless of his personal desire or power to resist. On the other hand, we may point to times in the history of the world when opposing forces were so equally balanced that the life of a single man has turned the whole trend of civilization. Martin Luther is supposed by many to have been the instigator of the Reformation, but he was not. Had the same Martin Luther lived six centuries earlier, his life and his influence would have perished forever under the supreme authority of Medieval Scholasticism. But

the spirit of the age in which he lived was in his favor. Preparations for a Reformation were in process long before Luther was born. Hundreds and hundreds of lives before his had been turned against Catholicism and its increasing evils until there existed a hidden force nearly as strong in the opposite direction. Luther's life was simply the weight which turned the balance. The same principle can be applied to the lives of all men who have turned the trend of history. The dominance of the individual in human affairs depends upon the spirit of the age in which he lives.

We are living in an age of complex forces. The twentieth century is by no means an age of dominant authority. It is an age of freedom, intellectually, spiritually and sociologically. It is an age in which the individual is free to "work out his own salvation." Yet, in the past two decades, we have seen marked tendency towards the combination of forces. Large enterprizes of every description have swallowed up the small. Trusts, labor-unions, and combinations of all sorts and sizes have been formed, and all this has been done at the expense of individualism as a social force. This should be a signal of warning, for if history is true it indicates a coming condition of society which is not only to be feared and dreaded, but which in other ages has proved fatal to the development and prosperity of the race.

The individual of modern society holds a position peculiar to his own age. In a broad sense, he is free to get what he wants if he has the energy to struggle for it. But there rests upon him a tremendous responsibility. He is not only free to mould his own personal character, and to realize his own personal desire, but he is also free to influence the community in which he lives. Forces are so complex and so evenly balanced along numerous lines that the individual of today, as never before in the history of the world, is permitted to exercise a dominating influence. This influence may be either for good or for evil. The man who uses his freedom to fulfill his own selfish ends is usually blind to the needs of society and his influence contributes to the side of evil rather than to that of good. As parasites thrive on the nourishment derived from their withering hosts, so such men prosper at the expense of the community in which they live. On the other hand, the man who chooses his place of life as a "servant of all" and uses his freedom on the positive side contributes an influence towards the fulfillment of the needs of the social world. The world prospers because such men are in it; but its progress is slow because such men are few.

The individual, in America at least, is free to choose his own calling in life. Education from the lowest to the highest is within reach of all. Nothing but ill health can prevent a determined man of the present day from getting the best education that our country offers in whatever line he may choose. And when his education is completed, the world holds out to him a thousand vacant places into which he has but to step to lay hold upon the realities of life, leaving him still free to choose the place which serves best the interests of humanity at large, placing no limitations upon his own individual powers.

Thus far we have shown the significance of the individual in the present age. Let us now consider his moral obligations to the social organism of which he is a part. Christianity and man's moral obligations to his fellow man from the standpoint of the teaching of Jesus has introduced a new feature into his problem; but this is a phase of the question with which we are not dealing at present. Man is under moral obligations to society in a sense entirely apart from the principles of the Christian Religion. He is one unit in a mighty whole and his life exerts a positive influence in the growth and development of the race only in so far as it stands for the principals of truth and right. Unless the individual has something to contribute which will positively add to the betterment of humanity, it were better for the race, "that a millstone be hanged about his neck and sunk in the depths of the sea."

We believe in a conscious immortality of the soul and the future life in another world, but there is an immortality in this world which is no less important. We not only live and wield an influence in our time, but we continue to live and to wield an influence in the lives of posterity. Thus our moral obligations are increased in geometric ratio. We are responsible not only for the progress of our own age but for the progress of all future ages. Our children both inherit our tendencies and are moulded in character by the environment which we place about them. The latter is true with reference not only to our own children but to all others as well. The influence of one life upon the younger lives of its time cannot be over estimated.

On the basis of the two propositions upheld, namely; that the individual of the twentieth century is free to choose his calling in life; and is morally bound to contribute to the healthy growth and development of the social world, let us draw our final conclusions as to what should be his position in modern society. To serve the ends for which we have argued, he must first of all have a fixed purpose and a determination to carry it out. That purpose, in the most general sense, must be to oppose the forces which tend to diminish the value of the individual life; to uphold the principles which promote a healthy moral tone; and to render some service to humanity which will positively add to its better side. In the second place, to carry out such a purpose he must be willing to fight, willing to fight his own selfish nature as well as external forces. No man is under obligations to anyone to apologise for his own existence. He must have courage to stand alone. The man who dares to be somebody, and who dares to do something as an individual is the man who exerts a positive influence for right. We need more such men. They are fewer than they ought to be. We need them at bars of justice, we need them in legislative chambers, we need them in the business world, and we need them in the common walks of life. In a land of free and liberty-loving people, we need them most of all at the polls. The citizen of a country which gives him the very freedom which he enjoys is duty bound to live for its welfare and honor. If on election day he allies himself with political despotism instead of principles of freedom, he

casts a vote which drives a nail in the coffin of his country. The responsibility of the individual in modern society cannot be over estimated.

Let him be positive. Let him stand for his own convictions of right, even if he must stand alone. Let him live a clean life with an honest purpose to uplift humanity, to increase happiness, to purify politics, to stamp out evil, and, above all else, to value the individual life at its true worth. The man who lives with such a purpose will himself attain to the highest realms of material happiness and will render to the world the best service that it is possible for a man to give. Nothing can count more for the advancement of civilization than the position of the individual on the side of the truth and right.



## Mother an' Me

BY  
VICTOR HUGO HOPPE

Why stranger, I'm mighty glad you stopped,—  
Wantin' some dinner you say?  
Miles to town an' you might a dropped,  
So hot on the road today;  
Step right 'round to the kitchen door  
We're homely folks you see,  
No one livin' here any more—  
'Ceptin' jes' mother an' me.

Want to be restin' out here in the shade?  
Dinner is dishin' I guess,  
You'll be tastin' the biscuits 'at mother made  
An' chicken—you smell it, yes  
Nothin' like biscuits an' gravy when  
You feel like a holler tree—  
Why, ain't had a visitor, dunno when—  
No one but mother an' me.

Purtiest farm 'at a heart could ask,  
Why yes, we're a keepin' her neat,  
Tell you it warn't no child's task  
To get this 'ere land on its feet;  
Forty year since I started in,  
Ten acres, mortgages three—  
Hard times I grant you it must a been,  
Hard days fer mother an' me.

Look at them hands as gnarled as a root,  
Blackened an' thickened an' tough,  
Look at these pesky old shoulders to boot,  
Years a been usin' me rough;  
Sue when I married her laughin' an' gay,  
Had curls jes' as brown as could be,  
But the locks are gone an' the scant hair is gray—  
Old folks is mother an me.

Little by little the acres grew  
Orchard an' meader an' wood,  
We worked every foot an' we loved it too  
An' we praised the Lord fer His good;  
Then arter while our Alice came,  
Dimpled an' cunnin' an' wee—  
Seemed like the world warn't ever the same,  
But differ'nt fer mother an' me.

O those mornin's in spring with the dawn in the east  
An' the smile of peace o'er the hills,  
With the lark all awhir an' the leaves all astir  
An the sound of the tricklin' rills.  
O those evenin's in spring when the twilight an' moon  
Mingle soft as an angel's plea  
An' our hearts were so young an' our lives in tune—  
All mem'ries fer mother an' me.

Fer Alice she growed jes' as little gals will,  
Pinafores turned into frocks,  
Fillin' the day with her childish trill,  
Saucily shakin' her locks;  
Growed up one day an' went off to school  
'Way over a far lyin' sea—  
With a voice like she's got to stay hum would be cruel,  
'Cordin' to mother an' me.

Reckon she'll ever come back to the farm?  
Mebbe, to visit a spell;  
But the folks she's a-meetin' have larnin' an' charm,  
She's fine eddicated as well;  
Seems tho as if it jes' couldn't be true  
Never to set on my knee  
Nestlin' so lovin'—but yesterday, too,  
Prattlin' to mother an' me.

O those days all adrift in their purplin' cheer  
An' the corn in its rustlin' sheaf,  
O the fall of the year when our Alice war here  
An' the dance of the frolicin' leaf;  
The wine of the ortum astir in the blood  
An' the future's all boundless an' free—  
But gone is the hour of an incomin' flood,  
It's ebb tide fer mother an' me.

# The Philosophy of Death

BY

G. W. P.

**D**EATH is a crisis which no one can evade. It may be regarded as the greatest of all the problems that confront the world of living creatures, and the fear of its advent has profoundly affected the behavior of man and beast alike. At every threshold the shadowy spectre stands converting sunshine into sepulchral gloom and the thrilling melodies of life into funeral dirges. With all the advanced culture of our age, must we still maintain our primeval, instinctive conception of death? May we not rather learn to die intelligently? The purpose of this paper is to suggest a more rational aspect in which to regard the subject, and to show in fact the popular idea of death is a misconception.

Life may, in some respects, be compared to the intangible electric current. Scattered throughout the area of the city we may find a myriad electric lamps—myriad not only in number but in size, shape and color. Evening comes; the electric current is turned on, and suddenly each sombre globe flashes with light. The current may be expressed in a thousand different ways, varying from the glimmer of the tiny incandescent to the blinding blaze of the arc light—different expressions but the same current. Sever those lamps from contact with the current. Immediately they cease to be lights and may be reckoned as so much gross wire, carbon, glass, etc.

Here is something analogous to the conditions that exist between life and matter. Life is the intangible, unseen potency. Matter is the medium through which that potency expresses itself. And how multiform are these expressions! The flowers exude the incense of their perfume to the winds; the orchard yearly yields its mellow fruit; the bee laboriously plies its unending task; the feathered hosts go cycling through the nicities of bird-life activities; forest and ocean and ether are crammed with millions of forms, visible and invisible; and among these hosts that constitute the pulsing world of life, and giving the grandest expression to this immortal potency is man. As in the case of the electric current we have a myriad modified expressions, but the same potency. Sever contact with the vital element and we have no longer plants, nor animals, nor men, but only so many gross physical and chemical constituents.

But the alalogy does not hold throughout. To be perfect, our electrical system must be capable of "progressiveness by means of resident forces." If the carbons and the fuses were capable of self repair; if the incandescent light at some moment of particularly high voltage could project a light of greater intensity; if the direction thus given could continue until the dazzling arc-light was evolved; if this in turn under stress of momentum could hurl forth the powerful blaze of the searchlight—if all this could be done, if the progressive trend could be continued throughout the series, and still the primitive and intermediate forms remain established and typical—then our analogy should be more perfect. For these two elements are characteristic of life: First, life is persistent. It does not spring into being at the physical birth of the individual. It is a patrimonial inheritance reaching back through centuries and milleniums and millions of years—yes, reaching back perchance into the eternities, for who can say but that life is the immortal essence? Second, life is progressive. Evolution is a universal law, and the organic world trends upward.

From the primitive, undifferentiated cell of protoplasm the spiral of life rises upward, ever upward, and at the apex is man.

Now, the transmission of life is through the medium of heredity; and heredity operates through the medium of germ plasm. We know that all organic bodies are composed of two kinds of material; vis, body plasm and germ plasm. Body plasm is local and shortlived. It is the product of the clod, and its destiny is the clod. Germ plasm is the physical vehicle for the transmission of life. It is immortal. The age of Methuselah need not astonish us, for every individual on earth is older. He is physically connected by the links of this organic chain to the very pristine germs of life. Nor is the grave its goal. Its sphere is life—not death. Perfection not disintegration is its finality. Let the last rose of summer shed its belated petals on the cheerless sod; next June will bring new roses. Let the wounded skylark flutter away beneath the clover to hide itself and die; next year new skylarks will carol the melodies of spring. Let generations of humanity be bourne away and placed in eternal quiescence beneath the silent marble; youths and maidens of the coming years will deck their sod with flowers, and whisper the loves and hopes of life where once did hang the gloomy pall of death.

What we call death, therefore, is simply the working out of the metamorphic principle in the organic world. Life, not death, is the supreme element. Suppose we designate the first human being as Adam. Can we, in the more comprehensive sense, speak of him as dead? Not so; he has literally multiplied into what we call Humanity. Leaving the gates of Eden he has trodden the path of the ages, and is standing now at the threshold of the twentieth century. Our conception of death is erroneous because our conception of the individual is too limited. Humanity and not the isolated unit is the individual. The single cell in my body bears the same relation to me that I as a unit bear to the larger self, Humanity. Practically speaking, there is not a cell in my body today that was there twelve years ago. But am I dead? There is not a unit in the great Human Organism today that was there twelve decades ago. But has death occurred? Never! There has been only the same metamorphosis on a grander scale, and as the shifting shadow on the dial plate of time marks the progress of the centuries humanity keeps on growing, and trending upward through rising series of generations, ever comprehending, ever expressing more and more, the larger and more perfect life.

Death may then be regarded as a necessary process of life. In the clover bloom each worker in a colony of bees crawls from the hive and dies at the age of six weeks. Awful prodigality of life, it would seem but not so, for the workers' greatest efficiency has been passed. Did they remain, the hive would become congested with effete workers, and the larger existence would be impossible. And may not this principle apply even to the human sphere? Life cannot be more nobly expressed than in terms of service. Indeed, what is life? I give you this as my definition of life: Life is the ability to exert a potency upon the Human Whole. When the unit cell in my body ceases to exert its potency that cell is dead. In like manner, what normal man cares to outlive his usefulness? Think of the possible results if multiplied generations of men, effete with age, should drag themselves through cen-



turies. No, the natural course is to remove the imperfect body of the father. But he is not dead: his rejuvenated self finds expression still through the medium of his offspring. And thus, in a perfectly literal sense, he remains intensely alive.

Further, death alone makes possible progressiveness in human life. Does not the most cursory knowledge of history tell us that the human race is a growing organism of which the individual is but a miniature? Yet the individual can never attain development unless death keeps on operating within his body, old cells constantly giving way to new cells. And is the case any different with the greater Human Organism? Men do not retain their plasticity forever, but as the clay once pliant hardens finally into a definite, rigid shape, so every human life assumes gradually a state of fixity, and in time it would be quite impossible to effect a readjustment. Suppose death had ceased to operate in the time of Moses; then, obviously humanity would immediately have stultified, and modern civilization would have been impossible. The fact is that even the very old men extant with us are but sorry incarnations of a bygone age. No: Nature's plan is different. The goal of one generation is the starting point of another. The mortal and vital processes in the larger self move on in unbroken rhythm. Rigid senescence gives place always to pliable adolescence. Thus there is uninterrupted growth, and human life with every cycling century becomes a nobler and a diviner thing.

Unity, Continuity, Progressiveness—upon the basis of these great facts let us formulate our dogmas of life. Unity, Continuity, Progressiveness—then there is purposefulness in life. Then the terrible struggle for existence does not have its final interpretation in Tennyson's bloody "tooth" and "claw" and

Dragons of the prime,

That tare each other in their slime."

The awful spectacle is softened somewhat. The blood of countless victims becomes, after all, the holy blood of sacrifice; for has not the unit perished in order to the perfection of the larger self? Unity, Continuity, Progressiveness—then human brotherhood and service and altruism are terms that wear a new meaning. Then death itself becomes a less formidable crisis. Then the failing mortal need not join in Job's doleful complaint, "I have said to corruption thou art my father; and to the worm thou art my mother and my sister," but rather emphasize with a more optimistic patriarch "I shall not die but live." Yes, live! for though no child-life spring from him to perpetuate his own, and like some withered bud he falls again to the primeval sod, yet that of which he is an integral part—the Tree of Life—keeps on casting its branches skyward.

Until the last mortal shall have breathed his last breath and this beautiful orb that has borne our race onward through the vistas of time shall have relapsed into primeval chaos; when heaven no more shall breathe the matin of dawn. "Let there be Light", or cheer the vesper hour with softer lights whose filtered rays steel peacefully within the holy shrine of eventide; until the final wreck has come, and this shattered earth like some blackened hull shall drift about the ocean of space, Life not Death shall prevail, and what we call death shall continue simply a metamorphosis incidental to the achievement of the highest life.

Though the day be thick with shadows,  
And no friendly beam of light  
Struggles through the murky blackness,  
To illumine thy darkened sight,  
Woo a promise from tomorrow,  
Hope beyond the falling rain,  
For each lowering cloud will lighten—  
Sunny days will come again.

## Tomorrow

BY G. W. P.

Do the toils of life roll onward,  
And like boulders block thy way?  
Are thy prospects all beclouded,  
Does there come no hopeful ray?  
Rise in strength, nor be despondent,  
Though thy fortune seems to wane,  
There is promise in the future —  
Happy days will come again.

When we haste to pluck the rosebud,  
But the thorn doth pierce our hand,  
Hasten panting to the mirage,  
Nought to find but glowing sand:  
When our aim in life deludes us,  
When our star of hope has fled,  
Shall we then of life grow weary,  
Long to rest among the dead?  
Never: this be still our solace  
'Mid the sorrow and the pain:  
Evil cannot last forever —  
Happy days will come again.

**Fragments  
Served in  
Wicker Baskets**

BY THE EDITOR

**H**E of homiletic or philosophic turn may often pick up potential germs of thought in the precincts of the classroom. Miss Barker in her History of Architecture was the other day speaking about the different kinds of furniture, and the methods of their ornamentation. She emphasized that ornamentation worthy of the name must be inherent. She pointed out the superficiality of the pretty things pasted on. Just then I forgot that a "o" was waiting to engulf me. I thought of life.

As from realms of crudity — from gross utilitarianism — architecture has aspired to grandeur; as the grotto, hut, or tumulus has at length found nobility of expression in lofty column, arch and dome, so also from the sphere of savagery and animal struggle man aspires to the beautiful, the æsthetic, the ideal. The hovel and the gothic cathedral may suggest some analogy between the savage and the cultured man.

Now, in man, as in buildings and furniture, there are two kinds of beauty — the inherent and the superficial. Physically, socially, religiously, we observe these elements.

In Physical Life: Not much comment is needed here. To look well is a natural and wholesome desire. Are not the various adornments of the human form expressions of the search after the ideal? The savage besmears his body with paint, cuts holes into his cheek and "beautifies" his visage with scars; encircles his limbs with metal bands, bores holes into his nose and ears for the reception of rings and what not. Indeed, from the time when Eve and her husband spliced their vernal garments æsthetics corporeal have engaged a large share of human thought. To-day even among civilized peoples are not some of our gross abuses in dress due to a primitive and false idea of beauty? Why does the enlightened woman deform and devitalize herself to conform to a Parisian model? Is it not the relic of the barbaric ideal? But what is beauty? The scarred visage of the African? The bandaged foot of the Chinese? The amplifications of forms and fashions? No; beauty if it be anything, must be inherent. The human form in its normal, symmetrical development gives the most perfect example of loveliness. If artistic perfection was characteristic of Grecian architecture it was also characteristic of the Grecian form. We to-day refer to the Greek Parthenon as the model of inherent architectural beauty; may not the Greek Venus serve also as a model for the human form of our modern age? The fact confronts us that if one-half the attention given to the decoration of the body were given to the body itself, not only should human happiness be argued, but the highest type of beauty should be achieved—a loveliness such as comes only with the bloom and vigor of health.

Now, as to Social Life: Here again we observe expressions of the æsthetic element. Life has enough of the sombre, the unpleasant, the tragic, and in human society the effort is to present only the auspicious and the pleasing. When the great poet compared life to a stage he struck upon a happy similitude. Over the crude, preparatory, laborious the curtain is mercifully drawn, while we step out upon the social stage, nerved to our best, and give the world



## The Realm of Laws

results. We play a part. Whether that part is an actual presentation of our very selves, or whether we simply conform to a role, we play a part.

Hence we have our forms of etiquette, and what not. Every country, every age has had its social codes and customs. And what conditions! How often has that splendid thing called Life been degraded to a farce! The history of social methods "implores the passing tribute of a sigh." Even to-day, is not the popular social ornamentation simply a matter of gloss and tinsel? Are not the pretty things simply pasted on? Take some of our socially distinguished; pick off the appendages, and what have we left? The call of the day is for inherent beauty. Etiquette should begin with soul culture. It should not be derived from externalities, but rather be the spontaneous expression of innate refinement. I believe it entirely possible, and regard it as the ideal state that the personal self and the social self should come together and coincide, and form one grand, indivisible personality. Give us simplicity, reality, integrity. O for a social Phidias! O for the principle of the Parthenon in modern life!

Now, as to the Religious Life: How the world's religious ideals have expressed themselves. Every coherent religious system has had its ritualism. The sekos, the naos, the shrine have conserved and localized the element of divinity among men. Taking our own Christianity, observe how the spiritually beautiful has been sought. Religious ornamentation has too long been regarded as a thing of paint and varnish. The eucharist, the cloister, the cowl, the ritual, baptism in prescribed form, and all the other humdrum of creed and dogma have been thought inseparably associated with spiritual perfection. But we are coming to a different conception; for beauty in religion as in art must be inherent. The saint is he who toils with integrity in the busy marts of life. Holiness consists not in monastic stagnation, but in the living out of this strenuous life on the higher plane of personal purity and social service. Christianity is not a cowl, or a creed. It is Christlikeness of character. Here again the call is for simplicity, reality, integrity—a religion whose beauty is fraught into the very fabric of one's being. A Parthenon. A creed that lives. A theology incarnate—men—women.

But I don't know whether Miss Barker thought of these farfetched matters when she spoke about furniture.

\* \* \* \*

Men in the dormitories, did you ever consider the changed conditions that exist at the foot of the hill? You who breathe the atmosphere of freedom, did you ever imagine an existence circumscribed by inflexible rules?

For years previously the Spring Vacation has seen a relaxing of the rigid discipline of Shepardson. The students that spend the holidays in Granville have known the charm of the woodland ramble, and the romance of a hundred innocent "stunts" which no one but the overwrought student can fully appreciate. This Springtime, alas! a germ—evil or good, we say not—germinated in somebody's brain and the Vacation Regulations blossomed forth. Read them (fac-simile of the rules).

## Vacation Regulations

All rules for Term time are operative during the Spring vacation with the following exceptions:-

No student government regulations - hence upper class-men register at the office on going to Newark.

No rule regarding "lights out" providing the halls are quiet in the evening.

All walking parties must be chaperoned. This includes visits to the Sugar Camp.

The halls may be opened to young men callers every afternoon from 2 to 5 and every evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, Sun. excepted.

There may be attendance upon the evening sessions of the Convention, and Sunday night services with escorts by reporting same to the office.

Permissions may be obtained on the day they are used, but calls for a chaperon should be given the day before.

Attendance at the Sunday morning service will be optional.

Office Hours--forenoon--8 to 8:30.

Office Hours--afternoon--1 to 1:15.

For some beneficent reason Nature has endowed womankind with a sense of the decorous finer than that in man. The normal woman is keenly sensitive to anything approaching impropriety; and this finer sensibility is her strongest safeguard. It does not need a physicist to calculate ethereal vibrations and inform the musician of a discord. It does not need the prospect of a prison--or any threat of punishment--to let womanhood assert itself.

We say woman is more nicely strung than men. Yet what of the men's dormitories? With the exception of "Robert's Rules of Order"--a system that has to do rather with furniture and feather pillows than with morals--the men are bound by no rules. According to the Shepardson hypothesis every man here ought to be a villain or approaching the same as a finality. Yet, strange to say, no cleaner, purer type of fellows can be found. Do they need printed or type-written codes to keep them straight? No: Manhood is at once its own law and its own protector. What then; are the women so far inferior in morals and intellect that they can be restrained only with bars of brass?

We make no protest. Our sisters are as happy as caged canary birds. We only wonder.

# The Problem of the "Prof"

A fellow classman declared the other day: "I have my groundwork: henceforth I look not for the study but for the man." Justin Nixon, the brilliant D. U. '05er, remarked at Christmas time that in his opinion the most profitable period of study was that spent in contact with a cultured, sympathetic soul. Instructor Stickney told it in the bathroom one morning that his best work in the study of Comparative Psychology was done as he and Dr. Herrick rambled the fields and talked.

The professor is a problem. To think that the man who received the highest honors in the scholastic world is the best prepared to teach is from the undergraduate's standpoint, a splendid fallacy. The ability to inspire a man is vastly more important than the ability to cram stuff into him. Once let an instructor engender a spirit of hostility or even apathy in his students and he has lost his opportunity. Education is a thing that must largely be self-acquired. We look to the professor's chair for impetus, inspiration, enthusiasm; and if we fail to find these elements incarnated there, then for pity's sake put a phonograph with educated records in the gentleman's place!

Many of us are leaving Old Denison different men and women from the creatures who entered some years ago. Long after the text-books have passed into the anatomy of moth and bookworm the presence of a personality will abide. We know the men and women who have *educated* us—led us out. We love them. We think of them and say "God bless you! You have helped me find my powers, my possibilities, my life!"

The professor who simply sits in his chair and picks holes in the best efforts his pupils can make, who wields the examination over their heads, much after the manner of Roosevelt and the "big stick" in the cartoon, who tries to find out how much the student doesn't know and grades him accordingly, who keeps open telephonic communication with the office of the Delinquent Committee—such an individual had better go West for his health. He is a drag and a hindrance to a college.

Dr. Herrick used to consider the hour of final examination an hour wasted if the student didn't leave the room with a better grip of his subject than when he entered. His examinations were planned with a view to assisting the student to correlate what he did know. The most profitable period of study in Dr. Herrick's work was frequently the period of the final test.

Such a method is more or less characteristic of the Denison professor. Let us have more of the "more" and less of the "less."

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"\$. . . . . will be due on this account on or before March 18th, '08. If not paid, a fine of 50c will be added to it on the following day, 75c the second day, increasing each week thereafter by 25c. Please give this matter your attention. I hereby subscribe to the above on duplicate slip.

(E. E. Hopkins.)

. . . . ."

Hopkins-Shylock

"This kindness will I show:  
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
 If you repay me not on such a day,  
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
 Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit  
 Be nominated for an equal pound  
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
 In what part of your body it pleaseth me."  
 (Shylock.)

\* \* \* \*

**W**HAT more fitting than that from its very center light should radiate?  
 What is the unspoken motto? "Lux fiat." Let there be light.

The Hebrew poet with a few master strokes sketches a picture.  
 Darkness. No stars bejewel the encircling dome, but blackness like a  
 pall enshrouding stretches itself across the lapses of space. And blackness thickening  
 into fogs hover mid air like demon pinions; and blackness condensing into tarry  
 oceans rolls in crestless billows round a Godless world. "And darkness was upon  
 the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."  
 Then suddenly a Voice—and Silence vibrates the primal echo. "Let there be light!"  
 And from the Great Mysterious, the flashing beam unsheathed cuts like a blade the  
 infernal curtain and bursting through the widening rift the shekinah illumines for  
 angelic visions the opening panorama of life. "And God said, Let there be light—  
 and there was light!"

Day and night, seen and unseen, patent and obscure—twin characteristics of  
 human life. Part of the way we advance by deductions and syllogisms then we use  
 the interrogation point. Half of our creed is dogmatic and the other half agnostic.

Yet man must master the mysterious. His intellect must wring the secrets out  
 of the unknown. His will must triumph over fate. His spirit must compel the  
 fortuitous into the realm of law. Human life must be elucidated; man must solve  
 for himself the problem of his destiny. Ignorance is the putrid soil in which the  
 deadly Upas grows. Ignorance is the atmosphere of the demoniacal. Ignorance is  
 blackness—let there be light.

Is it too much to say that ignorance is the sin of sins? Look at the horrors of  
 the heathen world today! See the Indian devotee holding both arms to heaven,  
 until robbed of power of movement they remain above him, fixed, rigid, bony stumps.  
 Ignorance. Or the African with unmentionable cruelty consigning dead and living  
 to a common mould. Ignorance. The barbarities of the mediaeval ages—the  
 Inquisition. Ignorance. The dark spots upon our own generation—the sin, the  
 poverty, the suffering. Ignorance—above all, perhaps, a miscomprehension of the  
 supreme fact—God.

Think of what night must mean for the savage. Think of the solemn stillness  
 broken by the weird canticles of the wood. Think of the sombre and gloominess of

## The Denison Seal



the forest or the still more alarming shadows cast by the shimmering moon. Death may lurk in every shadow, and darkness be but the shroud of danger. And so the savage invests the night with all that is spectral and portentous. He observes pale faces moving about in the moonlight; ghost forms tracking his steps hither and thither; burning eyes staring upon him through every crack and crevice of his hut; and finds the spectral even in his dreams. Night—mystery! portent!

Some evenings ago I boarded the east bound train at Urbana and in a few minutes we were covering the many miles that connect that city with the state capital. The night hung heavy around us. But as we cleft the darkness we could observe more and more clearly a broadening streak of gray upon the eastern sky. Was it dawn? Yes, indeed; a dawn which man had wrought for himself. Here was the city of Columbus, and here from ten thousand blazing arcs electric energy held back the invading darkness. I could observe in those illuminations a history as well as an analogy of man's struggle with the night.

The evolution of light—think of it. See the West Indian slave collecting fireflies to mitigate the gloom of his hovel; or watch the fitful glare of the Zoroastrian's fire; observe all the flicker and flare of savage torch and flambeaux; see the holy tapers glowing in cloister, shrine and vault; trace the evolution of the species of luminaries up to the searchlight that rolls its floods of flame in billows on the sky. Man fighting the night!

And so man must master the mysterious. If he does'nt who is going to do it for him? Night is the established condition, and only persistent endeavor can beat back the billows of blackness. As in ancient Greece, there have been periods of greater illumination; as in later barbaric Rome, there have been times when the all encircling dark has swept in to quench each struggling flicker. But the dark is receding. Civilization marks the triumph of the light.

Less of blind faith; more of reason. Less of superstition; more of rational godliness. Less of the supernatural; more of the natural. Less of tradition; more of truth. Less of creed; more of the Christ. "I am the light." "I am the truth." Error is blackness—Let there be light!

So here we are with this indivisible something—this eternal entity—Life. Here we are groping after the Infinite Intelligence. "God is light and in him is no darkness at all." The more nearly the human reason approaches the Infinite Mind, the more lucid becomes life. The more fully we incarnate the truth—*be* it, *live* it—the more nearly like God we become.

Denison we love thee! May the fires never smolder on thy holy crest, but may we, like the friends of Caesar, kindle our faggots in thy sacred flame and bear them broadcast to enkindle new illuminations on this darkened world!

\* \* \* \*

"To be a man is a bigger thing than to be a scientist." These words are printed on the Dedicatory page and are quoted from Dr. Herrick's speech delivered in the college chapel during the week of prayer two years ago. Any attempt to descant upon them must in the end be bathos. Dr. Herrick's speech follows. It was published in the Denisonian soon after the chapel exercises. We consider nothing in this book more worthy of permanent form.

**R**ELIGION, as I look at it, is not a theology; it is a life. It cannot be judged by any creed or formal confession of faith, and yet, just as we find that physiological life may be strengthened and improved by an attentive study of its basis (biology), so possibly the religious life may be helped by an analysis of its basis.

First, the question can fairly be asked of me, as a man of science, Do you find religion necessary to your own full development as a man? To this I answer without qualification, in the affirmative. The question then immediately follows, What kind of a religion?

No general answer can be given to that question. Religion to be of any value as religion must be personal; i. e., it must be adapted to meet the individual needs of each one. And since no two persons are alike in mental and moral fiber and environment, no two persons can have identically the same religious life — provided it is genuine and efficient. I cannot therefore lay down a religious creed for any one else to subscribe to. But I am ready very cheerfully to outline my own confession of faith at any time. Some elements of it may be useful to someone else. My creed can be expressed in three propositions which I shall have time now to state with only the briefest commentary.

1. *I Believe in Myself.* My religion must be personal, and it must adjust in an effective way, to my past, my present and my probable future life. As a biologist I recognize that my past is linked with the whole of organic and inorganic nature. I am the heir to all the ages in a perfectly literal sense, and my religious life, like my physiological life, must strike its roots deep down into nature and nature's God. In a word, religion for me cannot be an unnatural thing. It may be super-natural, but only in the sense that its laws transcend the known laws of nature, not that they transgress these laws. The laws of the higher life do not destroy, but fulfill, those of the lower life.

An irrational religion is impossible. Something must be wrong with such a religion or such an intellect or both. Religion is something more than sentiment and gush.

Nor, on the other hand, is pure reason of itself religion, or even a possible basis for religion. Deep as is my devotion to science, I have no sympathy with the so-called religion of science. Science is not all of life, and *to be a man is a bigger thing than to be a scientist.*

As the God of nature must be imminent in all nature, else he is no God, so my religion must permeate my whole life to be of any value to me. And the higher life of sentiment, of sympathy, of faith — that which separates us from the brute creation — must receive the largest possible culture, along with the development of the intellectual life, if I myself — the whole man — am ever to attain to true culture.

I place, therefore, as my first article of faith, "I believe in myself" — my whole self — and I look to religion for the keystone of the arch of self culture, which alone can give it either symmetry or stability under the stress of life.

## "Religion"

(DR. C. J. HER-  
RICK'S CHAPEL  
TALK OF TWO  
YEARS AGO)

2. *I believe in God.* This, of course, is the cardinal point on which both of the other articles depend, and I shall not undertake here any defense of it. I merely remark in passing that to have faith in God as our Father it is not necessary that we understand his nature completely. Such a demand is not impossible; it is absurd. If we with our limitations could understand all about God, he would necessarily be as limited as we are and not the Infinite. Of what possible use to us is such a God? We know plenty of people who worship such gods, whose god is their belly, their reason, their ambition, their purse. Do we wish to imitate them?

But, while much of the nature of God is unknown to us and he is shrouded in mystery, he is not himself unknowable. And we insist that what we do know of him shall be consistent with the rest of our knowledge. Our conception of God, though necessarily very incomplete, is not irrational.

3. *I believe in Jesus Christ and His church.* I believe in Jesus Christ as an historical person of whose career on earth we have reliable records. I believe in His work and spirit as the most potent agents for the uplifting of humanity that this world has ever seen. Other great spirits among men—Buddha, Confucius, Mahommed, Socrates, Luther—these all pale into insignificance when judged by this standard in comparison with Jesus Christ.

It is not necessary in defense of this thesis to construct any elaborate theology regarding Christ or his mission. We frankly recognize that on these points there is honest difference of opinion among those most competent to judge. Conclusions in this field must be based on documents which (whatever their origin) have been transmitted to us through the hands of fallible men, and it is quite possible to leave the discussion of such matters to those whose special province it is without detracting in the slightest degree from our appreciation of Christ as the most perfect exponent of the character of God and of his relation to man whom the world has produced. The Christology in the theological sense is a very important theme; but belief in Christ as I conceive it is not necessarily dependent upon any theological dogma, any tradition, any document. It is a belief in a life, which is more virile, more vital and vitalizing to-day in our midst than it has ever been before. Jesus Christ needs no other credential or vindication than what his spirit is doing to-day incarnate in men and women throughout the world to draw out the highest and best expressions of that divine life which has been implanted in each of us.

The test for us to use in deciding whether we can believe in Christ are not matters of creed or of theology. The living issues are such questions as whether Christianity is able to make better men and women in daily life, to check self-indulgence, to save the fallen, to protect the family, to promote temperance, peace and active co-operation in philanthropy and spiritual culture.

I believe in the Christian church because it stands as the invisible exponent of all of these things, and despite the mistakes and crimes beyond number which have been perpetrated in the name of the church, the Christian church

has been and still is the agency which plays the leading role in the progressive advancement of the human race.

I believe in the Christian church. You ask, Which Church? Why, simple! there is but one! Any organization which is actively, effectively, vitally working out into human conduct the spirit of Jesus Christ is a Christian church.

If this life is a genuine, personal thing with us, its manifestation, as we saw at the beginning, will not be the same in any two persons. I tell you frankly, I do not believe there is a church organization in existence to-day whose creed, if fully expressed, I could without qualification or reserve subscribe to. Shall I then isolate myself from all other believers? Nothing could be further from the spirit of the age. No, I find that body whose sectarian peculiarities are nearest like my own and without sacrificing one of my own principles endeavor to combine with them on the more essential points wherein we agree for the sake of more effective organized power in fighting the forces of evil in the world. And I commend to the careful consideration of any man or woman with a lofty purpose in life the question, whether he can afford to dispense with the advantages of church fellowship and organization either for his own sake or for that of the community in which he lives.



# Pike Fishing in Northern Michigan

BY W. H. JOHNSON

"Do your scales weigh truthfully?" "No, they were not made to weigh truth; they weigh fish fully."—*Anonymous*.

**A**N angler with a few fine bass in the bottom of his boat will turn up his nose at the mention of pike, and no one who has ever played a two pound small-mouthed bass, at the end of suitably delicate tackle, will blame him. But under the stimulus of Dr. Henshall's radiant enthusiasm bass angling has become so popular as to endanger its own existence. If for no other reason than to give the bass a rest, then, one might well devote a portion of the summer's irreducible minimum of angling to the pike.

But there is something to be said for the pike on his own account. We mean, of course, *Esox Lucius*, the "great northern pike," and none of his poor relations such as *E. Vermiculatus*, *E. Reticulatus* or *E. Americanus*, all of whom fall much farther below him than he ranks beneath *E. Nobilior*, the one undeniable aristocrat of the entire genus, known under various spellings and varieties of pronunciation as the mascallonge, muskellunge, etc. In the gaunt elongation of his infancy one cannot deny something of that reptilian look which leads his traducers to call him a snake; but give those ravenous jaws time to put fifteen pounds weight along that backbone, and take him from fairly clear and cold water, and you really have a very fine looking fish, to anyone not offended by his huge mouth and the wicked gleam of his eyes. Bring him to the table, and it is merely a question of where he was caught and who did the cooking. If from warm, shallow water, with muddy bottom, you had better ask for cold "mutton" instead, unless your ethics of sportsmanship forbids you to take the rather strong chances that the so-called mutton was carved from a deer, clandestinely shot out of season in the cedar swamps across the lake. Take your pike from better water, however, where the reeds about which he feeds are on the edges of deep holes, on the cool bottom of which a fair portion of his time is spent, and if he does not make a palatable dinner it will be because the cook does not know how to bake him, and to concoct the proper sauce with which to serve him. To fry him is to spoil him, with one exception. When out for the day, with frying pan in the bottom of your boat, you may accidentally hook a little fellow of not more than two pounds in weight. Ordinarily you would throw him back to grow up, but it is about lunch time, and the chances are that you must go ashore without the bass on which you had calculated. Take your baby pike ashore immediately, and kindle up your fire while the guide is dressing it, strictly enjoining him not to remove the skin, as he would of course have to do if it were older, or longer out of water. Throw a slice of bacon from your lunch basket into the pan, and when the fat is sputtering nicely all over the bottom put in your pike, split down the backbone and cut crosswise into half a dozen pieces. Fry it well done, with a nice brown all over the surface, and as you take it from the pan hold each piece on the fork until the excess of hot fat drips away. If you do not like it, head your guide for home; either something has gone wrong in your stomach or you were not made for lunching in the woods.

But "catch your hare before you cook it." If you have ever handled a rod and reel you will of course loathe the hand trolling line which the guide has put into the

boat, on the apparent supposition that you are either a novice or lazy. Any woman may use a hand line if she chooses, *legibus soluta*, but no man who "wants to be an angler, and with the anglers stand." To bring your pike up to the boat hand over hand on a dead pull, with a line heavy enough to tow your boat, and then "yank" him in over the side before he regains sufficient possession of his surprised faculties to execute even one strategic effort for freedom is for a man, who can stand up in his boat and handle a reel, more nearly allied to the butchery of market fishing than to the sport of angling. If it is merely to handle fish, go down on Atlantic Avenue, in Boston, and load haddock into a horse-cart with a pitchfork!

But here is Mike with the lunch basket, and we must be off. It is two miles over to Black Point, and you make a few casts on the middle bar, for one of those fine bass that Mike says are occasionally picked up *in transitu*, but in vain. "It's a little too still this morning," Mike tells you. Certainly. Otherwise it would be a little too windy. Who ever saw the guide at a loss for a reason why the fish do not strike at any given time and place?

But we are nearing the extremity of the outer reef, off Black Point, and I pick up the shorter of my two steel rods and adjust a large and brightly burnished spoon. The finest sport in playing a possible capture would call for the longer and more pliable rod; but a weak shoulder calls for the shorter, which will deliver the heavy spoon at the proper distance with much less muscular effort.

Mike pulls slowly along, about a dozen yards from the weeds which line the edge of the reef. I rise to my feet and with a back-handed swing which I find easiest to my own arm, though not perhaps diagrammed in any of the books on casting, I begin dropping the spoon into the margin of the weeds and reeling it rapidly in again. My own experience is that a pike likes best to strike at something which is apparently trying desperately to get away from it. Mike says there are bass here, but I have fished the spot annually for several years and have never seen one yet. Bass are as remote from practical consideration in my mind as tarpon or yellowtail, when suddenly I feel a surge on my tackle, followed by an instantaneous slackening of the line for which I was wholly unprepared, then a flash of a three pound bass in the air, a rattle of the spoon as a violent shake of the head threw it free, and then—silence, except for a few words from Mike not here to be repeated.

A few casts more and a typical pike takes the lure. He has darted at it sideways and as the hook strikes into his jaw and pulls on, he throws his body into a half circle for resistance. I give him a bit of line, which enables him to whirl around and start down the edge of the reef on a mad run, necessitating the loan of a dozen yards more before I can persuade him to turn. When he does turn it is of course into the weeds and right to the bottom. "Mowin' hay," Mike grunts, as bunch after bunch of weeds comes floating to the surface, cut off by the sawing of the strong silk line. At last he gets into a tangle of weeds and sulks. Mike backs the stern of the boat nearly over his lair and a few gentle pulls, taking the line in my hand, start him out again. This time he makes a rush into the deeper water, beyond the weeds, and now we have him out of danger. Round and round he circles, always near the bottom and trying desperately for the weeds now and then,

but I have him far enough away to check him before he can reach them. At length, from the end of a pretty long dash, I reel him straight in, ascending as he comes, till suddenly those wild eyes come into view and catch mine, only a few feet distant. A sudden plunge throws the water into my face, and under the boat he goes, but fortunately I get the tip of the rod down and pass it round the stern in time to save the line from fouling the rough bottom of the boat. In a moment I have him checked and reel him up to the side again. This time he lies motionless at the surface, and a novice would think him utterly exhausted, but there is fight in that eye yet. Mike's first motion with the big landing net brings a wild plunge that would have meant ruin if for a fraction of a second I had kept the pressure of my thumb upon the reel. A third time I bring him near, and then in a way of his own, not described in any of the books, and too forcible and awkward to be defended on any other ground than that he always gets his pike and never upsets the boat, Mike doubled him up with a swoop of that heavy-handled, heavy-rimmed net and laid him floundering at my feet. A ten pound pike loose in the bottom of a boat is something like a tipsy Ohio River "roustabout" at a country dance on a loose board floor.

Black Point gave us nothing more, and the reefs from there to "the neck" were barren. At "the neck" we lunched, taking advantage of some of the resources of a little log cabin, the winter headquarters of Frank Boedne, a guide, trapper and hunter who figures in a way he does not quite relish in one of Mary Hartwell Catherwood's stories, and gets his revenge by continually varying caricatures of her interview with him when she was at his cabin searching for her "local color." After lunch I leave Mike dozing at full length on a moss covered knoll and cross "the neck" to the huckleberry hills just beyond. On the summit of one of these hills, or sand dunes, I lie on the warm moss and eat all the huckleberries and wintergreen berries I feel capable of digesting, merely rolling over two or three times to get within reach of new bushes. To the southeast I can see the Straits of Mackinac, and south and west Lake Michigan broadens to the view, with a few little islands in sight which I cannot name. It was on one of them, perhaps, that Miss — (you know her name) laid the scene of that pretty little story of the nerve-exhausted physician, getting control again of his apparently irrecoverable skill under the stress of the dire necessity of a pretty little French-Canadian girl, whose life seemed doomed to fall a sacrifice to the presentation of a longed-for heir to her young islander husband. The water looks calm in the distance, but the muffled roar that comes up through the sparse second-growth pines, balsams and tamaracks indicates that the waves are beating pretty heavily on the shore of the big lake, three miles away. Shut in by the hills, the little lake behind me is smooth as glass. At Black Point, Deep Hole, and Green Point, a half dozen boats, filled with the transient anglers who have come up from the Island or St. Ignace for the day, like the famous swan of St. Mary's, float double, boat and shadow.

At length I rouse from my reverie at Mike's shrill thumb-whistle signal, for he has promised to do his best to bring me into contact with a mascalonge during the latter part of the afternoon in the basin above "the neck." I had hoped to see a bear from my hilltop, or at any rate one of the deer whose fresh tracks are so numerous in the sand along the shore, but the wild animals have never recognized my



latent power as a nature-faker, and persistently refuse to perform for my benefit. A little porcupine, bunched up on a cedar log, chewing lily pads in so thoroughly conventional a way as to make an admirable witness for Burroughs vs. Long, was the best I could record for that day.

Mike rows me slowly round and round the basin and I cast my brightest spoon right where Mr. A—— hooked his twenty-three pounder, and where Mr. B—— got his thirty pounder, and where the biggest one ever seen in the lake struck at Mr. C——'s spoon and missed, right within twenty feet of the boat; but apparently the Mascallonge family are all dining out today. I am ready to give it up and cross over to Deep Hole, where the pike generally bite well in the evening, but Mike's dogged persistence is good for a half dozen rounds yet, and I let him go, making a cast at a likely spot now and then and letting the spoon trail along some fifty feet behind between times. I am a trifle drowsy, and a sudden heavy surge nearly takes the rod out of my hands, but I recover my grasp and turn in time to see that silvery flash in the air which gives to the mascallonge the indubitable right to be styled a game fish, whatever may be said of the lesser species of the genus *Esox*. The deficiency in strength and activity usually credited to the great northern pike in comparison with its close relative, the mascallonge, is greatly exaggerated from failure to take into account their different modes of fighting. The mascallonge does a great deal of his fighting near the surface, and almost invariably leaps into the air once or oftener before the struggle is over, while the pike fights almost always near the bottom, encumbering the line with weeds whenever they are present, and seriously deadening the effect of his movements to the perception of the angler by the fact that so long an extent of line is sawing heavily through the deep water. The writer once hooked a fifteen pound pike in only three feet of water, and with a bottom practically clear, except the one bunch of lily pads under which he had been hiding. After the first direct run, in which I was obliged to give many yards of line to save my tackle, he rose into the air with all the grace and agility which could be desired, and I doubt very much whether any mascallonge of equal weight could have given any better account of himself in speed, resourcefulness or endurance. Suffice it to say that I never got him to the side of the boat until he was so limp that the guide took him in with one hand by the back of the neck.

But what has become of the mascallonge which was on my line? Well, his leap for freedom was successful, and so there is no more to tell. By this time a heavy line of clouds overcasts the sky in the west, and the boats are gathering in towards Frank's cabin, apprehensive of a shower. And their apprehensions were not disappointed. Oh, how the thunder roared and the wind howled among the hemlocks! And when the wind and thunder would lull temporarily, a steady downfall of heavy rain made the four mile passage across the lake to the hotel equally impossible. Frank's cabin measures not over one hundred feet of floor space, one-fourth of which is covered by his rude bedstead, and the ceiling, or roof, to be accurate, is only seven feet high. Into this small space, besides the four guides, Mike, Frank, Oliver and Johnnie, were packed eleven excursionists, including three women and two little children. When dark came on and there was still no sign of respite, Oliver and Johnnie took the best boat and went across about a mile to the cabin of Charlie Brown, another of Mrs.



Catherwood's characters, for a supply of bread and bacon which they knew to be in his larder. Sitting on Frank's bed or standing around the wall, the air thick with vapor of smoking fat and fish, we ate a supper that tastes good in memory still, and then one of the women who had tact and a college experience at Ann Arbor to draw on started a running fire of college songs and stories, on which delightful performance the curtain was finally rung down only when at full midnight Johnnie came in with the announcement that the wind was down enough for the lake to be safe and the rain was over, with clear sky across the western horizon. None of us would have ordered the storm in advance, but in memory it figures as not the least part of the day's enjoyment after all.

EVERY town has a species of personality, with qualities which often persist throughout its entire history. The seaboard town has its specific characteristics and the inland river town is a variant upon the type, while both differ markedly from the railroad center and the manufacturing town. Political and social tendencies, architectural and topographical types and certain denominational aptitudes will combine in a community to give it what a physician would call its diathesis. In certain towns these distinctive qualities are still more marked than in the average American town. There has come into being for example a distinctive type, the resort town, where perhaps for three months of the summer or winter the community is in the height of activity, its streets thronged with temporary residents, and then the community lapses into the somnolence of a nine months' period of hibernation, or æstivation as the case may be.

One of the most distinctive community types is the college town, although it is a somewhat rare one, for colleges are not often founded in these days in a community where the educational institution is the dominating feature of the town life. The university idea, with its professional and technological schools, has in America come to involve in most cases an undergraduate school, and all of these seek some prominent center of population or are sought by ambitious towns with special financial inducements, just as some new manufacturing plant is sought to be added to the manifold facilities of a city. The distinctive type of the college town must be sought in some community where a college has had a successful career of many decades at least, and where the community was originally established for the sake of the college or where for some reason the community has failed to develop along any other line of growth. In these cases it is found that a flourishing town may be developed around and out of the college life, very much as the old English town developed around the feudal castle. At Ann Arbor, for example, a town of fifteen or twenty thousand people has grown up about the University of Michigan, with its four or five thousand students. There is little or nothing of manufacturing or other business save as it is induced by the presence of the university, with its thousands of students and scores of faculty families bringing probably a million dollars annually into the town. Oberlin on a smaller scale presents another example of a typical college town, founded indeed in this case with a view to the inception of a religious and educational movement of which the college is the most notable result.

Granville is perhaps one of the most typical of American college towns, and it is not difficult for us a century from its inception to see that it was fitted alike by its heredity and its acquired characteristics for the mission it is so nobly fulfilling, yet for all of its first quarter century Granville cherished, and apparently not without reason, hopes of distinction along quite other lines. Indeed the appeal for funds with which to secure the location of the institution at Granville in 1831 was made upon the basis of the following presentation of the resources and outlook of the town from a material point of view: It had a

## Denison and the Future of Granville

BY AUGUSTINE S.  
CARMAN

navigable branch of the canal which then formed the single great artificial thoroughfare in the state. It possessed three flourishing mills, one of them very large for its day, a furnace, a foundry, two saw mills, two woolen factories, extensive quarries of free stone, and it was believed to have extensive deposits of coal near by. Moreover it was situated on the main road from Zanesville to Columbus, with a daily line of mail coaches from the city of Washington to Cincinnati. This measure of attainment in a time when Columbus was but a village of four thousand people and Cincinnati numbered but about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and before a single railroad traversed any part of the state, justified the high hope held by its citizens for the material prominence of Granville. Indeed when, twenty years later, the destiny of Granville had sharply changed, when with the coming of railways, the completion of the great national road through from Wheeling to the West, and the pushing of the canal beyond its temporary terminus at Newark to the Ohio river, it was seen that the once flourishing town was left high and dry upon a shore line from which the tide of material prosperity had permanently receded, the call for its removal became loud and insistent.

The centennial observances of 1905 added in a subtle yet positive way to the influences which constitute Granville an ideal college town. The most obvious effect has been in the stirring of civic pride and the consequent securing of improvements of permanent value. A certain community pride has been aroused such as will hardly be allowed to die out, and already evidences are seen of the carrying out of purposes stirred by the Centennial celebration. But in a less tangible way the Centennial has affected the community and the college life by bringing out into clear consciousness the record of the origins of Granville life, and by revealing how important a place in history the little community bore for its first quarter century, before the college was born. It has shown us, under the influence of the new interest aroused by the centennial commemoration, what are the strands of that earliest influence still to be seen woven into the warp of our Granville life to-day. It has given us in the whirl of our rapid Western life, where commercial valuation furnishes the basing rate for the estimate of so nearly everything, a consciousness that we have in this village treasures which a metropolis might well envy. An old burying-ground with the dead of our earliest wars, a decayed mansion with its wealth of family history, a building converted to some common use but which has as a part of its structure the framework of an early church or school building or of the first bank building or the first Masonic lodge, can be no longer looked upon as incumbrances upon our town life with its ambition for modern improvements, but these relics of a past are reckoned among our assets of highest value. It will mean more to the student as well as to the citizen that his lot is cast in Granville. As Dr. Francis W. Shepardson of the University of Chicago has suggested, the college student may well find the materials for a thesis in American History in a study of the development of Granville from its namesake town in Massachusetts, or of the war record of the heroes lying in its cemeteries,

or of the effect of the various popular movements for temperance, emancipation and the like upon a relatively stable community life like that of Granville.

We have then a community life rich in historic associations, with the high ideals of its New England ancestry still persisting amidst the changes of the century since it was founded. It has remained, amidst the swirling flood of an almost unparalleled development in the great West, like some islet preserving the characteristics of its origin. If this wonderful century of its life, which has witnessed more of a transformation and acceleration of life than any ten centuries before it, has suffered the survival of the early Granville spirit and ideals in so large measure, we may take it for granted that this spirit will have the hardihood to persist throughout any changes that future years may bring.

And what of the University in years to come? It is an accepted fact that an institution of learning once firmly established has a vitality almost indestructible. Denison has passed its first great testing time in evincing its vitality throughout the crises of its first generation and the disrupting influences of the civil war. It proved itself victor in the struggle for a definite and permanent endowment fund, and has added thereto until in endowment and equipments it has accumulated a million and a quarter of dollars. Moreover, half a million of this has come in the first few dozen years of the twentieth century, proving that Denison has an accelerating momentum of progress, such that its development may be expected to proceed on a far larger scale and at a swifter rate than ever in the past. The university has solved its coeducational problem which the fathers found so difficult in a way that combines the advantages of healthful competition in the class room with sufficiently separate social environment. Most significant of all is it that the alarming problem caused by the sudden development in the last decades of the nineteenth century of state universities, a development which promised to relegate all institutions of denominational or private foundation to dissolution or obscurity, has been met and found not so formidable as it at first appeared. When the craze for expansion in numbers and for the inclusion of graduate and professional and technological departments, often of questionable thoroughness and grade, had spent itself, it was found that while there would always henceforth be demand in America for the large university with its inclusive program of preparation for the life work, and while in the instruction provided by the state there would always be most urgent demand for the so-called practical branches of instruction, such for example as engineering in its various forms, medicine, law, dentistry, pharmacy, agriculture and the like, there was still to be a place, perhaps with a more appreciated function than ever before, for the distinctively collegiate type of institution. Denison has already found this marked appreciation of its mission, and with its more than six hundred students, its faculty of forty-five teachers and officers and its sixteen buildings, it is attempting to give the best cultural equipment to the mental faculties and character of the students who come to it. It is not that these ideals of education afford no preparation or an inadequate one for life. On the contrary, so excellent a preparation is it, that the



general fitness and development of personality which it yields, the command of one's powers whereby it renders the mind an instrument of precision which may be applied to any task, and the preparation for successful mingling with the world of active life such as is provided in the social attrition of that most perfect of all democracies, the college, give the man who has had a thorough college course an unequalled training for life. Indeed while his college course fits him to take advantage as no one else can do of a professional or technological course, yet if he cannot have the collegiate and professional course both, it is usually the case that his own efforts will with the college training fit him better for the profession than a course of professional training directed specifically toward that end will do without the self-mastery and development of a proper college course. This of course acknowledges that there are conspicuous instances of failure among men who hold college degrees and of success among those who have had neither college nor professional advantages, but taking the field as a whole and eliminating exceptional cases, what has been asserted of the college will be found to hold good. Great commercial establishments are recognizing it and, abandoning the old-time sneer of the practical man at the college theorist, are seeking college men for their employ. Carefully compiled statistics as to the percentage of successful men in life, reckoned by the verdict of popular suffrage as shown in the rolls of Congress, the Presidency, and the Supreme Bench, or computed in the lists of notable names found in the encyclopedias, show that a college education tends to increase the chance of efficiency of its graduates three-fold, ten-fold, and in some classes of professional life, fifty-fold.

And thus in a multitude of ways the town, expanding somewhat in its valley and along its hilltops, adding new conveniences and beauties as the years go by, will reflect the prosperity and influence of the noble institution which is, so to speak, the soul of the town. The interests of town and college will be seen to be coincident. The name Granville wherever spoken will to the hearer connote Denison, with all the composite influences which enter into its splendid and ever-enlarging life.



A PROANTITRANSSUBSTANTIATIONISTICAL  
POETICAL EXEGESIS

Recently Delivered Before One of the College Literary Societies.

Edward Lear, an English poet of great genius and intellect, belongs to the same class of writers as Lewis Carroll, W. S. Gilbert and Gelett Burgess. Lear was an artist-draughtsman, his subjects being mainly ornithological and zoological. Alfred Tennyson was one of his warmest friends and admirers.

"The Pobble" is a fair example of Lear's most characteristic work. It is not familiar to the average American reader because of its abstruseness. Indubitably it is one of the most occult poems ever indited. Yet after delving into its transcendental and recondite profundities one is copiously remunerated by the affluence of grace and erudition which emanates therefrom. The aforesaid metrical composition is scrupulously didactical in design, but nevertheless there are interspersed throughout innumerable scintillating gems of comeliness and in the aggregate it is a surpassingly calamitous and disconsolate bit of poesy.

**The  
Pobble**

EDWARD LEAR

The Pobble who has no toes  
Had once as many as we;  
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all";  
He replied, "Fish fiddle de-dee!"  
And his Aunt Jobisca made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink;  
For she said, "The World in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes."

The Pobble who has no toes  
Swam across the Bristol Channel;  
But before he set out he wrapped his nose  
In a piece of scarlet flannel.  
For his Aunt Jobisca said, "No harm  
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;  
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes  
Are safe — provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,  
And when boats or ships came near him,  
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell  
So that all the world could hear him.  
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried  
When they saw him nearing the farther side,  
"He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobisca's  
Runcible cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore—  
The shore of the Bristol Channel,  
A Sea-green Porpoise carried away  
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.  
And when he came to observe his feet,  
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,  
His face at once became forlorn  
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,  
From that dark day to the present,  
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,  
In a manner so far from pleasant.  
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,  
Or crafty mermaids stole them away,  
Nobody knew; and nobody knows  
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes  
Was placed in a friendly Bark,  
And they rowed him back and carried him up  
To his Aunt Jobisca's Park.  
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish,  
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;  
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,  
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

Let us now make essay to unravel this lugubrious poetical selection and to elucidate its all but unfathomable intricacies. The Pobble, as you are all aware, is an exceptionally noteworthy creature, perhaps from a biological standpoint, the most extraordinary of all sentient beings. In spite of the gruesome fact that his pedal extremities are not emblazoned with terminal members he is remarkably debonair. I deplore highly that I can refer you to no animated specimen of this engaging genus. Yet after all this distressing fact in itself gives rise to one of those beautiful lessons which impart to the poem its excellence from a preceptive standpoint. It teaches one to keep his visionary organs continually unenclosed, for who can tell at what moment a Pobble is liable to cross his path?

How often have we, when admonished of some impending catastrophe, such as an imminent bedaubing at the hands of an erudite preceptor, vociferated in disdain, "Whatsoever within the abode of departed spirits is it of consequence to myself!" How similar to the Pobble's haughty retort, "Fish fiddle de dee!" And we have seen what manner of castigation befell the indiscreet Pobble. Ah! my friends, how inevitable is that antique maxium, "Superciliousness proceedeth in advance of a descent."



The first stanza embodies still another lesson of unsurpassed practical worth. Let me beseech you, my brethren and sisters, the next time you are overcome with the alarming sensation that you are about to be bereft of your toes, proceed straightway and procure a few sips of lavender water tinged with pink. Accept no substitute but quaff this beverage zealously and I guarantee that nothing short of a one-armed dentist will ever be able to extract your toes! How full of practical value is this little ditty! In truth, it bids fair to rival that far-famed, renowned, celebrated, stupendously marvelous and prodigious masterpiece of the intellectual acumen of all human mentality — vulgarly called “Dr. Chase’s Receipt Book.”

Upon a minute investigation of the right hand toe of your left hand foot you will readily ascertain that the terminal members of your pedal extremities are constituted in precisely the same manner as are the Pobble’s. This astounding fact offers an excellent opportunity to make a direct personal application of the most valuable of all the practical lessons which grace this poem. Nay more! It is your bounden duty to seize the opportunity ere it is too late. Ladies — Gentlemen! I maintain that every single one of you owes it not only to himself and to his country, but also to his *professors*, to be the happy possessor of a set of bright and glistening toes! Therefore let me entreat you, let me adjure you, before another day rolls by, envelope your olfactory organs in enfolding wrappers of scarlet flannel. Why let your self-sufficiency prevent your possession of vigorous and able-bodied toes? But in your zeal do not overlook the fact that a nasal extremity scarlet from internal causes will by no means serve the purpose.

And if, my beloved brethren and sisters, a hundred years from now we should happen to gaze gleefully on our sleek and well-groomed toes, let us fill our hearts with gratitude and our mouths with praise for the timely experience afforded us by the poor unfortunate POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES.

A TRUE STORY OF POOR HUGH-BOY ILLUSTRATING  
THE JOYS OF MARRIED LIFE.

**Funnygraphs**

Campbell (reciting in law) — "The governor can adjourn both houses of the legislature in case they disagree."

"Goody" — "Now, you don't mean that, do you? If the house passed a bill and the senate rejected it, wouldn't the houses disagree? In that case could the governor adjourn them?"

Campbell (ruminating gloomily) — "I suppose not."

"Goody" — "Now that brings out a point I want to emphasize. It is brought out by your examination papers also. The class doesn't pay enough attention to details. You read a page over and get a general idea of what the author is talking about, and the language flows along smoothly, and then you think you have your lesson." (Turning to Campbell.) "Now you read this over last night and every minute you were reading it your mind was down in town." (In the meantime Campbell's countenance assumed a most beautiful crimson hue.) When the hilarity ceased "Goody" remarked quietly, "Now I *know* it was." As Campbell resumed his seat, Joe Lloyd was heard to heave a sigh of relief and he leaned over and whispered in Campbell's ear, "Thank the Lord he didn't call on me!"

MORAL — Married life is not what it sometimes seems.

ANOTHER ONE OF "GOODY'S."

It was at the close of the last recitation in law before the Christmas holidays and "Goody" had just finished assigning the lesson when Hattersley asked, "Professor, what will our next case be?" "That's rather hard to tell," replied "Goody" mischievously, "as I suppose a good many of you will go home for your vacations."

There was a young widow named Flannagan,  
Who concluded to marry a man again.  
The gent, tho' a boozier,  
Quit, so he'd not lose her;  
But, alas, he's now rushing the can again.

Sue — "I do hope some Dutchman will marry me some day."

John — "Why, my dear?"

Sue — "'Cause I want to be a Duchess."

Clara F. — "Oh! I'd just give anything to be cross-eyed."

Mabel H. — "Why, you crazy thing! What for?"

Clara F. — "Why then I could make Hooper and Connable each think I was winking at him."

YE PRISTINE AND ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER

OF

Ἄπτεροὶ Ἀγγελοὶ

COMMONLY CLEPT

## WINGLESS ANGELS

*Motto:* Βλὸς ἀνὲν παραχῆς θανατός ἐστιν

*Colors:* Ash Grey and Jet Black.

### YE ANGELS

OBIQUITOUS

His Seraphic Majesty. (Void of all beplumed pinions.)

EX ERBE

Bingo Bob

Prep Pinky

Warty Williams

Chubby Chunk

IN LUDO

Archangel of Celestial Ministrations

Silent (?) Sam

Cherub of the Quill

Cigarette Charlie

Paramount Pummelers of Angelical Neophytes

Gaspipe Gogs

Red Ruffian

Heavenly Choristers and Angel Serenaders

Curly Cupid

Nuts Noodle

Musty Mike

Dippy Dick

Seraphic Archagitator of the Nocturnal Atmosphere

Yap Yorick

Supreme Exhaler of the Azure Fumes

Birdseye Bill

Cherubic Inverter of the Crystalline Vessel

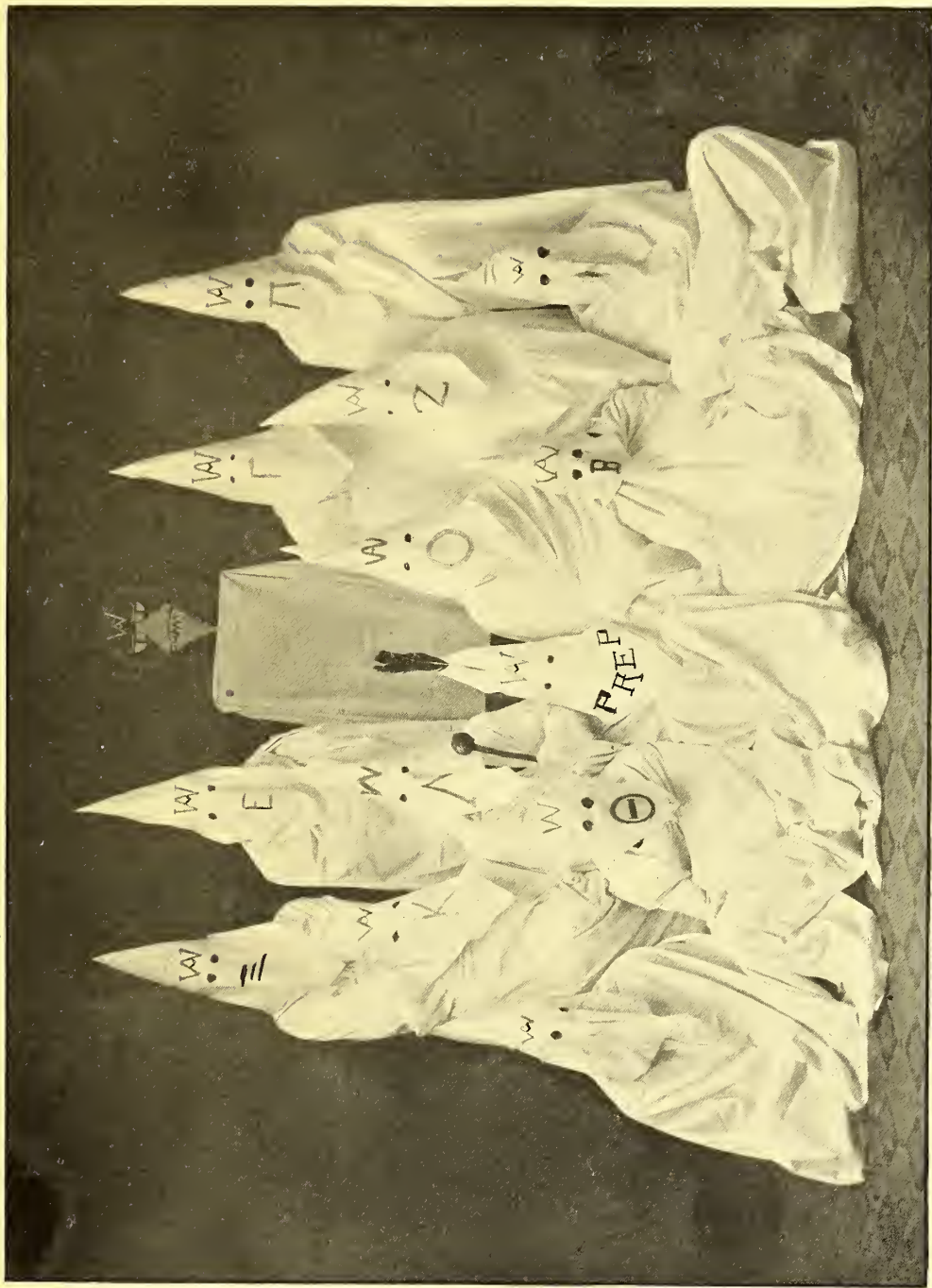
Ignorant Ike

Zealous Searcher for the Lost Wings

Peter Pork

Aspirant to Pay Homage to His Seraphic Majesty (Void of all beplumed pinions)

Dusty Dan





## Wingless Angel Hymn

Tune, "Serenity." (This is a misnomer when applied to the Angels'  
rendition of it.)

The butterfly has wings of gold,  
The firefly wings of flame;  
We Angels have no wings at all,  
But get there just the same.

E'en though our handsome wings are lost,  
Our shoulder-blades are bare,  
We still have hopes of their return,  
Just like a bald man's hair.

Of all the birds that haunt the air  
There's not a one e'er sings  
With such a heavenly melody  
As an Angel (minus wings).

Ah! fain would we deny the fact,  
But alas, 'tis plainly true,  
That when our pinions disappeared  
Our brains were stolen too.

Amen.

"David, do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Do you adore me?"

"I 'spose."

"Will you always love me?"

"Ye,—look here woman, what have you been and gone and ordered sent home now?"

It was on a Newark street car. "Bert" Fulton came to the door of the car, and, as it stopped, started toward the gate which was hidden from her by the men standing before it. "Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only "Bert" Fulton can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate. "You must get off the other side," said the conductor. "I wish to get off on this side," came the answer in tones that congealed that official into momentary silence. Before he could explain or expostulate, a gentleman came to his assistance. "Stand to one side gentlemen," he remarked quietly. "The lady wishes to climb over the gate."

#### SHOCKING.

Said the shoe to the stocking,

"I will wear a hole in you."

Said the stocking to the shoe,

"I'll be darned if you do."

Said the bank to the river,

"I will cave in on you."

Said the river to the bank,

"I'll be dammed if you do."

#### DISGRACEFUL.

"Who was the first person that ever swore?"

"Eve, when she said, 'I don't care A-dam if you do.'"

As told by a prominent young society girl it was, "Eve, when she said, 'I don't care a dam Adam if you do.'"

Elvin sat on a moon-lit porch,

His head was in a whirl,

His eyes and mouth were full of hair

And his arms were full of girl.

"Beware — the microbe in the kiss!"

Cold-hearted science cries;

Alas! Where ignorance is bliss

'Tis folly to be wise.

### A COPY OF THE MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING OF THE ANNANIAS CLUB.

May 1, 1908.—The meeting was called to order by President Wilson and the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The agony of the evening was begun by Donald Jewett, who spoke in substance as follows:

"In South Dakota once a muskrat pawed the lid off a milk can, crawled in, and, after feasting to the full, pawed around so frantically that he churned the remaining milk into butter and climbed out on it."

Wild cheers followed and it was voted that Mr. Jewett's case was very hopeful.

Fae Webber continued the agony with the following:

"One of the girls went into Miss Barker's office the other day, to ask a special favor. No one seems to know what happened for a few minutes, till the inmates of Burton Hall became alarmed at the icy stillness. They broke into the office and found Miss Barker with eyes fixed on the girl. They knew instantly what was the matter (it seems that the phenomenon was of quite frequent occurrence) so they speedily procured hot flat irons with which they thawed the edges of the unfortunate girl's shadow and then they pried it up with chisels. After the shadow was entirely removed from the carpet the girl was carried to her room. She may recover."

Roars of indignation were heard and Miss Webber was unanimously expelled from the Annanias Club for telling what was so transparently false. This action of the club vexed Davison very much, and he thought to soothe the ruffled feelings of the assemblage by telling his favorite story of Alexandria Ants.

"We've got 'em as big as crabs over there. I've seen 'em fight with big horns which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

"That's nothing," retorted Sam Bridges. "They don't compare with the ants I saw in the East. The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of them could draw a ton load for a mile with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turn on their attendants and kill them."

This was 'most too much and Sam was on the point of expulsion for telling a falsehood, but just as the vote was being taken Pat Maloney serenely asked:

"What kind of ants were they?"

"Eleph ants," replied Sam and he was saved.

Edith Pattengill had a good one to tell and was granted leave to speak.

"I was talking with a Scotchman once about cold weather. I told him there was a certain College in the Middle West that was very peculiar. A girl went into the Dean's office once and found the Dean picking her teeth with the mercury she had taken out of the thermometer. Then the Scotchman told his. He said that one time a cold wave swept over Scotland so suddenly that a goat jumping from one mountain crag to another became suddenly frozen and re-

mained hanging in mid-air. 'But that is impossible,' I interposed, 'the law of gravity wouldn't allow that.' 'Oh!' said the Scotchman, 'we don't do things by halves in Scotland. The law of gravity was frozen too.'"

Miss Patty was immediately voted a life member of the club, free of charge. Then Hoppe took his innings.

"A one-armed Frenchman was walking the streets of Paris in the revolutionary period. Napoleon happened to meet him, and asked him how he lost his arm. (This conversation took place in French) 'Sire, at Austerlity.'

"And what reward did you receive.'

"Sire, a gold medal.'

"Ah! what a pity you didn't lose both arms, so you could become a member of the Legion of Honor.'

"Would that be sufficient sire?' asked the soldier.

"Certainly,' replied Napoleon. Whereupon the old soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off the other arm.' "

By this time the agony was so intense that the meeting adjourned without further ado to the outer air. All the participants will recover.

## TAKE WARNING YE GUILTY ONES.

He who inside his watch-lid wears  
His sweethearts pretty face,  
Is sure to have a time for there's  
A woman in the case.

Oh! the Thomas boys are witty  
And always full of fun,  
But when they sing a ditty  
Just watch the people run.  
(To hear them we mean.)

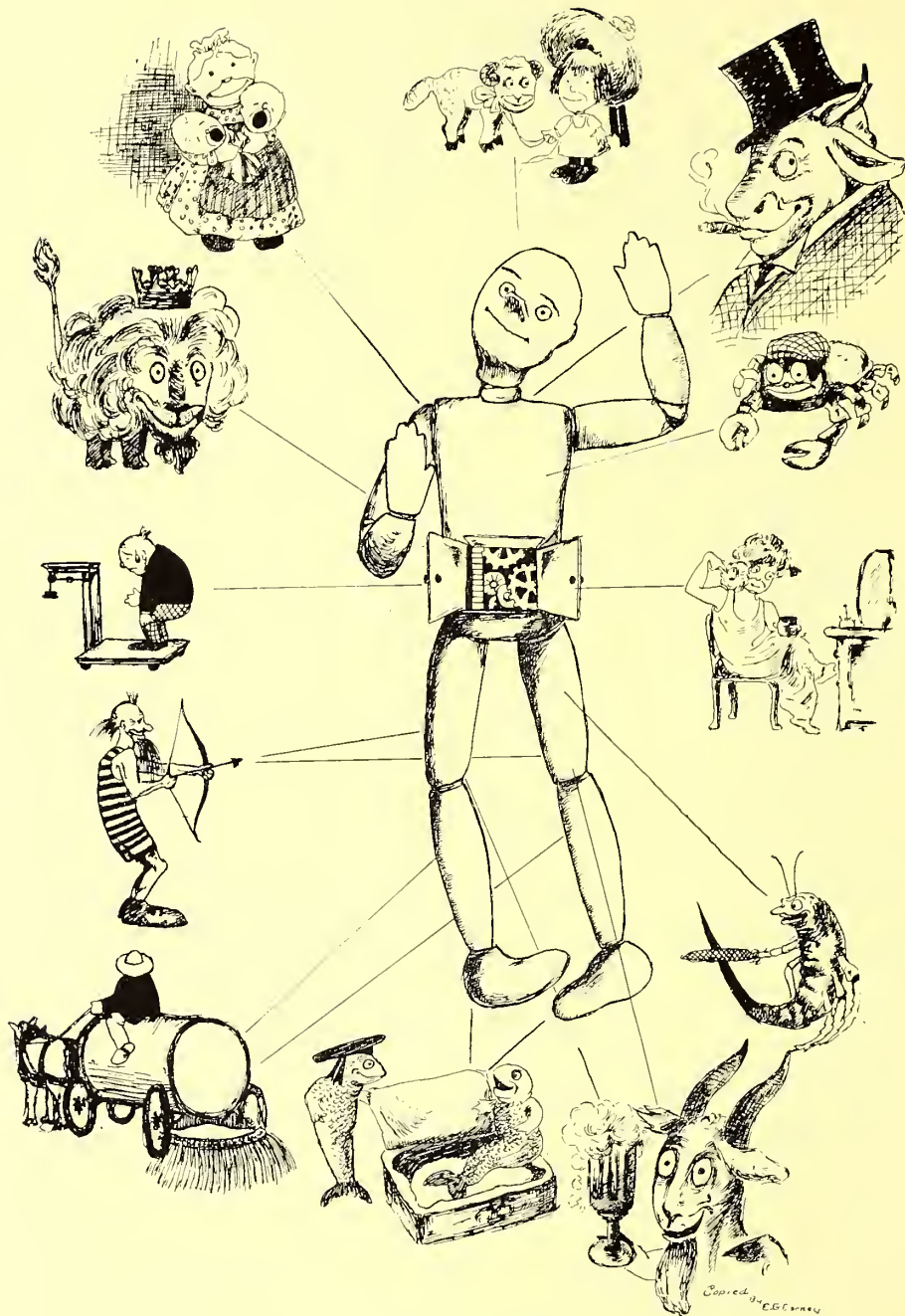
As Geo. was going out one night  
His room-mate questionel "Wither?"  
And Geo. not daring to deceive  
With blushes answered "With 'er."

Have you read Hoppe's latest play? "The Tragedy of Atlantic City, or Why Was the Ocean Built so Close to the Shore."

Ruth Spiger:

"When I go out to promenade.  
I look so fine and gay.  
I have to take the dog along  
...To keep the boys away."





**B**EING a Revelation of the Past, an Exposition of the Present, and a Prognostication of the Future Lives of our Worthiest Representatives, as told by the Princess Pompilia Popsinooza, assisted by her compeer J. Lord Gilpatrick, from the ascendant constellations.

## A Horoscope of Denison Celebrities

### AQUARIUS.

Arch-Beta Chaffee.—You were born under the sign of the water-wagon and on this vehicle you will always remain. Persons born under Aquarius have a disposition mild and meek and a gentlemanly temper. They are also characterized by a love for the beautiful. In your case this craving will not be fully satisfied for some time, but cheerful perseverance will help you out greatly. Your partiality to brunettes will be very marked, and it is recommended that you gain first the approbation of the paternal ancestor. This can be best accomplished by a thorough mastification of several dictionaries and by persistently avoiding the study of French. If these means should fail you have the world's consent to jump off the water-wagon. In all you will marry but three times, and you will be blessed with somewhere from two to three children.



### PISCES.

Married Soon Lamb.—You were born under the sign of the Fish, though your appearance would never indicate such a thing. All persons born under this sign are good anglers, and once the victim is hooked he rarely escapes. Your favorite study will be science (teachers'). Although a true patriot of Denison, you have for a long time had your heart set upon one of the larger Western Universities. All girls born under this sign manifest an early craving for bright gems, especially diamonds. This is also characteristic of girls born under the sign of Aquarius, Leo, Aries, Sagittarius, Libra, Virgo, Capricorn, Cancer, Gemini, Taurus and Scorpio. Your future will be happy and though you will use your intellect some you will be guided in most cases, let us hope, by your Will. Your most fatal affliction will be Cerebral Menengitis, although you will have several other fatal diseases.



### VIRGO.

Elfish Lump Brakeman.—You were born under the sign of the Virgin, and accordingly your disposition is coy and winsome. Your favorite study is the Acts of the Apostles (of Dr. Carman). But your love affairs will be molested by a serious rival. This rival will be much older than you, and she will be high over you in authority. On this account you should be very discreet about all your scheming, for if you should be discovered she would campus you and thus gain a great advantage over you. If you should ever settle down to just one man your success would come about much more quickly. The favorite animal of girls born under the Virgin is the most fleet-footed of quadrupeds, but you will incline more to the biped variety. Your most serious affliction in life will be a mercenary escort and a sprained left eye-brow.



## GEMINI.



Marriageable Witter.—You were born under the constellation of the Twins, but there is not the slightest sign of duplicity in your nature. Although boy babies born under this sign are good money makers, the opposite is true of girl babies. However, as age increases they become very proficient, and if they are so fortunate as to possess a good voice their success in life is assured. In your case, however, although you possess a most charming voice, there is a fatal weakness. Unless you instantly bend all your energies toward averting it, you will in the future never be able to keep the Wolf from the door, (unless he can't find the key hole.)

You will have heart trouble in the left ventricle, but can overcome it by exercising all parts of the heart at once..

\*The editors were especially requested to make no mention of your tendency for midnight graveyard walks with a solitary escort, and therefore we omit it in passing.

## SAGITTARIUS.



Church Encumbrance Hill.—You were born under the sign of the Archer. It is on this account that you are so susceptible to the shafts of Cupid. Persons influenced by this sign are usually specialists in culture studies. This characteristic is evinced in your case by a cultivation of Learned people, (perhaps one in particular). If you study and mingle with them much longer the world at large must needs believe you have become one of them. So keep it up and you will accomplish your aims. All Sagittarius men are great athletes and are likely to be heavy and a trifle corpulent. Your favorite food is stolen turkey, but you will soon get enough of this kind of victuals and are apt to become enamoured of some other bird.

## LIBRA.



Eternally Rampant Bull.—You were born when the constellation of the Scales was in the ascendancy, although both your personal appearance and your name would tend to indicate that you had been born under Taurus. Yet that you were born under Libra is quite certain, for no other constellation produces so many kleptomaniacs. Men born under this sign are apt to be domineering even to such an extent that when they sleep they are called bulldozers. They are also very determined, and once their minds are made up they cannot be cowed. Politics will be your most profitable occupation, and the ministry should make a very delightful avocation. Your love affairs have always been happy while they lasted, and have terminated amicably, but in the present case you may be successful.

## TAURUS.



Mather-matics Porter.—You were born when the constellation of the Bull was in the ascendancy. The greater part of your activity lies in the hands and feet and especially in the fingers and toes. Hence, your skill on the piano. A Taurus person as a rule is moody, but you can remedy this inclination by long strolls and “Kirt” conversations. Your favorite study is Math. You will become so interested in this that you will pursue it in the second degree. Although this is a very delightful course to pursue, the Shepardson Faculty are prone to regard it as detrimental to your other studies; so be careful. Music is a close second to Math, and your favorite piece is “Love’s Old Sweet Song.” Your most serious affliction will be a congestion of the left fore toe-nail.

## LEO.



Marketable Martinet Jones.—You were born under the sign of the King of Beasts. Hence, your marked ability as a leader of both beasts and men, and also women. The primary talent of Leo people is evident in your genius for debate. They are also marked by a fiery temper, but you can easily overcome this wicked trait of character by bathing the manual and nasal extremities daily in a warm solution of Sunday School golden texts and scrub-brushes. Your religious tendencies are remarkable. In after life you will become a great club woman.

## CANCER.



Rakish Example of Sanctimoniousness.—Carman.—You were born under the sign of the Crab, but in spite of this fact you can walk pretty straight most of the time. The cancer man does not usually pay much attention to his mental or spiritual training, yet some of them make very good foreign missionaries, because the natives positively refuse to eat them. All men born under this constellation are very persistent in their love affairs, yet they change companions frequently. Your greatest ambition is to have a little home of your own just teeming with little Rays of sunshine. Parents of Cancer young men should be very careful how they treat their son during his first love affair or else they may have a Sore(n) son in the family. (This pun was not intentional. The printer put the “(n)” in by mistake.)





### ARIES.

Anomalistic Joke Sorenson.—You were born under the sign of the Ram. From this fact you derive your ability to forge ahead and make progress in all matters. All girls born under this sign are characterized by a spirit of self-sacrifice. They are very kind and tender-hearted when their sympathies are appealed to, but otherwise they are extremely ruthless in their treatment of the opposite sex. You will always be especially self-sacrificing. Aries girls are also great athletes, and many a man is sore afraid of them. They are excellent runners and their sprinting ability reaches its culmination near the hour of midnight. Your one marriage will never take place, but you will marry several times later on. The besetting disease against which you will have to fight is corns, so begin early less it gain too strong a grip on your constitution.

### CANCER.



Beatific Rector.—You were born under the sign of the Crab, but this does not mean that you resemble the crab in any way. On the contrary girls born with cancer in the ascendancy can walk perfectly straight and some can dance jigs, and it is even believed that some can sting. They also love bright things, and bright people. Red is their favorite color, and red-heads their favorite heads. So your present affliction is really quite excusable. Next to the study of red hair, writing stories is the favorite diversion of Cancer girls. Their stories always end properly and so do their love affairs, but they should be careful not to hitch too many to the string lest the string break and they all get away. Your solitary marriage will not be the least bit romantic, but will be happy just the same.

### COLD CREAM WINTER.



You were born under the sign of the Ram although your actions would not lead one to think so. Your disposition is **cold**, probably on account of your last name;—few people would expect a winter to be warm. The ground is your favorite study. Domestic troubles were so frequent that bachelor apartments have become your hobby. You seem to have an unnatural liking for the name Joshua, often noticed in persons born under Aries. Another tendency of people born when the Ram is on a rampage, is for dudishness, girl-fussing and dissipation in general. Sad to relate, you are a mournful example of such a course. "The Powers That Be" have discovered your attempt to make a mash on the Sem girls thru your regular attendance at church, and from henceforth you will be watched closely.



## LEO.

Heart Sick Campbell.—You were born under the sign of Leo. This accounts for your mania for rough housing, tho' not for your love of currency, especially of the half-dime or "Nichols" variety. You have had frequent domestic squabbles, but they were not of long duration. Persons wearing glasses and born under the Leo have a tendency for speaking doggerel and singing tenor (?)—You are not an exception to the rule. Your most unlucky day is on the thirteenth of the month, and when this comes on Friday it would be advisable for you to remain indoors. Raining cats and dogs is not a circumstance to what might happen if this is overlooked. Your animal instinct manifests itself at times in barking and crowing. This may account for your numerous puppy-dog loves, though hens do not usually crow.



Eligibly Handsome Chaffee.—You were born under the sign of the Scorpion. Persons so afflicted have a very strong liking for moonlight walks and drives, especially with young professors. You have a very firm disposition and believe in abiding strictly by "Roberts' Rules of Order." Platonic friendships were very numerous in your College career. Your star seems to point toward the faculty, but this may result merely from the fact that you expect to teach in the near future. You are subject to chaperoning, but if you will take a moonlight stroll when this feeling comes on again, the attack may be successfully warded off. You have filled positions of great trust during the last few years, and a very bright future is predicted, especially along the line of English study.

## GEMINI.



Ace High Ballard.—You were born under the sign of the Twins, but your double has not been discovered up to the present time. A very pronounced love for Newark and its residents, especially the latter, has shown itself in recent years. Your favorite study is "waving hair." Early in your college career you had a notion that Senior Circuses were held especially for the benefit of being broken up, but a meeting in which "Prexy" and "Briney" were the prime actors, did much to turn your ideas into an entirely different channel. Sometime during your Junior year, you were afflicted with a great responsibility in the form of a book—no mention is made of the outcome. The answer fades away under a blue and gold mist.

## Funnygraphs

Mrs. Wilson — "Sammy, where did you get that black eye? Didn't I tell you that good little boys never fight?"

Penitent Sammy — "Well mamma, I thought he was a good little boy till I hit him."

### GETTING EVEN.

Emily Maloney — "No, I will never marry a man who is not a hero."

Alice Lamb — "But you can easily convert any man into a hero."

Emily — "How?"

Alice — "By getting him to marry you."

It was Gertrude W's first game. Pine had just made a superb sixty yard run for a touch-down. The crowd went wild, but when the cheers subsided, it was learned that the ball had not been in play.

"Oh dear, what does he have to bring the ball back for?" asked Gertrude.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the reply, "unless he's got an encore."

"Wasn't it too bad that Miss Howland disappointed the audience the other morning?"

"Why, she didn't. She was able to appear after all."

"Yes, but it was generally supposed that she would not be able to appear."

First Veteran Composer — "Here this ignorant Carman has went and spelled victuals, v-i-t-a-l-s."

Second Veteran Composer — "Well, fix 'er up right and shove 'er in."

In the Denisonian next day the story ran: "The verdict was that the deceased came to his death from a pistol-shot in the victuals."

Stella and Bob were on their honeymoon. He had bought a cat-boat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle it. He had just put her to tend the sheet. Suddenly a violent puff of wind came. "Let go that sheet!" Bob shouted in no uncertain tones. There was no response. "Let go that sheet, quick!" he repeated. Still there was no movement. A few minutes later when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said: "Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?" "I would have," sobbed Stella, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

### CONCERNING SUE THEOBALD.

She smiles and laughs the live long day!

Pray do not think her simple.

She'll laugh at anything you say

Because it shows her dimple.

"My pa goes to the palmist to get his hand read," boasted Freddy.

"I don't know where my Pa goes," said Jimmie, "but he gets his nose red."

Freddie came in late the other night and accidentally woke his room-mate by stumbling over a chair. The latter wanted to know what had happened and Freddie politely informed him that he didn't know whether it was the night falling, the day breaking, a shooting star, or a crash towel.

"Vic, what is a fancy dress ball?" asked Keyser.

"A fancy dress ball," said Hoppe, "is usually one where most of the clothes exist merely in the fancy."

"It pains me Mr. Duerr, to see you coming out of a bar-room," said the deacon.

"All right, deacon," said Duerr, "anything to save your feelings. I'll go right back in again."

Maloney — What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl?

Holloway — I couldn't tell you.

"Pat" — One you squeeze to get cider, and the other you get 'side her to squeeze.

If W. Huddleston Roberts were in heaven — a mere supposition — he would complain that his halo was a misfit and his cloud was damp.

Joe's head had expanded to the limit and he was unmercifully lording it over his friends. "Wa!" he exclaimed, "Lottie told me last night that I was a model husband."

"Look here old man," said Heator, who could stand it no longer, "do you know what a model is?"

"Well I should rather think so," replied Joe haughtily.

"A model, my fine fellow, is just a little image of the real thing."

Joe's head immediately shrank to 9 inches in diameter, its normal size.

Stillwell Gee! what a pretty mouth you've got, Billy. That ought to be on a girl's face.

Pfeiffer — Well, I seldom miss an opportunity.

Helen Hunt — Gracious, my dear, I do hope you are not ill; you look so much older tonight.

Frances Dann — I am quite well, thank you, dear, and you—how wonderfully improved you are! You look positively young.

Zoe. B. (sighing)—"What have I got to live for?"

Gladys C.—"I don't know. Is somebody making you?"



## Raspberries

Raspberry Pie Chapter.

Collars — Rubber and Celluloid

Pin—Safety.

MOTTO:— “While one swallow may not make a spring,

Several swallows have caused an early fall.”

— *Bill Wigglestick.*

### BIG GUYS:

Chief Rusher of the Sacred Khan.....“Ching”  
High Lord of the Fiery Goat.....“Giff”  
Master Scribbler of Forbidden Secrets.....“Josh”  
Main Soft Soaper and Manager of Filthy Lucre.....“Fraze”  
Author of the Hallowed Oaths.....“Ash”

### OTHER GUYS:

Trusty Captain of the Roughers .....“Bunker”  
Haughty Rearranger of Furniture.....“Bob”  
Grand Hot-Airer of the Bunch.....“Dug”  
Prize K. M. Chaser and Poet.....“Livy”  
Supreme Slammer of Initiated.....“Lord”  
Honored Preserver of the Venerable Owl.....“Bill”  
Setter-Up of the Push.....“Jimmie”  
Frank Merriwell the Second .....Higgins  
Jester and Buffoon .....“Greenie”  
Horrible Example .....“Van”  
Free Lunch Maniac .....Tenant  
Literary Cuss and Summer Navigator.....“Dean”

### LAST GUY:

Everlasting Prep and Performer of Menial Tasks.....“Goldie”



## **Raspberry Calendar for September, 1907**

- Sept. 11. — "Ching" and "Giff" hold solemn conclave over the Sacred Khan. Prospects favorable for a flourishing chapter.
- Sept. 12 — First regular meeting held. Many names voted upon. Committee detailed to rescue "Josh" and "Fraze" with life lines and row boats from a watery (?) grave in Newark.
- Sept. 14 — "Goldie" goes "snipe"-hunting and has excellent luck.
- Sept. 15 — Boarding clubs have "snipe" for breakfast.
- Sept. 16 — Committee succeeds in locating "Josh" and "Fraze" and the latter are brought back to school.
- Sept. 17 — "Livy" goes walking with two K. M.'s at once. Later on gets his signals mixed at foot ball practice.
- Sept. 18 — Raspberries buck classes to celebrate "Milwaukee Day." "Dean" sprains ankle trying to catch 11:30 car, and football practice suffers blame for it.
- Sept. 19 — Chester Winter is unanimously blackballed because he is too tough. Also Hazen together with another girl.
- Sept. 23 — Raspberry Anniversary — pop (?) flows freely.
- Sept. 24 — "'Tis no time for mirth and laughter  
The cold gray dawn of the morning after."
- Sept. 26 — Great Excitement! "Sugar Gibson" wearing the pledge pin.
- Sept. 27 — Excitement dies down. "Sugar" merely tore his coat.
- Sept. 29 — "Josh" breaks banner record of attendance at church and is expelled from Sunday School class.
- Sept. 30 — Raspberries swear off on Newark indefinitely. Several cafes go to the wall.

## A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Personae.

Entitled, "This Is So Sudden (?)"

"Bohe" Lamson,

"Weezer" Ferg,

"Billy" Lewis,

Mr. Ferguson.

Scene—Ferguson's Parlor.

Curtain —["Bohe" seated on divan in Parlor, waiting for "Weezer" who is up stairs.]

"Bohe" —(Singing softly to himself) "Because I'm married now." [Door bell rings violently.]

"Weezer" (opening door)—Good evening.

"Billy" Lewis — Good evening, is Mr. Ferguson at home?

"Weezer" — I'll call him.

"Weezer" —(Up-stairs.) Papa, there' a young man down stairs who wants to see you.

Mr. Ferg —(Entering parlor.) Good evening Mr. Lamson, Louise said you wanted to see me.

Curtain.

Blonda —(Who used to take Astronomy.)

"This world is rolling round in space."

That's what my teacher said,

So now I know why, Monday night

I tumbled out of bed.

Marion Rose, once, while out in Des Moines,

Had ordered a T bone Sir Loines.

Said the waiter, "No so,

Unless you can show

A sufficient amount of Des Coines."

Prof. Colwell was touring Termopylae.

He never did anything properly.

And they say, "If you choose

To boil eggs in your shoes

You cannot remain in Thermopylae."

C. P. Wood's definition of manners—A difficult symphony in *B natural*.

**Funnygraphs**



## Funnygraphs

### CHORUS OF GROANS.

A windy young fellow named Kent  
To Denison College was sent.  
But he knew far too much  
And learned that all such  
Find a dip in Raccoon not ill spent.

### A JUNIOR'S LOGIC.

All crows are black.  
Jim is black.  
\*Jim is a crow.

### MISS FULTON'S LOGIC.

Some Oak trees come from acorns.  
Oak trees are valuable things.  
\*Some valuable things come from small things.  
(This latter statement made Bob Taylor very hopeful.)

### ARNOLD'S LOGIC.

No Jackass is a redhead.  
Alec is a Jackass (colossal).  
\*Alec is not a redhead.

### EVERYBODY'S LOGIC.

Every bunny is a rabbit.  
Every rabbit has four legs.  
\*Bunny has four legs.

### HATTERSLEY'S PRIZE POEM.

Man's words to man are often flat;  
Man's words to woman flatter.  
Two men may often stand and chat;  
Two women stand and chatter.

Doctor — "What ails you, sir?"

Walker — "I don't know, Doctor; I have such a buzzing sound in my ears all the time. Would you like to look at my tongue?"

Doctor — "No, never mind, bring your wife around some day; I'd rather look at hers."

We were first inclined to ascribe these beautiful and noble stanzas to Milton but internal evidence brings us to the inevitable conclusion that they were indited by Victor Hugo Hoppe, the modern Shakespeare and General Idol of the Stage-struck Public.

Professor Woodward was organizing his Junior Prep Arithmetic class.

"And what may your name be my boy?" asked the kindly Prof. in a patronizing manner.

"Jule."

"Yes, but what is your full name?"

"Oh! Julius."

"Thank you," and he went to the next diminutive urchin.

"And your name?"

"Bill."

"No. I don't want that. I want your full name."

"Well, en I guess 't must be Bilious."

The good-natured Prof. was somewhat perplexed, but no words of a distinctly Sunday School nature are known to have escaped his lips. Woodward waded bravely on, and put the same question to the next child.

"Tom," was the response.

"No! why will you persist in giving me only your nicknames and not your full names?"

"Please sir, 'tis Thomas," was the very meek rejoinder.

"And now yours, my little man, and give me your full name."

Now the last youth was very conscientious, and was also very wise and he determined to profit by the experiences of Tom. So he proceeded accordingly and ——— his name was Jack.\*

\*We wonder if he was related to Alec.

## IN 1908.

-sc-r -rn-ld, (at the Phi Gam house)—Hello central, firty-four, please.

M-rg-r-t McK-bb-n, (at other end of the line)—Hello.

-rn-ld—(Very urbanely imitating her father)—Good evening, who is this?

M-rg-r-t—(Mincing) Oh! this isn't daddy. Would not you like to speak with dad?

-rn-ld—Help! This is so sudden! (Hangs up the receiver and makes his way poste-haste to West Elm St.—The date is not yet announced.)

Sam Wilson — Mamma, I got 100 today.

Mrs. Wilson — Why, how's that Sam?

Sam — Oh! I wasn't called on.

Mrs. W. — That isn't the way to do Sam, you really want to get 100 in something.

Sam (next day)—I really did get a 100 today, Mamma.

Mrs. W. — That's fine, Sam. What was it in?

Sam — Fifty in Spelling and fifty in Reading.

## **Acknowledgements**

THE ADYTUM staff desires to thank the many friends who have contributed to the success of this volume. Those who have helped in a material way we wish to thank especially. Among these we would mention Miss Edith Pattengill for her work in the art department, Messrs. Clark, Ashmore and Mather for the many photographs furnished us.









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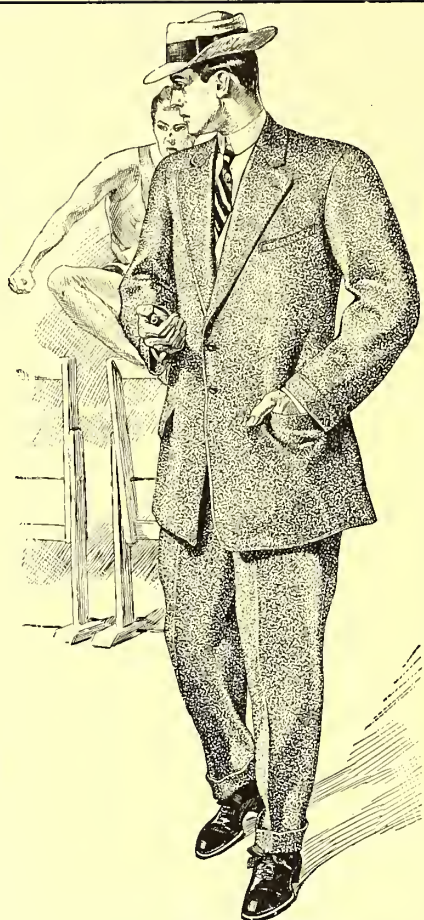
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AT the Ohio Bar Examinations held on June 4th and 5th, 1907, every man from the Western Reserve Law School passed, being the eighth class from the School, during the last nine years, to make this record.

Of the First Honor Men in the last six June examinations, four were sent from Western Reserve.



# The Calendar

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APRIL, 1907

- April 1 — '07 ADYTUM goes to press. April Fool's Day.
- April 2 — Miss Fetzer and George Phillips take supper in the woods and attend Faculty meeting at the Sem afterwards.
- April 3 — Granville full of ministers. Leatherhead says, "My but I am enjoying this *Retreat* after counting on it for so long."
- April 4 — Spring vacation over. Influx of new bonnets at the Sem.
- April 5 — Snow on the ground. Baseball practice begins.
- April 6 — Skating at Columbus bridge. Too cold to go walking.
- April 7 — "On the seventh day they rested, but Sunday isn't the seventh day."
- April 8 — Mr. Roberts makes his first appearance in class-room after his vacation fishing trip.
- April 9 — Gil in chapel—"Down in Recital Hall last night some one opened a window wide enough to let in sixteen square feet of air."
- April 10 — Dutch appears "mit einem neuen grauen hut!"
- April 11 — Prof. Bowen gives a simple lecture on "The Simple Life." Prexy goes to sleep.
- April 12 — Euterpe Extra. "Xantippe."
- April 13 — Something new. Housecleaning at the Sem.
- April 14 — Blanche Bushnell gets to church on time.
- April 15 — Hosy Ferris *recites* in Latin.
- April 16 — Denison Glee Club Concert. Chief feature a duet by Mary Montgomery and Milton Possons.
- April 17 — Byron King cheers up the Town Hall plus a handful of spectators.
- April 18 — Juniors begin talking about the coming of their ADYTUM.
- April 19 — Lottie Graham reports in Philo, "Miss Barker does not approve of having men or any other elaborate refreshments at our stunt."
- April 20 — Denison 5—Wooster 3.
- April 21 — Prof. Carney leaves Science Hall long enough to go to church.
- April 22 — "Miss —— took tea with Miss —— at the Sem." Permission of the Denisonian.
- April 23 —

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April 24 — Prof. Gil announces that there will be a faculty meeting in the afternoon at two and a half o'clock.



April 25 — Washington Jefferson defeated in debate.

April 26 — Signs return to Stone Library. The girls give their reception.

April 27 — Sig Supper. Interrupted by farmer.

April 28 — Swartz and Jewett build walks for the Kappa Phis by moonlight.

April 29 — Swipes decides not to return to Denison. Great joy among the Preps.

April 30 — Ruth Spiger stops after class to tell Prof. Johnnie "Billy" Wright's address.

### MAY, 1907

May 1 — Girls' Glee Club Concert. Slams on the Sem in song.

May 2 — Bolin demonstrates how not to alight from a moving car.

May 3 — Sem reception. Johnnie beats Roberts in drinking punch.

May 4 —

May 5 — "Kibbie" leads chapel. Wish I'd bucked.

May 6 — Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A.

May 7 — Denison Dandy Darkies. Still unsolved "How long can a man live without brains."

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## SIXTH, ITS INFLUENCES

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- May 8 — Denisonian acknowledges having made a slight error.
- May 9 — Rice Pudding and Raisins at the Dining Hall. Addie Tudor asks to be excused.
- May 10 — Farmers' notice, "High prices on Turkeys."
- May 11 — Burglars at the Sem. Denison 4—Wooster 1. T. J. Shepard's house goes thru a chemical change.
- May 12 — '08ers put out posters announcing sale of ADYTUM. Lowery distributes posters while Ballard goes to church.
- May 13 — Joint meeting of Y. M. and Y. W.; '07 "Parlor Book" placed on sale.
- May 14 — Cicero extra. Waybright appeals to the manhood and womanhood of the judges.
- May 15 — Dr. Colwell in chapel humbly announces that on the day before he was called down by the faculty.
- May 16 — Dr. Hunt speaks at Washington.
- May 17 — Burton Hall Reception. Denison 17—Wittenberg 0.
- May 18 — High School track meet. Pouring rain. Visions of barefoot boys.
- May 19 — Burglar scare over. Miss Peckham returns Prexy's gun, and puts away her bird shot.
- May 20 — The Ouija Board tells Miss Adams who the burglars were.
- May 21 — Preps begin to get their traps together.



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THE REPRODUCTIONS IN THIS YEAR'S ADYTUM  
WERE MADE FROM PHOTOS FROM OUR GALLERY

May 22 — Ray Carmen's picture appears in the Denisonian. No extra copies sold.

May 23 — Ruthie Carlin and Bink go for a walk. Ruthie gets in "on time."

May 24 — Profusion of violets down by the Columbus bridge. Girls mysteriously disappear thru the window in King Hall recitation room at 5 a. m.

May 25 — Interscholastic meet at Wooster. Scholastic meet in the cemetery.

May 26 — What is more pleasant than a Sunday in Granville.

May 27 — "I've got the Spring fever.

I love the night air."—*Chauncey Deperu*.

May 28 — Calliope Banquet. Jewett gives a toast but not the one he had written.

May 29 — Junior stunt. Carmen — "Is that your hand Miss Phillips?

Heater — "No, its mine."

May 30 — Girls' Edition of Denisonian. Best number yet.

May 31 — King Hall reception. Miss Parsons has to tell the Preps it is time to leave. Euterp and Philo picnics.

## JUNE, 1907

June 1 — The engagement of Margaret Chaffee and Kenneth Jewett becomes an established fact.

June 2 — Last time the Preps have a chance to go to church in Granville for a while.

June 3 — Senior-Faculty baseball game. Dr. Hundley makes a home run.

June 4 — Bell rings at 10:40. Prof. "Kibbie" remarks, "It sounds as if a fool was loose."

June 5 — ADYTUM Staff for 1908 is announced.

June 6 — New Officers for Student Government elected. "We ain't afraid of them."—*Dorothy Budde*.

June 7 — Splitting heads and racking brains.  
Make an effort for final gains.

June 8 — Kate and Petruchio seen in Recital Hall.

June 9 — Baccalaureate Sunday.

June 10 — Field Day. Prof. "Johnnie" says "it ain't what it used to be."

June 11 — Senior girls elaborately entertained by Miss Barker at the Dining Hall.



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Congressman 17th District

He has been faithful to his promises and  
asks to be re-elected



# Summer



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GRANVILLE, OHIO

June 12 — President's Reception. "It might be presumed, altho there is no authority for the statement, that the present students, feeling respect for their elders, withdrew from the congested rooms to make it pleasanter for them." — Denisonian.

June 13 — Commencement Day.

June 14 — Miss Barker stays out too late, and is forced to enter by climbing thru a window.



### SEPTEMBER, 1907

Sept. 11 — School opens. Cold blooded sympathy for new students. "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Sept. 12 — Imogene Critchfield, (half way up the hill). "This is like 'Stepping Heavenward.'"

Sept. 13 — Y. W. C. A. Reception. Lily Bell Sefton tells new girls that last year she felt just as they do now, but this year she is going to turn over a new leaf and be sweet and lovable.

Sept. 14 — Liver and bacon for breakfast at the Sem as usual. New girls starting on the downward path get ham sandwiches at "Casey's."

Sept. 15 — Old girls make calls of sympathy on the new girls. "Oh dry those tears."

Sept. 16 — Things begin to look natural when Ruth and "Poss" come strolling up Broadway at 5:15.

Sept. 17 — Prospect for 1907, according to new regulations, is all work and no play.



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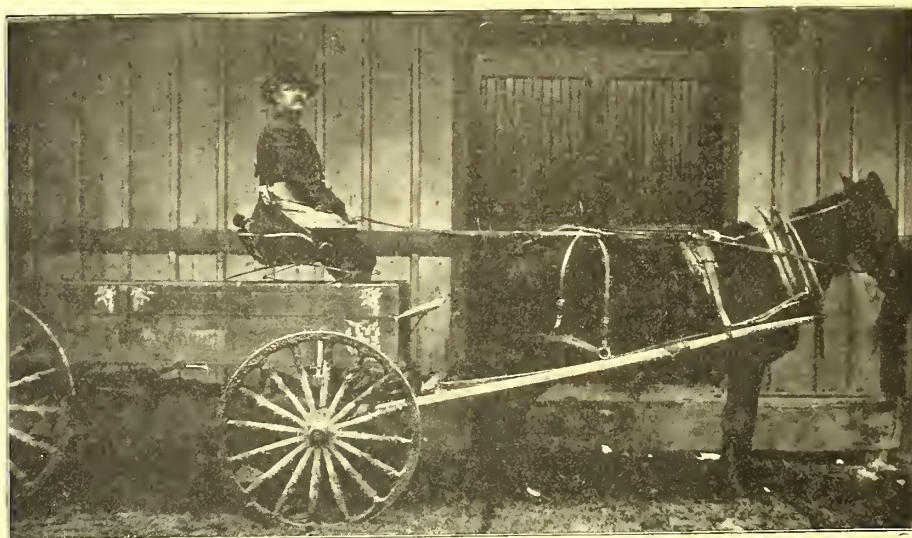


DESIGNERS OF

Cleveland Hall, Doane Gymnasium,  
Stone Hall and Barney Hall of  
Denison University . . . . .



- Sept. 18 — Denisonian appears in a new form. "Thou hast done nobly, Ray!"
- Sept. 19 — Prof. Odebrecht — "You are getting along alright Miss Critchfield."  
Miss Critchfield — "You can't make me believe that."
- Sept. 20 — Philo open meeting. "The Burglar" presented. "The Burglar" re-presented at 10:30 in Stone Hall. Ruth and Bertha play the part of Sherlock Holmes.
- Sept. 21 — Carl Duerr involuntarily spends the night in front of Stone Hall. Kent's first ducking.
- Sept. 22 — The whole Sem turns out at church. The girls must now apply to Mrs. Hunt for excuses.



- Sept. 23 — A. M. Mr. Sargent — "Not prepared." In Logic. P. M. Mr. Ferris in History — "Didn't get that far."
- Sept. 24 — First Proctor's meeting. Esther Crooks is reported for causing undue disturbances.
- Sept. 25 — Freshman-Sophomore rush.
- Sept. 26 — Another Social Function.— ADYTUM board meets. Jimmie Adair — "Why not meet oftener, we have a good time."
- Sept. 27 — Goddard's early rising proves fruitless — failure to arouse hostilities between Sophs and Freshmen.
- Sept. 28 — Muskingum o—Denison 6. A good beginning makes a bad ending.
- Sept. 29 — H. E. Buker addresses Y. M. C. A.
- Sept. 30 — "Returned empties" — Frizelle, Kemper, Bradshaw and Bridges.

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## OCTOBER, 1907

- Oct. 1 — McArthur in Botany.— "I don't know a thing."
- Oct. 2 — Denisonian exposes the past history of Dr. Hunt.
- Oct. 3 — Raspberries congregate for re-organization and more devilment.
- Oct. 4 — General Jam at the Gym. Nobody hurt. Hattersley, heartless, hatless, and headless.
- Oct. 5 — Denison 15—Heidelberg 6. The good beginning still continues. Serenades a la shingle on Broadway.
- Oct. 6 — Lauer not yet in love in Granville, goes to spend a Sunday in Michigan.
- Oct. 7 — Prof. Gil spends a precious Math hour in expounding to Freshman the advantage of Granville church going.
- Oct. 8 — Goldberger expresses a long felt desire to become a Raspberry.
- Oct. 9 — Blacet goes snipe hunting. Returns a sadder but a wiser guy.
- Oct. 10 — Prof. Chamberlain learns something new about Physics; Sowers acting as instructor.
- Oct. 11 — Mass meeting for O. S. U. game. "The team that does its best, always wins, no matter what the score is."
- Oct. 12 — Denison 0—O. S. U. 26. According to the score we lost.
- Oct. 13 — Stragglers still arriving from Columbus.
- Oct. 14 — Lowery gets 23 in History, and is seen no more in class.
- Oct. 15 — Dorm — police — regulations — begin to take form.
- Oct. 16 — Mr. Marsh presides over the water pitcher, and collects two cents a glass.
- Oct. 17 — Mr. Marsh gives out receipts — "Two cents a glass for heavy drinking.
- Oct. 18 — Mr. Odebrecht in French. "Miss Benedict once got a letter from a man in which he took eight lines to end it."
- Oct. 19 — Katherine Trimmer gets up a "petition" for a hot plate in Burton Hall.
- Oct. 20 — Charles Carman sits on his hat in church. Explosion heard in the choir.
- Oct. 21 — Monday morning at 8:15 Ruth Davenport in logic — "Why Mr. Wood hasn't gone by yet with his pink laundry bag."
- Oct. 22 — Sem Girls decide to take up a collection for Marjorie Witter, for the "Wolf's" at the door.

# Markert

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Zanesville, Ohio

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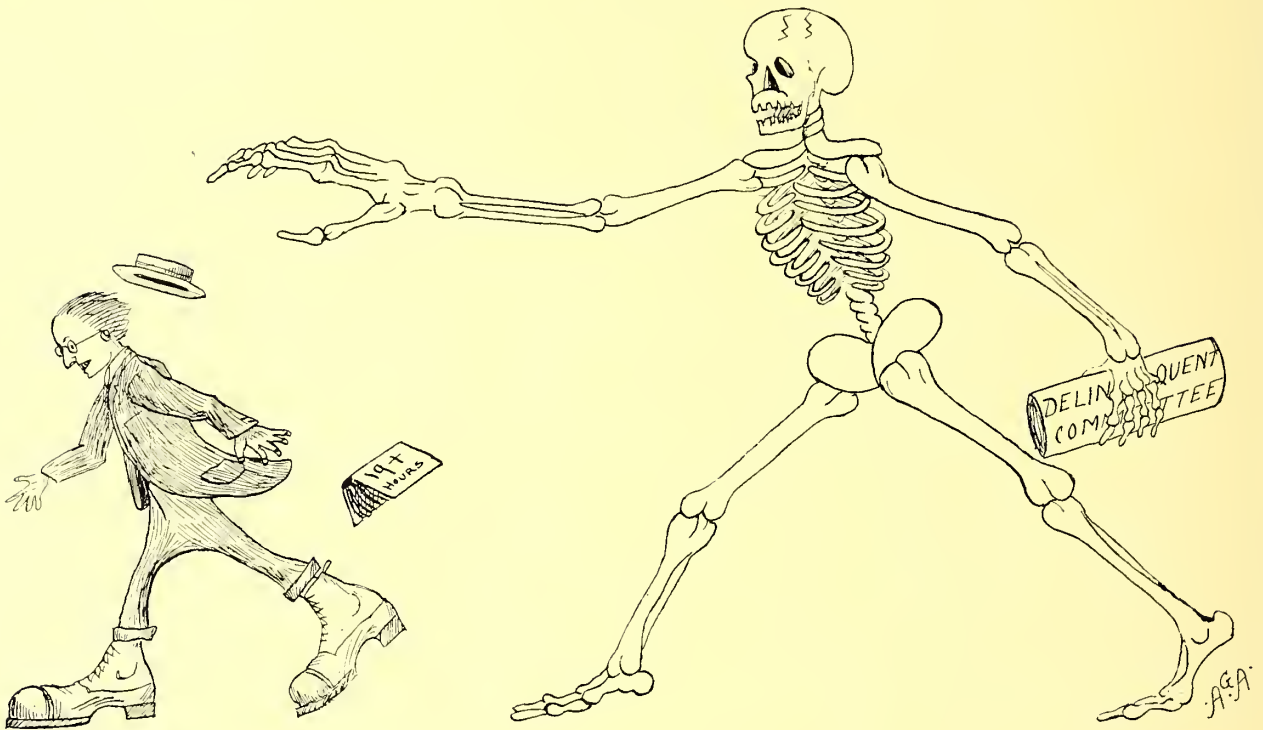
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Oct. 25 — Mr. Odebrecht, "If you should see "his mother" and "her mother" standing alone on the blackboard, you would not be able to tell which was which."



Oct. 31—The Dean leaves. What will become of the Sem Hallowe'en? \$12,000 loss on Beaver Field." Sem begins to feel effects of the Dean's absence.

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## NOVEMBER, 1907

- Nov. 1 — Social culture meeting. Dr. Adam Swindle's Transformations. We heard what all the senior girls would like to be. Eleanor Chaffee's highest ambition is to have curly hair.
- Nov. 2 — Preliminary cross country "trot."
- Nov. 3 — Oh Day of Rest and Gladness.
- Nov. 4 — Willie announces he has been taking quinine.
- Nov. 5 — Steady circulation of a book "How to be Beautiful" among the girls at the Sem.
- Nov. 6 — Willie announces the quinine has taken effect. "Deaf as a Post."
- Nov. 7.
- Nov. 8 — Miss Barker and Prof. Johnnie refuse to have their lives exposed by the Denisonian.
- Nov. 9 — The Seniors have a progressive dinner party, and according to the Denisonian they have a really successful time at last.
- Nov. 10 — Annual Fall Sermon.
- Nov. 11 — Byron King arrives on the scene of action. Everybody gets ready to laugh.
- Nov. 12 — Ann Sorenson goes to sleep in Constitutional Law Class.
- Nov. 13 — An unheard of thing. Gill springs exams on all his classes. Some people begin to "see things," e. g. Delinquent System.
- Nov. 14 — "Hooker" puts it over "Dick" in tennis.
- Nov. 15 — Reformation started by the girls. Boys learn by experience how it feels to run the gauntlet up the chapel steps. "Livy" gets fussed.
- Nov. 16 — Hattersley receives a letter from "Aunt Hat."
- Nov. 17 —
- Nov. 18 — Family reunion at Miss Peckham's table. Ruth Davenport appropriately plays the role of baby.
- Nov. 19 — Denison becomes stage-struck. "The Obstinate Family," "Stranded in Strasburg," "Belshasser's Doom" — all for a quarter.
- Nov. 20 — More stage striking — Othello offered to the theatre-goers of Granville.
- Nov. 21 — Joint Philterp-Eumathean meeting. Question: Who will make concessions?
- Nov. 22 — Fred Wolf hears from the East.
- Nov. 23 — Elva Brakeman gives "their" room its biennial cleaning.

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Nov. 24 — Lent — season for football men ends, and desserts suffer.

Nov. 25 — Horace and Beulah take their daily chapel walk.

Nov. 26 — Sem rations cut down in anticipation of Thanksgiving dinner.



Nov. 27 — Pearl Henley descending hill announces, "Thank goodness I have only Gym. and Art. left."

Nov. 28 — Church and feasting.

Nov. 29 — General dissipation — King Hall girls play leap frog and it results in serious damage to several heads.

Nov. 30 — Carl Duerr goes calling in Dayton, tells the story of 1910 achievements.

## DECEMBER, 1907

Dec. 1 — Novelty in dessert at Dining Hall — pink and white cake.

Dec. 2 — New mural decorations at Burton — "Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what happiness is," etc.

Dec. 3 — Things begin to look natural at the Sem after Miss Barker's return. Miss Peckham wears a cheerful expression again.

Dec. 4 — Mural decorations spread to Stone: "It is what we think and what we do that makes us what we are," etc.

Dec. 5 — McGee after trying four town girls for the next lecture, resorts to the Sem.

Dec. 6 — Basket-ball practice begins.



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- Dec. 7 — Miss Barker pumps for half an hour before deciding that there is a leak in the pump.
- Dec. 8 — Ruth Carlin entertains a guest from Columbus.
- Dec. 9 — Attention of logic class diverted by cat and dog fight — cat victorious.
- Dec. 10 — Junior Banquet — in keeping with all '09 successes.
- Dec. 11 — A Freshman announces that it is 6 days, 4,323 minutes, 86,497 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds before starting for home.
- Dec. 12 — Calendar Committee meets.
- Dec. 13 — Full attendance at the lecture; Fred and Marjorie skate home.
- Dec. 14 — Bill Lewis makes his debut as Academy basket-ball manager and stump speaker.
- Dec. 15 — "Pinky" Marsh carves the chicken at dinner.
- Dec. 16 — Illinois Club is organized.
- Dec. 17 — How to hold down a window blind — Gil. says — put your foot on the string.
- Dec. 18 — Sue Theobald's usual home-going enthusiasm bubbles over.
- Dec. 19 — The Powers that Be announce that one is to leave before Friday noon.
- Dec. 20 — "Holiday recess begins at noon." Now for life and love.

## JANUARY, 1908

- Jan. 6 — "Holiday recess ends at noon." Now for work and war.
- Jan. 7 — Prof. Brumback starts the new year with a new coat.
- Jan. 8 — One of the secondary clocks keep time for two hours in the forenoon.
- Jan. 9 — Discomfort causes Nellie A. to hold an interview with the shoemaker. The latter charges her ten cents to point out the fact that the tongue of her shoe had taken up its position in the toe of the shoe.
- Jan. 10. Lañ guáge ássó cí á tioñ meets.
- Jan. 11 — Denison, 39; Mutes, 16. Leather makes a touchdown.
- Jan. 12 — Miss Ruth Lovering Jones is delighted by a visit from her gentlemen friend of Columbus.
- Jan. 13 — Adair recovers from a slight attack of the Grippe.
- Jan. 14 — Alexander goes to sleep in law class.
- Jan. 15 — The Directory comes out — "Yale does good printing."

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- Jan. 16 — Day of solemnity — '08 funeral takes place after chapel.
- Jan. 17 — Philo-Euterpe contest. "Experience is a dear teacher." Nobody bets.
- Jan. 18 — Sophomores spend three hours in the "speak easy" writing history notes.
- Jan. 19 — Sunday and Dr. Baldwin.
- Jan. 20 — First Senior show announced by Junior posters.
- Jan. 21 — Senior Circus. Color-line drawn in Granville. "Poor White Trash" only allowed to attend.



- Jan. 22 — Young Bunny makes his first announcement in chapel.
- Jan. 23 — Day of Prayer.
- Jan. 24 — Miss Brakeman gets a letter from Rochester.
- Jan. 25 — Judge Lindsay — "Snitch on the square." Proctors take heed.
- Jan. 26 — Dr. Hunt leads Y. M. C. A.
- Jan. 27 — Senior-Prep. game.
- Jan. 28 — Calender Committee meets.
- Jan. 29 — Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my head and my heart to exam's.
- Jan. 30 — Grand Finale, exeunt omnes.



ERNEST CORNELL

Ernest Cornell, Secretary to Hon. William A. Ashbrook of the 17th Ohio District, received his business training at Bliss College. Upon his graduation from Denison University in June, 1907, he entered Bliss College and there pursued the study of shorthand and typewriting until November, when he left to assume his duties in Washington. He has this to say of Bliss College:

"I regard Bliss College of Newark, Ohio, as one of the best institutions of its kind in the country. It is a thorough, systematic school of business, conducted upon business principles. Here the student has an advantage which a larger institution cannot give. In Bliss College the student comes into intimate touch with instructors of a higher type than are found in the larger ordinary business schools, where less individual attention is paid to each student. I regard the personal affiliation of instructor and student the greatest triumph of Bliss College. To the young man or woman who is contemplating a course of business study, I could advise no better school."

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TRESIZE

Granville, Ohio

## FEBRUARY, 1908

- Feb. 1 — Vacation stunts — Snitch party in Burton — Pop-corn party in King. Ella Stewart and Coe pop in the basement.
- Feb. 4 — Illinois Club enjoys its first banquet.
- Feb. 5 — "Juniors have little difficulty in winning the game." Sophomores vs. Juniors.
- Feb. 6 — Bull recites in Philosophy.
- Feb. 7 — Van Kirk gives us the rest of our quarter's worth.
- Feb. 8 — Helen Hunt and Josephine Carver take lessons in courting.
- Feb. 9 — What ever happened in Granville on Sunday?
- Feb. 10 — John Swartz comes to chapel.
- Feb. 11 — Lowery to Prexy: "What will we do while you are gone?" Prexy: "I wouldn't undertake to guarantee."
- Feb. 12 — Miss Conley: "What a change it is to go from the study of Philosophy to the Ladies' Home Journal."
- Feb. 13 — Patrick shows Prof. McKibbon his card on which is scheduled eleven hours of English. "Patrick, isn't this premature specialization?"
- Feb. 14 — Preps give a Valentine stunt. They match valentines and display their infantile skill in archery.
- Feb. 15 — The girls are trying to teach Betty Fetzer slang. Betty: "What does 'game' mean?" Ruth: "It means sort of 'on the bum'." Betty: "Then if I say my room-mate is on the bum, does that mean I have a game room-mate?"
- Feb. 16 — Briney barely escapes taking a header down the aisle on Sunday morning.
- Feb. 17 — Prof. Roberts has visitors in Freshman English. Question: "What two kinds of discourses are there?" Parker: "Correct and incorrect."
- Feb. 18 — Heater hears good news from Bucyrus in regard to the Washington Banquet.
- Feb. 19 — Borrowed suits begin to arrive from Newark and Columbus.
- Feb. 20 — Bad luck pursues Holloway in his vain attempts to renew his youth. The toboggan and its fair occupants lose connections on the first trip.
- Feb. 21 — Granville's Byg Show. Mather, Mitchell and Neyman pursued to Orcutt's by Miss Jones.

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- Feb. 22 — Doane, 37; Zanesville, 23. The Dean allows prep. girls only twenty minutes at the Zanesville reception. Mary Louise Chamberlin: "Dr. Hunt, if you ask Miss Barker, I'm sure she'll let us stay longer." Dr. Hunt: "I couldn't—I'm afraid she would campus me."
- Feb. 23 — Taylor gets up in time to go to Y. M. C. A.
- Feb. 24 — Winter is reported for coming in late nights and smashing up furniture in West Dorm.
- Feb. 25 — Prexy: "Give me an illustration of that." McArthur: "There's that crude illustration you gave us the other day."
- Feb. 26 — Y. M. C. A. Benefit Concert. Grand success.
- Feb. 27 — Glee Club makes a hit at Mt. Gilead. Thomas proves himself a popular leader.
- Feb. 28 — Song books disappear from chapel. Students favored by a selection from the Faculty. Encores.
- Feb. 29 — Get out your paints and powders, girls, for this day comes but once in four years.



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## MARCH, 1908

- March 1 — The old and new theologies meet. Dr. Colwell and Mr. Rose have a heated discussion in Sunday School.
- March 2 — Uncle Tom's Cabin. Eliza crosses the ice in the Opera House.
- March 3 — Juniors continue to be conspicuous by their absence from Senior circus.
- March 4 — Glee Club in Recital Hall. Wit and humor in song.
- March 5 — Franklins give "The Rivals."
- March 6 — George Phillips makes an involuntary donation to the Geological Department.
- March 7 — Faith Kemper calls on Hope Lamb.
- March 8 — Spring Valley begins again to assume a place in student life.
- March 9 — Miss Brakeman: "I believe I will scheme now whenever I get a chance."
- March 11 — Pat, according to arrangements, is to call on Ann. Ann waits the long afternoon thru, but Pat does not arrive.



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Five cents, ten cents each, in a paper box,  
With directions and uses and paper locks.  
It will cure chapped hands and keep the skin  
soft;

No other will you want if you use it oft.  
It's for toilet, bath, laundry and shampoo;  
Tell your friends and they will use it too.  
Be sure the trade-mark says it's "Grandpa's  
Wonder Soap,"

For there are lots of imitations, made of all  
kinds of dope,  
So now just you stop, and quit your debatin',  
And get the real thing, made only in Dayton.

*Written by a boy twelve years old, whom it is hoped  
will some time be an aspirant for honors at Denison.*

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Williamson Building, CLEVELAND, O.



March 12 — Prof. Goodell: "A person may search for liquor without a warrant, at least it is often done."

March 13 — Ringer spends the night in climbing trees on the campus.

March 14 — Y. M. C. A. Reception — glimpses of the "hereafter." Earley is taken advantage of in the darkness.

March 16 — Calender Committee meets. Pine comes, but is disappointed when Miss Edwards does not appear.

March 17 — "Packed house" at Denison-Otterbein debate.

March 18 — Miss Montgomery is forced to suspend the activities of learning long enough to put a young Graymalkin out of the window.

March 19 — Essay contest. Seniors carry off the prizes.

March 20 — Philo-extra. Tommy Sioui comments: "It was the best Jesse James play I ever saw."

March 21 — All roads lead to the sugar camp. Kemper takes a Granville visitor for a ride that she may see the surrounding beauties.

March 23 — Exhibition at Doane Gym. The uninvited faculty pull for Alexandria.

March 24 — D. D. D. — "Somebody lied."

March 25 — Prep contest. Cicero in evidence.

March 26 — The "system" extended in order that vacation may not see a loss of control.

March 27 — "Spring recess begins at noon."

March 31 — ADYTUM goes to press. Calender Committee disbands.

# SPECIAL—To the Girls—



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## Funnygraphs

### DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Mrs. Jayhawk — "Son Isaac sez 'at he spent th' evenin' with a couple o' peaches. I don't see where he'd git peaches this time o' year dew yew, Hiram?"

Mr. Jayhawk — "Wall, th' minister sed only last Sunday, 'at that there Denison wuz mitey fruitful, an' I guess Isaac's smart ez any ov 'em."

Nellie Mont. — (To ticket agent.) Would you please tell me what time the 3 o'clock train leaves?

Ticket Agent — I think it does.

"What was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?"

"Give it up."

"Australia."

Carl Paige Wood — A few moah hahmonies like that and one would be driven into outh dahkness where there shall be snitching and smashing of faces.

Miss Montgomery (speaking of some great orator) — Somehow or other he doesn't hold me the way he formerly did.

Esperanto, because it is condensed, concise and easily digested, has been defined as "potted tongue."

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The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy isn't in it with the Johnson-Holmes scrap. The reading public is now generally willing to attribute to Prof. Johnny's pen the following lines which Oliver Wendell Holmes claims:

**Funnygraphs**

#### AESTIVATION.

In candent ire the solar splendor flames,  
The poles, languescent, pend from arid rames,  
His humid front the ave, anihiling, wipes,  
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vine occult to mortal eyes  
Down on the herb with none to supervise,  
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine  
And bibe the flow from longicandate kine.

To me also, no verdurous visions come  
Save you exiguous pools confervascum,—  
No concave vast repeats the tender line  
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue.

The wretched! Let me curr to quercine shades!  
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!  
Oh! might I vole to some umbrageous chumps,  
Depart,—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump!

There is a great difference of opinion, however, among the critics concerning the authorship of the following:

Mingled aye with fragrant yearnings,  
Throbbing in the mellow glow,  
Glint the silvery spirit-burnings,  
Pearly blandishments of woe.

Aye! Forever and forever,  
Whilst the love-lorn answers sweep,  
Whilst the jasper winds dissever  
Amber-like the crystal deep.

Adeline (who had been away from home on a short visit)—“Have you noticed that my husband missed me very much while I was away, Bridget?”

Bridget — Well, I didn't notice it so much at first but yesterday he seemed to be in despair.

Seen in the Alumni Column of the Denisonian:

“The editor will be pleased to hear of the deaths of any of the alumni.”  
No doubt the old boys will oblige the editor from time to time.



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W. B. Storm, while strolling in the country leaned across a fence and watched a farmer's boy at work.

"Young man, your corn looks kind o' yellow."

"Yes that's the kind we planted."

"Don't look as if you would get more than half a crop."

"We don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."

Billy was silenced for a moment but couldn't stand it very long so he again opened fire.

"Boy, there isn't much difference between you and a fool."

"Nope. Only the fence."

Rumor has it that Storm moved on.

Tom Wick—"I don't believe money talks. I never heard it."

Ferdie McC.—"I have. My money keeps saying "Good-bye" all the time."

Fifteen years from now at their annual reunion and several members of the Class of '08 were speaking of those of their number who were not able to be present.

"Let's see," said Holloway, "What ever became of Ray Carman, the awful booze fighter?"

"I suppose he's dead and buried this long time," replied Mrs. Huffman.

"Oh, no," responded Lowery, "they merely poured him back into his bottle."

At a recent party in King Hall they were playing a game in which the one who made the worst face won the prize. All endeavored strenuously to be victorious and Foote advanced saying:

"Miss Budde, I think you have won the prize."

"Oh," she said, "I wasn't playing."

Ashmore—"Was it tea or coffee they threw over in the Boston Harbor?"

Adams—"Tea, of course."

Ashmore—"I'm sorry it was tea, for if it had been coffee, they might have thrown an egg over afterwards and that would have settled it."

Davies—"If Theodore Johnson is Chamberlain's assistant with his clothes on, what is he when he's in the swimming pool?"

Whyte—"Search me."

Davies—"Teddy Bare, of course."

## FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

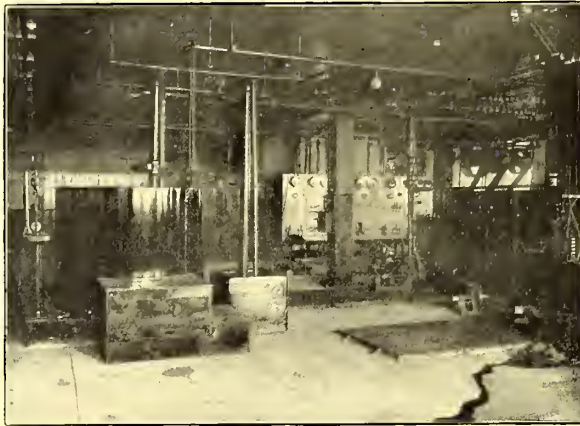
Lawyer—I can't get you a divorce without publicity for \$500.

Dorothy—How much more will it cost with publicity.

Lowery—Yes they say he gave Ringer an awful lecture.

Roberts—Well it was probably all done for Wilson's benefield.

(And he teaches Freshman English too).



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"Uncle Billy" — I wish you'd invite that man of yours up here to-morrow night.

Helen C. — Why, father, I thought you said you had no use for him.

"Uncle Billy" — So I did last fall; but to-morrow I'm going to put up the stove.

McArthur had been off on a jolly toot. Returning on the 11:30 P. M. car, he was endeavoring to make his way to the post-office for his mail, when he stumbled and fell into the watering-trough. He wallowed about in an unsuccessful endeavor to extricate himself until Coddard was able to totter to his side and tried to help him out. But Mac's heroic nature asserted itself and between gasps and chokes he spluttered, "Arright, Tuck, I kin (hic) save 'self (hic). You save women an' children (hic)."

Professor Lauer (confidentially) — Dr. Hunt, there is something preying upon my mind.

Prexy — It must be very hungry.

Ted Erler — But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Bunny — No sir; neither do I. But it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give. Good-day.

The Sem girls claim that they are not as bad as they are painted.

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"Speak to me" she pleaded and looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to me," she repeated and stroked his soft curly hair. And this he could not resist. "Bow-wow" he said.

Mary had a little waist  
Where waists were meant to grow,  
And everywhere the fashions went,  
Her waist was sure to go. — Ex.

Priest — "It was a case of love at first sight with me."

Conley — "Then why didn't you hitch up to her?"

Priest — "I saw her again on several occasions."

Shall the soul's delirious slumber,  
Sea-green vengeance of a hiss,  
Teach despairing crags to number  
Blue infinities of bliss.

"Have you seen the latest thing?" asked his friend who had come along after he had been standing forty-five minutes on a subway platform.

"Yes," he said. "I'm waiting for it now. I'm married to it." — Ex.

A centipede was happy quite,  
Until a frog in fun  
Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"  
This raised her mind to such a pitch,  
She lay distracted in the ditch  
Considering how to run.

"What's your hurry Professor?" called a friend.

"I just bought my wife an Easter hat and I want to get it home before the styles change," replied the learned Dr. over his shoulder.

The autumn leaves are falling fast,  
Are falling here and there.  
They're falling through the atmosphere  
And also through the air.

"Professor," said Lowery, the senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know about history."

"Oh don't mention such a trifle," returned Goody.

Query — What is that which makes Helen look shorter and Tuel look longer?

Answer — Helen's bicycle skirt.

What would you do if a Sem girl told you to run up the curtain?

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